April 7, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Alchemedians—Bob Berky is a superlative clown, and Michael Moschen is a superlative juggler. They combine to make an evening of comedy and surprises and start-to-finish delight. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author is Wallace Shawn and the admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Deal—A musical written, directed, and choreographed by Bob Fosse, and based on the 1958 film "The Big Deal on Madonna Street." The cast is headed by Cleavant Derricks, Loretta Devine, and Alan Weeks. Previews through Wednesday, April 9. Opens officially on Thursday, April 10, at 6:45. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant—A play by the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; in Spanish on Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in rotating repertory: **THE MOUND BUILDERS,** a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama. . . . **QUIET IN THE LAND,** by Anne Chislett. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 618-1980. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Corpse!—Being a notably law-abiding people, the British relish murder mysteries, especially those with a prevalence of corpses. Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea are the stars of this classic example of the genre. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Daughters—A comedy by John Morgan Evans, with Marcia Rodd. Preview Wednesday, April 2. Opens officially on Thursday, April 3, at 6:45. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 4, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Elisabeth Welch: Time to Start Living—A one-woman show. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1930 musical "Girl Crazy," with a book by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan, music by George Gershwin, and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. The sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 6. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are also the authors, along with John Neville-Andrews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline is one of our finest actors, and his Hamlet has much to commend it, but he is almost done in by the foolish, intrusive production and the poor work of the supporting company. (3/24/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stockard Channing, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—Not a play, not a musical, but a recital of Jerry Herman's songs which might

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DRAWINGS: *Warren Miller, Edward Koren, Michael Maslin, Mick Stevens, Robert Mankoff, Henry Martin, Charles Addams, Joseph Farris, James Stevenson, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, George Booth, Donald Reilly, Roz Chast, Edward Frascino, Jack Ziegler, Dana Fradon, J. B. Handelsman, Robert Weber, Charles Barsotti, Lee Lorenz*

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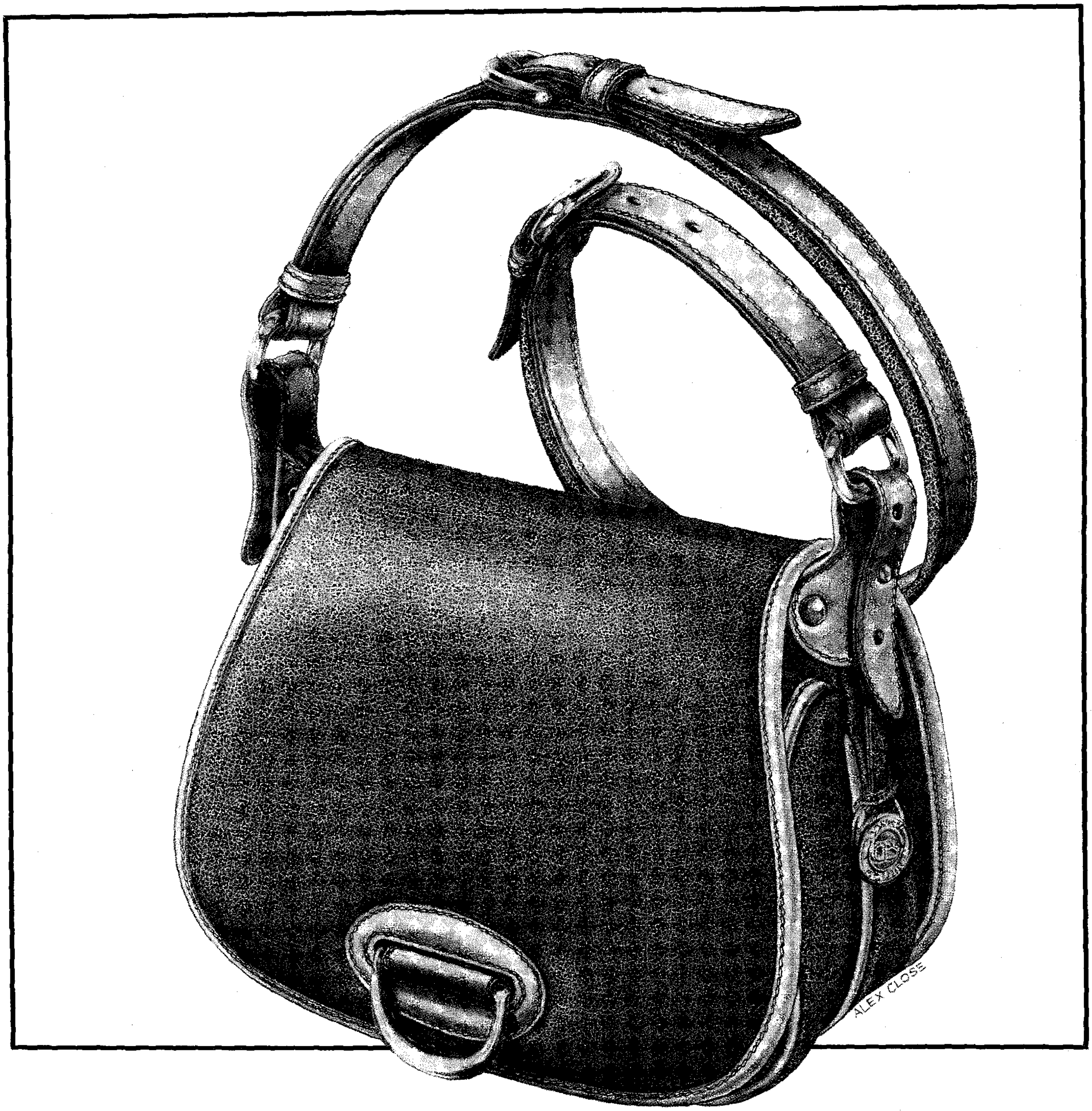

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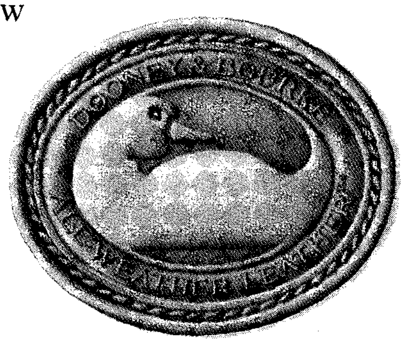

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

better have been entitled "With Love to Jerry from Jerry." The all-woman cast stars Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Largo Desolato—A woefully wrongheaded production of an ironic tragicomedy by the masterly Czech dramatist Václav Havel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 6: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 9: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Loot—The same Manhattan Theatre Club production seen recently at City Center will now be presented on Broadway. Previews Thursday through Sunday, April 3-6. Opens officially on Monday, April 7. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

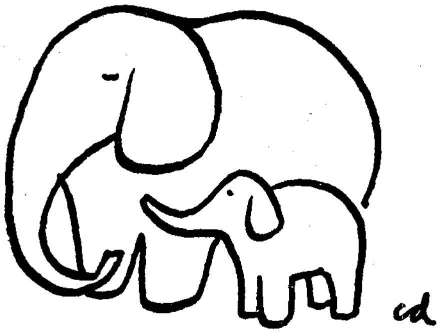
The Perfect Party—A play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. Opens Wednesday, April 2. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Precious Sons—George Furth has written a play—perhaps a recollection—of family life in Chicago just after the Second World War, and a sorry time it appears to have been. Ed Harris and Judith Ivey play the ill-matched father and mother. The director is Norman René. (3/31/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Rosen by Any Other Name—A domestic comedy, by Israel Horovitz, set in the Jewish community of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, in 1943. Much of the play is funny, but it tends to get too sweet for every taste. The acting, under Stephen Zuckerman's direction, is exactly right. (3/24/86) (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

So Long on Lonely Street—A comedy by Sandra Deer, directed by Kent Stephens. Previews Wednesday, April 2. Opens officially on Thursday, April 3. (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song & Dance—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Christopher d'Amboise dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Williams and Walker—A musical triumph about the great Bert Williams, who, in 1910, became the first black comedian to star on Broadway, and about his partner, George Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-Hall are the marvellous stars. The score is authentic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Williams himself, and others. Strong, lively direction by Shauneille Perry, choreography by Lenwood Sloan, and musical direction by Neal Tate, who accompanies the show on the piano, with a percussionist at his side. (3/17/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Wednesdays at 3; Thursdays at noon and 3:30; Fridays at 10; Saturdays at 1 and 4:15; and Sundays at 5:30.)

Women Heroes: In Praise of Exceptional Women—Two programs, presented by the Women's Project of the American Place Theatre, of one-act plays dramatizing the lives of notable women in the fields of politics, sports, the arts, and civil rights. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. Program A: Wednesday, April 2, and Friday, April 4, at 8; Saturday, April 5, at 2; and Sunday, April 6, at 7. . . . ¶ Program B: Wednesday, April 2, at 2; Thursday, April 3, at 2 and 8; Saturday, April 5, at 8; and Sunday, April 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 247-0393.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,792 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 2, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 2-3, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, April 6, at 1; Wednesday, April 9, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 10, at 10:30; Friday, April 11, at 1:30; and Saturday, April 12, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Sunday, June 1.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—A program called "Juggling and Cheap Theatrics." (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, April 20.)

"No, No, Nanette"—John McGlinn conducting five concert performances of the 1925 mu-

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sical. The book is by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel, the music by Vincent Youmans, and the lyrics by Irving Caesar and Mr. Harbach. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, April 2, and Friday, April 4, at 8; Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 2, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 472-0801, Wednesday through Friday, between 1 and 3 and 5 and 7.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, April 2, at 8: "Italian Suite," "Force Field" (New York première), and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8: "Arden Court," "The Heart of the Matter" (New York première), and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: "Forgotten Land," "Confetti," "Passage," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8, and Sunday, April 6, at 2 and 7:30: "The Taming of the Shrew." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 8, at 8: "Birthday Variations," "Round of Angels," "Love Songs," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Forgotten Land," "Confetti," "Passage," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Force Field," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Arden Court," "Secret Places," "Untitled," and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Birthday Variations," "Round of Angels," "Force Field," and "Rodeo." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, April 20.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday, April 2, and Friday, April 4, at 8: "Roses," "Last Look," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8, and Sunday, April 6, at 3: "Airs," "Lost, Found, and Lost," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, and Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala" ("From Soup to Nuts"), "Arden Court," and ". . . Byzantium." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 8, at 7, and Friday, April 11, at 8: "A Musical Offering" (première), "Diggity," and "Nightshade." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Equinox," "Snow White," "Junction," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Runes," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Mercuric Tidings." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 27.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 2, at 8, and Saturday, April 5, at 2: "Pas de Dix," "Fall River Legend," and "Caravanserai." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 8: "Piano Movers," "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Fall River Legend," and "Caravanserai." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 6, at 3: "Concerto in F," "Voluntaries," and "Stars and Stripes." (Aaron Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100.)

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Murray Louis Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 20—Wednesday and Thursday, April 2-3, at 8; Sunday, April 6, at 7:30; and Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8: "A Stravinsky Montage," "Porcelain Dialogues," and two premières—"Re-Enter, Pierrot" and "The Station." . . . ¶ Friday, and Saturday, April 4-5, at 8; Sunday, April 6, at 2; and Tuesday, April 8, at 8: "Revels" (première), "Continuum," "Frail Demons," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10, at 8: "Schubert," "Figura," and "Hoopla!" (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Lar Lubovitch Dance Company—A single benefit performance of "Concerto Six Twenty-Two," "A Brahms Symphony," and "Big Shoulders." With the Solisti New York Chamber Orchestra directed by Ransom Wilson. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Monday, April 7, at 8:30.)

Sally Silvers—With a company of dancers and musicians, presenting "Every All Which Is Not Us." (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday through Sunday, April 4-6, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 695-5164.)

Chamber Ballet U.S.A.—"Napoli Divertissements," "Sunflowers" (New York première), "Flames of Paris Pas de Deux," and "La Favorita." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, April 10, at 8; Friday, April 11, at 7:30; Saturday, April 12, at 8; and Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

Jim Self and Dancers—The first three of eight performances. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 8.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **Tomov Yugoslav Folkdance Ensemble:** Wednesday, April 9, and Friday, April 11, at 8, and Sunday, April 13, at 2. . . . **Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers:** Thursday, April 10, and Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein, a Gershwin scholar, sings and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, the Richie Vitale quartet will be on the stand, and on Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan** will be present. The rest of the week is given over to other combos. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**Blossom Dearie** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. **Karen Akers,** who sings with a poised directness, goes on at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Two of the very best guitarists, **Joe Pass** and **Jim Hall,** will both be performing through Sunday, April 6; on Monday, April 7, pianist **Walter Bishop, Jr.,** will guide a combo; and on Tuesday, April 8, singer **Joe Williams** will move in. Music from nine. **Ted Curson** conducts after-hours jams every night but Monday, following the last set and lasting until about four. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Friday, April 4, Mark Egan and Michael Hedges, and Saturday, April 5, the Amazing Kreskin. Shows at eight and eleven. On Wednesday, April 9, a musical, "Just Once," with music and lyrics by Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, will begin a five-week run. The schedule will be Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight; Fridays and Saturdays at seven-thirty and eleven; and Sundays at seven-thirty.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate musicians. Bassist **Red Mitchell** and pianist **Kenny Barron** can be seen and heard through Saturday, April 5, and on Monday, April 7, pianist **Ben Aronov** will arrive to work with **Mr. Mitchell.** Sundays are taken care of by **Mr. Mitchell** and pianist **Lee Ann Ledgerwood.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

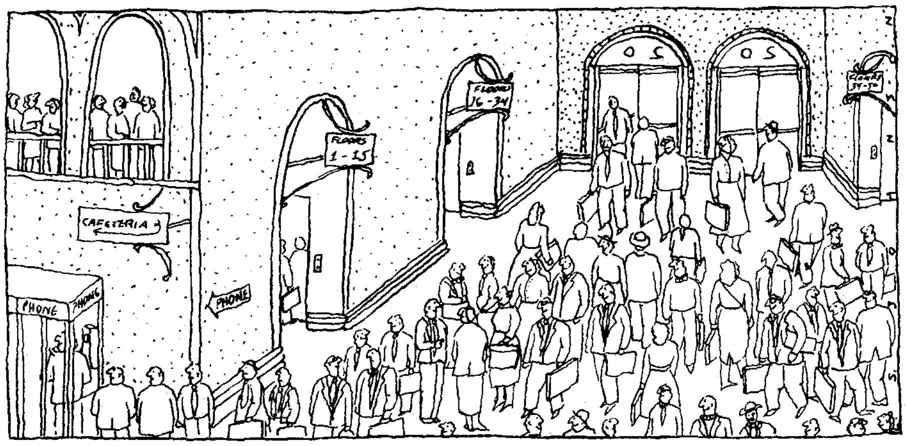
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **Bobby Short,** the miracle on Madison Avenue, is back with his bundle of Porter, Coward, Gershwin, and Rodgers and Hart. Shows at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar you will find singer and pianist **Barbara Carroll** performing from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

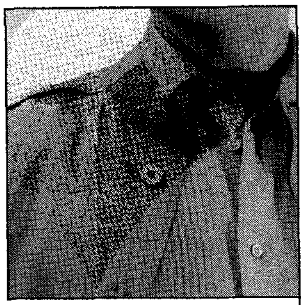
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle *feel.* All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

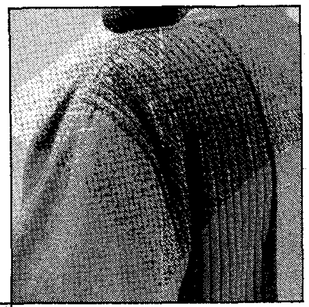
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Behind a dark, unprepossessing, easy-to-miss front door, down a corridor with industrial-strength corrugated-metal walls (the kind that would tempt any kid with a stick), and down a flight of stairs, there is this snazzy, cozy jazz room. **Scott Hamilton,** a big-voiced, swing-era-styled tenor saxophonist, is here with a quintet and singer **Maxine Sullivan** until Sunday, April 6, and on Tuesday, April 8, singer **Astrud Gilberto** will come in. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **Les Paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Straight-arrow baritone and pianist **Ronny Whyte** is here Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**David Allyn** sings with the Scott Hardy duo through Saturday, April 5; Wednesday through Saturday, April 9-12, will be claimed by singer Judy Niemack, guitarist Mitch Stein, and bassist John Goldsby; on Sundays, bassist-vocalist **Jay Leonhart** is present; and Tuesdays belong to **Chuck Wayne**







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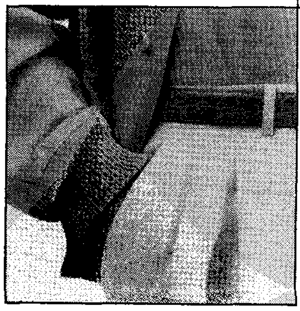

DETAILS
DETAILS

and his trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **NEVILLE DICKIE** is at the keyboard Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, Amy Duncan owns the keyboard, and **DICK HYMAN** is the Monday guy. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to pianists and bassists. **HILTON RUIZ,** a good pianist, and **MAJOR HOLLEY,** a good bassist, work together Tuesdays through Saturdays from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, April 2, the Fabulous Greaseband and J. T. Bowen; Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, **ROBERT GORDON** and the Mindy J. Band; Sunday, April 6, the **GADD GANG;** Monday, April 7, the Dancing Hoods and **JOHNNY THUNDERS;** and *Friday and Saturday, April 11-12,* New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN.** Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BARBARA COOK,** who can sing those standards just like ringing a bell, is onstage Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene—jazz and rhythm and blues and Latin-jazz—here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The schedule: Wednesday, April 2, I. Q.; Thursday, April 3, Roland Vazquez; and Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, drummer **ROY HAYNES.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Thursday, April 3, **SIMPLY RED;** Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, Venom; and Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, Kid Creole & the Coconuts. Shows Mondays *through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and* Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggae-ists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, April 2-3, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his driving, macho Latin-jazz quintet; Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Tuesday, April 8, Mario Toledo; Wednesday, April 9, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Thursday, April 10, Tropicana; and Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist and composer **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his band, **EKAYA,** are here playing their wonderful lilting, undulating stuff through Sunday, April 6; on Tuesday, April 8, drummer and father figure **ART BLAKEY** will arrive with his latest crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Mondays belong to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his enthusiastic big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A big-sounding small room with a melodically out-of-tune house piano and very good intentions. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (David Johansen to his mom) **& THE BANSHEES OF BLUE** are *the music.* Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On the Terrace, pianist **HAROLD DANKO** and vibraharpist **TEDDY CHARLES** collaborate until Sunday, April 6; and on Tuesday, April 8, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will take charge. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo. Music from about nine-thirty.

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VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, the standard for jazz clubs everywhere. Pianist **MAL WALDRON,** drummer **AL FOSTER,** bassist **CECIL MC BEE,** tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN,** and adventurous trombonist **CRAIG HARRIS** are all here through Sunday, April 6, and on Tuesday, April 8, tenor saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER** will come down the stairs with saxophonist-flutist **FRANK WESS,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **RAY DRUMMOND,** and drummer **SMITTY SMITH.** Monday night is still **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** night. Music after nine-thirty.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. The bands: pianist, **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and trumpeter **JON FADDIS** co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, April 6, and on Tuesday, April 8, **BOBBY SANABRIA & ASCENSION** will move in. Music nightly from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. The pianists and bassists: **WALTER NORRIS** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Thursday, April 10; **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **LISLE ATKINSON** on Friday, April 11; and **WALTER NORRIS** and **LISLE ATKINSON** *on Saturday, April 12. Sundays are given* over to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

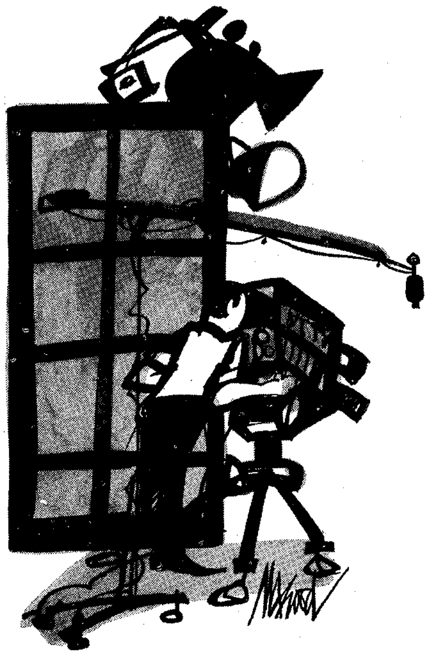
JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PETER ALLEN AND THE ROCKETTES—With the Manhattan Rhythm Kings. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Friday, April 2-4, at 8; Saturday, April 5, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN—With the Church. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

STEPHANIE MILLS and **ATLANTIC STARR**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, April 4, at 8.

HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON—With David Murray, Alan Nelson, Rahn Burton, and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)



C-SHARPE QUARTET—With Bucky Thorpe. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday, April 4, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

EDDIE PALMIERI, CHARLIE PALMIERI, HILTON RUIZ, MICHEL CAMILO, and **PAPO LUCCA**—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 5, at 7:30.

MILES DAVIS and **B.B. KING**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 5, at 8 and midnight, and Sunday, April 6, at 8.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY JAZZ ENSEMBLE—With Slide Hampton. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

CHRIS ANDERSON TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Saturday, April 5, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Scott Hamilton and Ruby Braff. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 6, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

AMY GRANT—With Gary Chapman, These Three, and Richard Mullins. (Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

AEROSMITH—With Ted Nugent. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

LIONEL HAMPTON JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, April 10: Dizzy Gillespie, the Tito Puente big band, the Phil Woods quintet, Lionel Hampton, and the McDonald's High School Jazz Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11: Betty Carter and her trio, the Joe Newman quintet, the Dave Valentin quintet, Major Holley, Lionel Hampton, and the Manhattan School of Music Jazz Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12: Lionel Hampton and his orchestra, with Teddy Wilson, Roland Hanna, Al Grey, and others. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Evenings at 8.)

JAZZ AT SIX—Ruby Braff and Dick Hyman. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 11, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

LUCIA AND JOAQUIN PIMPINELA—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8.

JAMES (SON) THOMAS, CEDELL DAVIS, and **THE CAREY BELL BLUES BAND**—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—Kaye Ballard, Julius La Rosa, and the Mike Renzi trio in a benefit program, featuring the lyrics of E. Y. Harburg and various lady lyricists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, April 4: Black Flag. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5: Ministry. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11: Gene Loves Jezebel. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows begin after 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Recent and earlier paintings and works on paper representing his cast of fantastical figures and objects. Through May 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JEAN ARP (1887-1966) **AND JOAN MIRÓ** (1893-1983)—Sculptures by both artists. Through April 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIACOMO BALLA (1871-1958)—Nonobjective paintings by an Italian Futurist; the dates of the works run from 1912 to 1928. Through April 19. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

RUDOLF BAUER (1889-1953) / **HANS HINTERREITER**—Constructivist paintings. / Nonobjective paintings. Through April 26. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Vividly colored abstractions whose layered look is derived from ground quartz and other substances that have been

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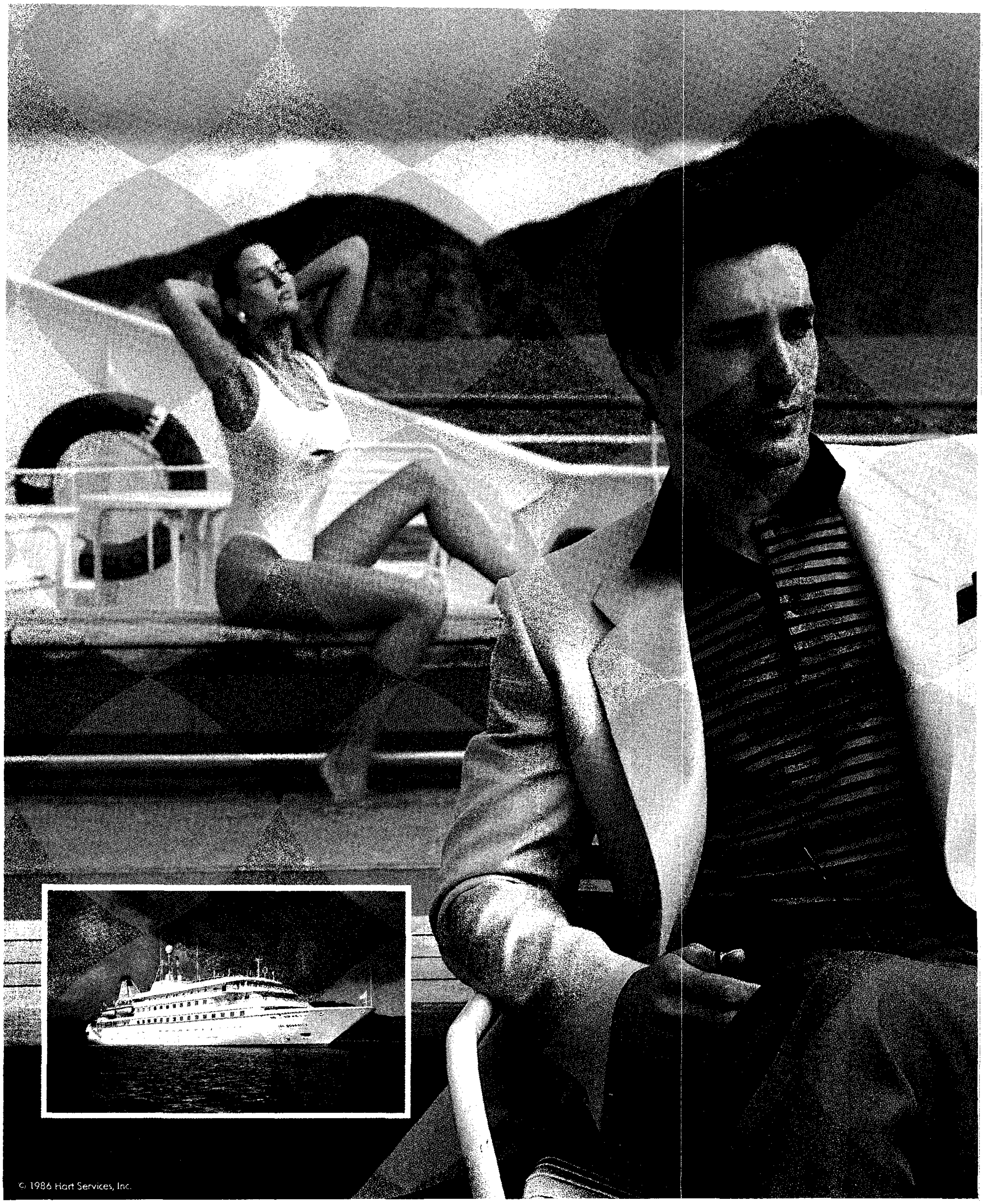
WIN A VACATION



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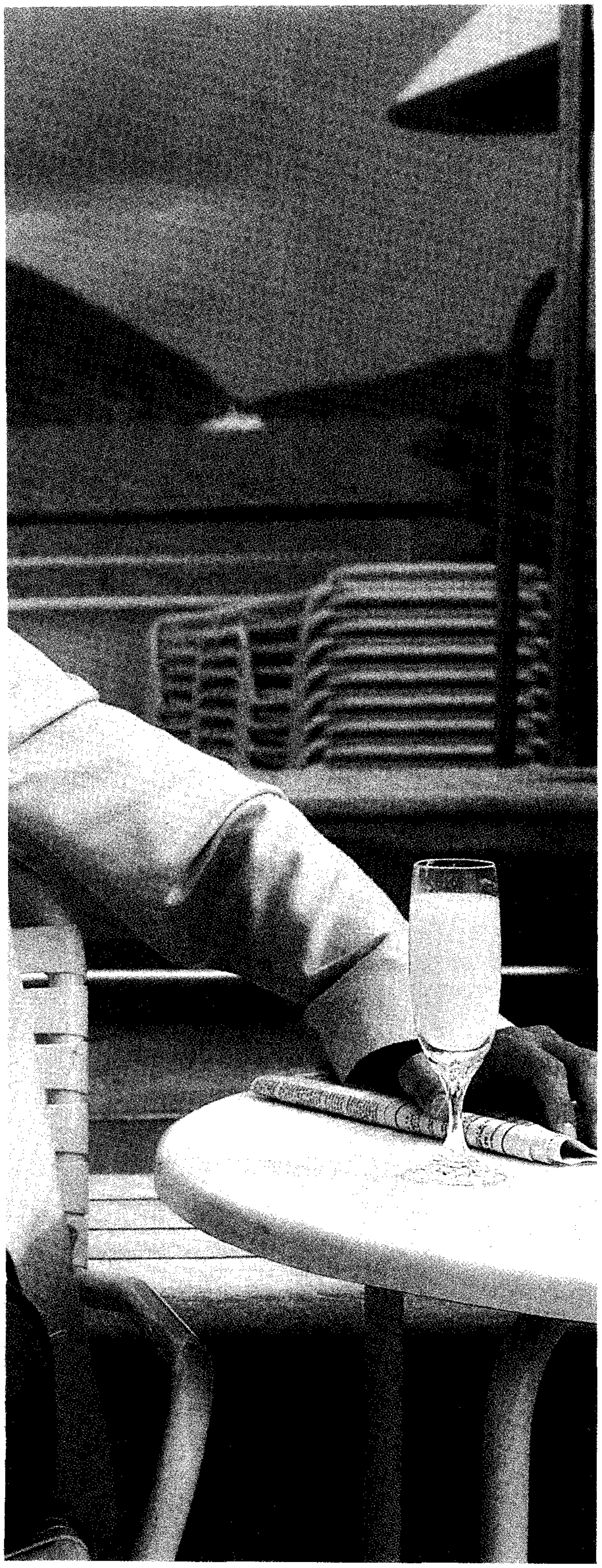
AT SEA



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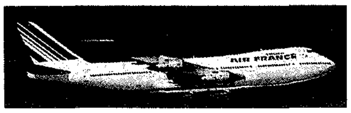

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added to the medium. Through April 26. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Aharon Gluska—Nonobjective paintings and drawings. Through May 3. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

John Lees—Oil and ink compositions, each with a single understated landscape, still-life, or portrait. Through Wednesday, April 9. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., (at 70th St.)

Robert Lobe—A new set of hammered-aluminum sculptures. Through Saturday, April 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Paintings and works on paper. Through April 19. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Robert Ohnigian—New collages. Through April 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Mel Pekarsky—Desert landscapes from the past ten years, including four large-scale paintings on unstretched canvas and three large drawings. Through April 26. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Charles Seliger—Recent paintings and monotypes by a veteran abstractionist which complement a small retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through April 19. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Charles J. Seplowin—New abstract steel sculptures. Through Saturday, April 12. (Cecil, 16 E. 72nd St.)

Maurice Sievan (1898-1981)—Abstract Expressionist paintings with indistinct figures. Through April 26. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Cristóbal Toral—New trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through April 19. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

John Walker—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **hamilton,** 19 E. 71st St.: Portraits in a wide range of styles and mediums by fourteen contemporary artists, Janet Fish and David Hockney among them. Through May 3. . . . **shepherd,** 21 E. 84th St.: Approximately a hundred nineteenth-century English paintings, drawings, and prints by Pre-Raphaelites and academicians. Through April 26.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Karel Appel—Expressionist paintings. Through April 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Beckman/Richard Shaw—Realist paintings: portraits and Dutchess County landscapes. / Figures and lighthouses rendered in ceramic sculptures that have a trompe-l'oeil reality. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jake Berthot—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop / Hank Virgona—Paintings and drawings. / Watercolors from a subway series. Through April 26. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St.)

Louisa Chase / Michael Spano—New paintings. / Black-and-white photographs of nudes. Through Saturday, April 5. (Robert Miller, which has moved to 41 E. 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Freestanding tableaux composed of found objects. Through Saturday, April 5. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Crash—Large-canvas spray-paint works. Through Saturday, April 12. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Barbara Cushing—Traditional landscape paintings on canvas and studies for them in oil on paper. Through April 23. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1892-1964)—Paintings and drawings of Provincetown and Gloucester, which provide a good key to the artist's development. Through April 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sam Francis—Abstract paintings on paper. Through Saturday, April 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Hayes—Abstract Corten-steel sculptures, plus gouaches. Through Saturday, April 5. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Heliker—Paintings of scenes along the Maine Coast—a clamdigger, a boathouse—and a few still-lifes. Through April 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Wood and plastic constructions, three-dimensional paintings, and works combining handmade paper and dyed pulp. Through Saturday, April 5. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jonathan Lasker—Abstractions. Through April 26. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—New open-form welded-metal sculptures. Through April 23. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Peter Loftus / Polly Kraft—Paintings of landscapes around Santa Cruz, California. / Oil still-lifes. Through April 29. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Thirty-one watercolors from the twenties, and drawings from 1917 to 1931. Through April 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Carved-basalt sculptures. Through April 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Harry Roseman—Cut-paper collages by a sculptor. Through April 26. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Emil Schumacher—Expressionist paintings by a German artist. Through April 19. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jerald Silva—Nude figures, sometimes overlapping, painted in watercolors. Through April 26. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Donald Sultan—Two related exhibits: paintings at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 26), and drawings at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (starting Saturday, April 5).

Ted Weller—Bright-colored encaustics of everyday birds painted much larger than life—robins, cardinals, towhees, ravens. Through Saturday, April 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Expressionist paintings by early-twentieth-century European artists. Through May 10. . . . **zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Surrealist objects, photographs, and collages by André Breton, Eileen Agar, Man Ray, and others. Through Friday, April 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Luis Cruz Azaceta—A large show of paintings and wood cutouts from the past ten years. Through April 13. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Peter Bradley—Abstract painted-steel sculptures. Through May 7. (Hirondelle, 476 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Alberto Burri—Eighteen paintings, the earliest from 1953, the latest completed recently. Through April 26. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

D. Capobianco—Graphite drawings of crude interlocking ladder forms. Through April 19. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Ronnie Cutrone—Large canvases mixing Op Art with cartoon and advertising images—Woody Woodpecker, corporate logos, etc. Through April 19. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Giuseppe Gallo—Abstract oils. Through April 19. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Joe Giordano—Realist paintings. Through Wednesday, April 9. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Michael Hafftka—Loosely handled figure paintings, pastels, and ink drawings. Through April 17. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Robert Henry—Paintings of figures encased in frames that look stencilled. Through April 26. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Nancy Holt / Sol LeWitt—A dozen photographs of a TV screen taken at different speeds. / Several pyramid-shaped colored-ink wall drawings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

David Kapp—Paintings of urban traffic jams reduced to the outlines of cars and their headlights and tail-lights. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, April 12. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Grace Knowlton / Arthur Tress—Large, spherical sculptures made with a papier-mâché-like material and painted with enamel, watercolor, and oil stick. / Cibachrome prints depicting members of the Reagan Cabinet. Through April 26. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Marion Lerner Levine—Watercolor still-lifes of old postcards, botanical books, mirrors, and lace. Through Wednesday, April 9. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Cynthia Mailman—Realist paintings of rural and suburban landscapes. Through Saturday, April 5. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures in marble, wood, and bronze. Also, etchings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

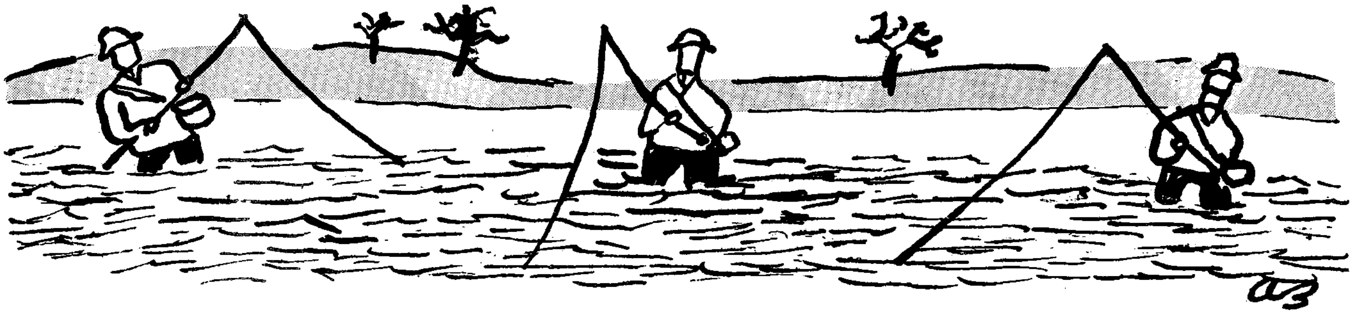
Anthony Polizzi—Abstractions, including impastoed paintings on paper and painted polystyrene-and-foam-board sculptures. Through April 26. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Miriam Schapiro—Semi-abstract paintings of figures from the theatrical world—a ballerina, a master of ceremonies—and several larger-than-life paper-cutout figures in the same vein. Through Saturday, April 5. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Carole Seborovski—Geometric abstract works on paper. Through April 19. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

Richard Serra—Three massive Corten-steel sculptures complement a larger show of this artist's work at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Saturday, April 5. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Drawings. Through April 26. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Andy Warhol—Six paintings from the artist's 1963 "Disaster" series. Through June 14. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Wednes-



days through Fridays, noon to 4; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

OTHER GALLERIES

William Anthony / Debra Chase—Satirical figure paintings and drawings. / Mixed-medium constructions that resemble garments—kimonos, gowns, jackets. Through April 19. (Baum, 109 Hudson St.)

John Franklin—Disparate works that call attention to the materials from which they are made—for instance, a canvas wrapped with time-clock ribbon, a pair of black Plexiglas sunglasses revolving on a mirror base, and a concrete sewer conduit, painted with gold leaf, on which the word "GUILT" is inscribed in black paint. Through Saturday, April 12. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Opens at noon.)

Grace Graupe-Pillard / Roger Cutforth—Pastel portrait-cutouts derived from a social-realist sensibility. / Portrait photocollages. Through April 27. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Richard Hennessy—Abstract paintings based on great art of the past. "Living Fragonardishly," for instance, somehow evokes petticoat ruffles and maidens on swings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Cy Twombly—A retrospective of works on paper. Through Saturday, April 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St.)

Alison Wilding—Abstract sculptures. Through Tuesday, April 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Group Shows—At the **city gallery,** 2 Columbus Circle: More than two hundred books and fifty prints by Cobra artists. Through April 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **jus de pomme,** 338 E. 11th St.: Works by Jenny Holzer, Susan Rothenberg, April Gornik, and Eric Fischl, and by four artists they individually recommended—respectively, Ben Chase, Serena Bocchine, Craig Buckbee, and Medrie MacPhee. Through Sunday, April 6. (Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.) . . . **303 gallery,** 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St.: An installation by Vito Acconi, Nancy Dwyer, and Matt Mullican which is the artists' version of the new corporate-sponsored public spaces. Through April 19. (Opens at 1.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henri Cartier-Bresson and Bruce Davidson—Photographs paired according to shared themes that are of interest to these two artists. Through April 19. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Coplans / Herbert List (1903-75)—Silver prints of the artist's nude body revealed one part at a time. / Surrealist-influenced prints from the thirties. Through April 26. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue—Photographs detailing upper-middle-class life in France between 1904 and 1980. Through May 10. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Milton Rogovin—Photographs of the same low-income families in Buffalo, New York, that he documented in the early seventies and then again in the mid-eighties. Through April 26. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Willy Ronis—A retrospective of black-and-white photographs of Paris and Provence. Through April 19. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Some previously unpublished prints by this photojournalist, along with some well-known works; about two hundred in all. Through May 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

John Yang / Mark Feldstein—Panoramic silver contact prints of the Innisfree Garden, in Millbrook, New York. / Ten triptychs. Through April 18. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

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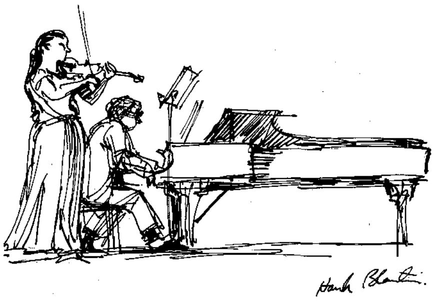
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher, including "Toilet of Venus" (1751), which was done for a château of Mme. de Pompadour and Louis XV. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. Through May 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of architectural drawings and photographs of late-nineteenth-century buildings designed by Richard Morris Hunt, including the Fifth Avenue entrance of the museum itself. Through June 15. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the sculpture garden. Through May 13. Complementary shows are at Leo Castelli, 142 Greene St. (ending Saturday, April 5) and Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A show commemorating Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's hundredth anniversary. Drawings, photographs, and models of his buildings are on display in the lower-level galleries. Furniture, including a Barcelona chair, is installed on the fourth floor. Through April 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Naum Gabo, a leader in the Constructivist style in the twenties. Through April 27. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by contemporary abstractionist Jack Youngerman. Through April 27. . . . ¶ A show of twenty-five abstract paintings and works on paper by Charles Seliger. Through May 18. A complementary exhibit is at the Gallery Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of some of the works that will go to the new Musée d'Orsay when it opens in Paris later this year as the repository of the Louvre's collections of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, and decorative objects. Through May 5. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)



American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of approximately seventy photographs of Gypsies by the late Belgian artist Jan Yoors, who frequently travelled with Gypsy bands in Europe, India, and the United States, from about 1934 to 1975. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show of sculptures from northern India dating from the first century to the fifth, when that area was ruled by the Kushan dynasty. Through Sunday, April 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—More than a hundred items (first editions, manuscripts, photographs, letters) that document the various literary and artistic undertakings of the British eccentric Frederick William Rolfe, who used the pen name Baron Corvo. Through June 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the life and career of Bronislava Nijinska, a dancer, choreographer, and member of the creative-genius crowd early in this century. That record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée" in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of approximately eighty Italian drawings from the baroque and Mannerist periods, on loan from the collection of Duke Roberto Ferretti. Through April 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—A show of paintings, textiles, and three-dimensional folk art pointing out that the female figure carried the torch as a symbol of America long before the Statue of Liberty arrived in the harbor. Through May 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Printed Book in India: The First 300 Years," an exhibit of more than fifty rare volumes from the library's collection, which includes a religious handbook in Portuguese (1561), one of the earliest surviving books printed in India. Through May 24. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artists Al Loving and Howardena Pindell are each represented by eighteen paintings and collages. Through June 12. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Peter Littlefield and Evan Lurie's musical production "The Cure," Friday through Sunday, April 11-13, at 9.

Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651—Ishmael Houston-Jones' production "Adolfo und Maria," Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13, at 8.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Alyson Pou and others (performance), Friday through Sunday, April 4-6, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall

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362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 2, at 8: "Carmen," with Catherine Malfitano, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, and Michael Devlin; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8: "Aida," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Fiorenza Cossotto, Luciano Pavarotti, and Matteo Manuguerra; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Mara Zampieri, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 1: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and Dano Raffanti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Rosario Andrade, Maria Ewing, Placido Domingo, and Michael Devlin; Max Epstein. . . . ¶ Monday, April 7, at 8: "Aida," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Fiorenza Cossotto, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 8, at 8: "Carmen," with Rosario Andrade, Isola Jones, Luis Lima, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Mara Zampieri, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 6:30: "Parsifal," with Kathryn Harries, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Catherine Malfitano, Maria Ewing, Vladimir Popov, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Mara Zampieri, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Richard J. Clark; Thomas Fulton.

Vineyard Opera Shop—The first three of nine performances of the American première of "Una Cosa Rara," a 1786 opera, with a score by Martin y Soler and a libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte. James Kurtz is the conductor and Joseph LoSchiavo is the director. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

Bel Canto Opera—William B. Williams conducting the first of three performances of "The Haunted Castle," by Stanislaw Moniuszko. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Raymond Leppard conducting a Haydn-Copland-Mendelssohn program on Thursday, April 3, at 8, and Friday, April 4, at 2 (both with Stanley Drucker, clarinet). . . . ¶ Martin Turnovsky directing the first two of five performances of a Martinu-Novak-Dvořák program on Saturday, April 5, and Tuesday, April 8, at 8 (both with Marilyn Schmiege, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Werner Klemperer, narrator; and the New York Choral Artists). . . . ¶ Christopher Hogwood conducting the first three of four performances of an all-Mozart program on Thursday, April 10, at 8; Friday, April 11, at 2; and Saturday, April 12, at 8 (all with Jeanne Baxtresser, flute, and Judith LeClair, bassoon).

English Chamber Orchestra—Yehudi Menuhin conducting, with Mitsuko Uchida, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Pinchas Zukerman conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

Atlanta Symphony—Robert Shaw conducting, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 8.)

St. Louis Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting—Friday, April 11, at 8: With Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: With Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting—A program that includes the première of Henry Cowell's Concerto for Harmonica and Orchestra. With Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; and Robert Bonfiglio, harmonica. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, April 6, at 2.) . . . ¶ The third in a series of four "Meet the Moderns" programs, this one devoted to new music by European composers. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 11, at 8. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, April 12, at 8.) For tickets to all the concerts, call 1-718 636-4120.

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New York Pops—Skitch Henderson directing the last in a series of programs, this one called "An Evening of Hammerstein, with Rodgers, Hart, and Kern." With Sue Singleton, soprano; Bob Carroll, baritone, and the Phoenix Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducting a program of chamber works, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Trevor Pinnock conducting and acting as harpsichord soloist, with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra and Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Howard Shanet and Peter Schubert directing a program of music by Franz Schubert. (McMillian Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Mary Burgess and Joy Hague, sopranos; Antoinette Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Lawrence Cooper, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

Winchester Cathedral Choir—Martin Neary directing, with Timothy Byram-Wigfeld, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

Robert Davidovici—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

Janina Fialkowska—Piano, in an all-Liszt recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

Hiroko Ohki—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

Pridonoff Piano Duo and the Percussion Group / Cincinnati—A joint concert by performers who are all faculty members of the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

Margaret Price—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

English Baroque Soloists—John Eliot Gardiner conducting an all-Mozart program, performed on period instruments. With Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

California E.A.R. Unit—An eight-member contemporary-music ensemble. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, April 5, at 7:30.)

Young-Uck Kim—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—A Haydn-Schubert-Dvořák program. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, April 6, at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Roberto Aussel—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

Douglas Boyd—Oboe. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, April 6, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

Fitzwilliam String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The ninth in a series of concerts, this one performed by the Hilliard Ensemble, a male vocal quartet from London. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, April 6, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

David Jolley—Horn, with Robert McDonald, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, April 6, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 4.)

Frederic Hand—Classical guitarist, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 8.)

North / South Consonance—A program of premières of solo and ensemble works. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Joseph Smith—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 7, at 8.)

Leland Chen—Violin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, April 7, at 8.)

Ron Malkenson—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Monday, April 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

New York Consort of Viols—A program of music from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and twentieth centuries. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. Monday, April 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 816-7878.)

Barry Salwen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 7, at 8:30.)

Marc Laforet—Piano, with Jean-Jacques Kantorow, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

Boston Camerata—With the Boston Shawm and Sacbut Ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

Christopher Trackas—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

Shirley Irek and Robert Chumbley—Duo piano, with members of the Broyhill Chamber Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—The final concert of the season, this one performed by the Adirondack Chamber Players; Rosalind Rees, soprano; Roger Kellaway and Russell Miller, piano; and Dale Stuckenbruck, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 7:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

John Browning—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

Carol Wincenc—Flute, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of programs, this one featuring music by Josquin des Prés. With Ben Peck, sacbut, and the Waverly Consort Motet Choir. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 10, and Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

Trio Sonnerie—A program of early music.

(Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—A fiftieth-anniversary concert. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ben Holt, baritone, and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8, and Sunday, April 13, at 5.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program that includes Schoenberg's song cycle "Pierrot Lunaire," translated by Andrew Porter, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble—With the Trio Chanteclaire and Robert Barrows, organ. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, April 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Emerson String Quartet—A Mendelssohn-Ravel-Beethoven program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Downtown Chamber and Opera Players—Two staged performances of the Kurt Weill–Bertolt Brecht work "Mahagonny Songplay" (in English), each accompanied by a different program of contemporary cabaret songs. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 5-6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 673-2207.)

Meredith Monk's "Acts from Under and Above"—A three-week engagement of a music-theatre piece performed by Miss Monk, who also composed most of the music. With Lanny Harrison, voice, and Nurit Tilles, piano and percussion. Opens Thursday, April 3, and will run through Sunday, April 20. (LaMama E.T.C, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—First American League games at Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, April 8, at 1; Wednesday, April 9, at 7:30; and Thursday, April 10, at 1. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Friday, April 11, at 7:30, and Saturday, April 12, at 1:30.

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Indiana, Monday, April 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Friday, April 11, at 8. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Washington, Thursday, April 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, April 5. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, April 9. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 12.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, April 2, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, April 6, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, April 5, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Wednesday, April 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Sunday, April 6, at 1:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Thursday, May 8. The Gotham, Saturday, April 5, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 12. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14. The Cherry Hill Mile, Saturday, April 5.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Monday, June 16. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Ralph Ellison reading from his own novels. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, April 4, at 8.) . . . ¶ Mary Lee Settle reading from her own novels. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 8, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Tuesday, April 8, at 2: Silver. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 3. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 2, and Friday, April 11, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese decorative works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—First National League games at Shea Stadium—Mets vs. St. Louis, April 14, 16, and 17 (all day games).

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Division preliminary playoffs start April 17.

Racing—At **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 3. . . . **belmont:** May 10-July 28.

Running—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 21.)

Tennis—Shearson Lehman Brothers Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. May 5-11.)

Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season continues through May 3. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ I Musici, April 13. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, April 13. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, April 18. . . . ¶ Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, April 20. . . . ¶ John Williams, classical guitarist, April 20. . . . ¶ Bavarian Symphony Orchestra of Munich, April 27-28. . . . ¶ James Galway, flute, and the National Arts Centre of Canada Orchestra, May 4. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 4. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): American Symphony Orchestra, April 13, 27, and 30, and May 7. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 15. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 16-17. . . . ¶ Dresden Chamber Orchestra, April 18. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, April 19. . . . ¶ Gidon Kremer, violin, April 20. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, April 20. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, April 21. . . . ¶ Benjamin Matthews, bass-baritone, April 27. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, May 1. . . . ¶ Jeffrey Siegel, piano, and Peter Zazofsky, violin, May 2. . . . ¶ Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, May 3. . . . ¶ Juilliard String Quartet, May 4. . . . ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, May 4. . . . ¶ New York Pops, May 5. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, May 6 and 8. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, May 9. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony, May 10. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Robert Schrade, piano, April 13. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 16-17 and 28-29. . . . ¶ Continuum, April 19. . . . ¶ Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale, April 19. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 20-22 and 30 and May 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, April 26. . . . ¶ Håkan Hagegård, baritone, April 27. . . . ¶ Oberlin Orchestra, May 3. . . . ¶ Cecile Licad, piano, May 4. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 5. . . . ¶ Benita Valente, soprano, May 10. . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, April 15-16. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, April 19-20. . . . ¶ David Shifrin, clarinet, April 22. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, May 3. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra, April 19. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, April 20. . . . ¶ Dresden Chamber Orchestra, April 22. . . . ¶ Lockenhaus Festival, April 30. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 1. . . . ¶ Mozartean Players, May 2. . . . **town hall** (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, April 29.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Social Security," a comedy by Andrew Bergman, starring Marlo Thomas and Ron Silver. . . . ¶ A play by Brian Clark, "The Petition," with Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in the leading roles. . . . ¶ A revival of "Sweet Charity," the 1966 musical by Cy Coleman (music), Dorothy Fields (lyrics), and Neil Simon (book). . . . ¶ Jack Lemmon in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's drama "Long Day's Journey into Night." . . . ¶ George C. Scott and John Cullum will portray the adult Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer in "The Boys in Autumn," a play by Bernard Sabath.

Dance—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 22-June 22. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 5-July 5.

Other Dates—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1985 and estimates for 1986 are due Tuesday, April 15. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 27.

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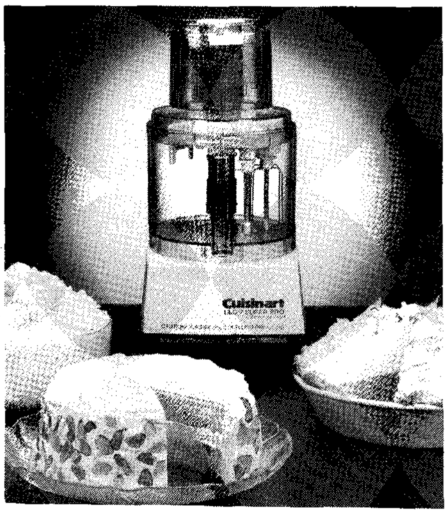

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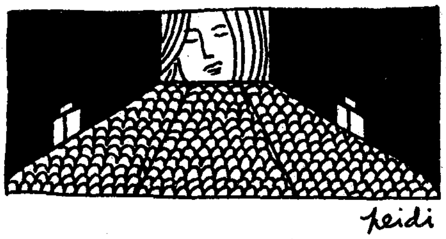

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Dreamchild" (†).

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Lucas" (David Seltzer).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Pretty in Pink" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 3: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Color Purple" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Lucas" (David Seltzer).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ran" (†).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.
Theatre 2: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Trouble in Mind" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†). From April 4: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Smooth Talk" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ginger and Fred" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 3: "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen.
From April 4: To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).
Theatre 2: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Lucas" (David Seltzer).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Las Madres: The Mothers of Plaza de Mayo" (1985; directed by Susana Muñoz and Lourdes Portillo; in English and Spanish), a documentary; and "The Colors of Hope" (1985; David Grubin), a short documentary.
Theatre 2: Through April 3: "Stray Dog" (1949) and "Scandal" (1950), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. April 4-6: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). April 7-8: "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Susumu Fujita; and "I Live in Fear" (†). From April 9: "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through April 3: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†). April 4-10: "The Way It Is" (Eric Mitchell). From April 11: "Broken Rainbow" (Maria Florio and Victoria Mudd), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage. From April 6: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 4: "Turtle Diary" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen.
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. From April 6: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty;" and (evenings only) "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Brazil" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 3: "Always" (Henry Jaglom). From April 4: "F/X" (†).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"The Quiet Earth" (Geoff Murphy), with Bruno Lawrence.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 3: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†).
From April 4: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Angry Harvest" (Agnieszka Holland; in German).
Theatre 2: "Turtle Diary" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Quilombo" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Theatre 2: "Shoah" (†). Part I is being shown Wednesdays through Sundays and Part II is being shown Sundays through Tuesdays.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 4: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 5: "Pretty in Pink" (†).
Theatre 6: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 3: "Out of Africa" (†). From April 4 (tentative): "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 3: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and (evenings only) "F/X" (†). From April 4: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty;" and (evenings only) "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 3: "April Fool's Day." From April 4: "P.O.W."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Jewel of the Nile" (directed by Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 4: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 5: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.
Theatre 6: "Out of Africa" (†).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 4: "Pretty in Pink" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

LOEWS STATE I AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).
Theatre 2: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). No

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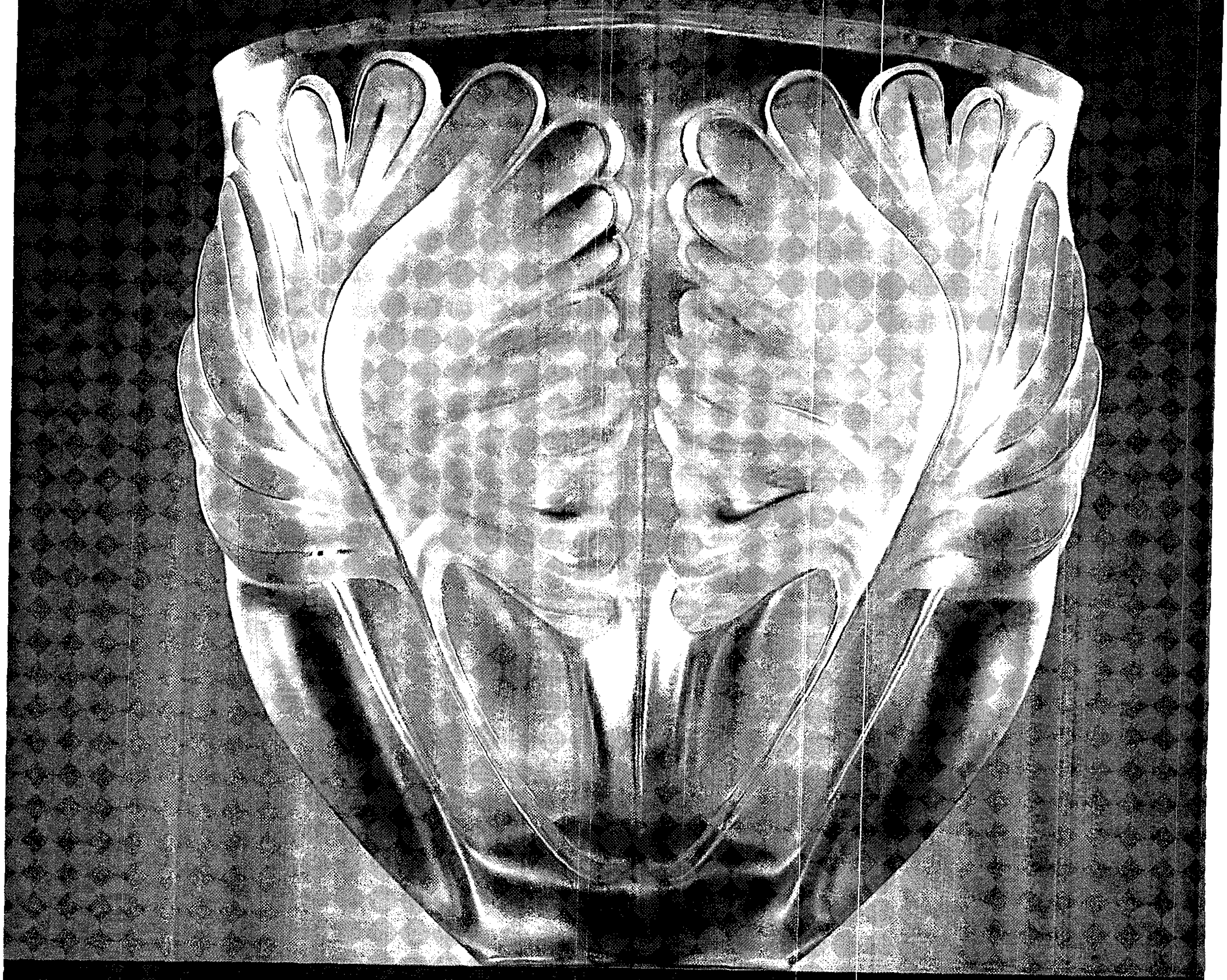

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performances Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).

Theatre 2: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through April 3: "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen. From April 4: "Eyes of Fire" (Avery Crounse).

Theatre 2: Through April 3: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin; and "Naked Cage" (Paul Nicholas). From April 4: "The Toxic Avenger" (Michael Herz and Samuel Weil).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through April 3: "3:15." From April 4: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 3: "The Conformist" (1970; directed by Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.

April 4-5: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

April 6: "Woodstock" (†); and "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley.

April 7-8: "Starstruck" (1982; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

April 9-10: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959; Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

April 11-12: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

April 2: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.

April 3: "Emitai" (1973; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film, in Wolof); and "Jom" (1982; Ababacar Samb; a Senegalese film, in Wolof).

April 4-5: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.

April 6-7: "Animal Crackers" (†); and "Monkey Business" (1931; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers.

April 8-9: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

April 10: "Jonah Who Will Be *25* in the Year 2000" (†) and "La Salamandre" (†).

April 11-12: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 2: "Hollywood Canteen" (1944; Delmar Daves), with Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, and Jack Benny; and "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot.

April 3-5: "Dangerous" (1936; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis and Franchot Tone; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

April 6-8: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (†); and "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant.

April 9-10: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.

April 11-12: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Born to Dance" (1936; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 2: "Kerouac, The Movie" (1985; John Antonelli); and "Committed" (1984; Sheila McLaughlin and Lynne Tillman).

April 3: "The Big Parade" (1925; King Vidor), with John Gilbert and Renée Adorée; and "The Crowd" (1928; King Vidor; a silent film), with Eleanor Boardman and James Murray.

April 4: "Shoot the Moon" (1982; Alan Parker), with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney; and "Smash Palace" (1982; Roger Donaldson), with Bruno Lawrence.

April 5: "Bound for Glory" (1976; Hal Ashby), with David Carradine; and "Alice's Restaurant" (1969; Arthur Penn), with Arlo Guthrie.

April 6: "Take the Money and Run" (†); and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.

April 7: "Straw Dogs" (†) and "Point Blank" (†).

April 8: "The File on Thelma Jordon" (†); "Gambling Lady" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, and Pat O'Brien; *and, at 3:45 only,* "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck and Michael O'Shea.

April 9: "Buddies" (1985; Arthur J. Bressan, Jr.); and "A Very Natural Thing" (1974; Christopher Larkin).

April 10: "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (1926; Frank Tuttle; a silent film), with Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Osgood Perkins; and "The Beggars of Life" (1928; William Wellman; a silent film), with Louise Brooks and Richard Arlen.

April 11: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.

April 12: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; and "La Cage aux Folles II" (1980; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 2: "The Nun" ("La Religieuse;" 1965; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932; Leontine Sagan; in German).

April 3: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken.

April 4-5: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

April 6: "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

April 7: "Pennies from Heaven" (1981 †) and "Something to Sing About" (†).

April 8: "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin; and "Serial" (†).

April 9: "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" (1983; Robert M. Young), with Edward James Olmos; and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

April 10: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Jabberwocky" (†).

April 11-12: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani; and "The Miracle" (1948 †).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 2: "Sunny" (1930; William A. Seiter), with Marilyn Miller; and "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, Ann Sothern, and Eric Blore.

April 3: "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, and Betsy Palmer; and "Strait-Jacket" (1964; William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson.

April 4-5: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

April 6: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern; and "Behold a Pale Horse" (1984; Fred Zinnemann), with Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn, and Omar Sharif.

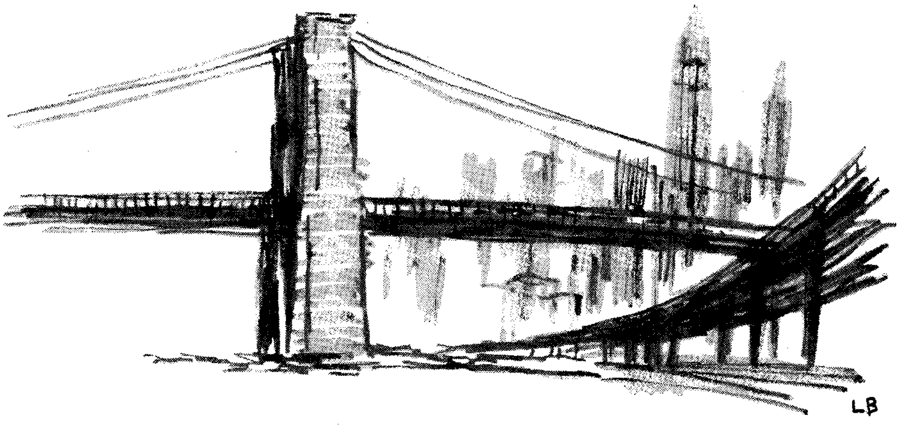
April 7: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval; and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.

April 8: "The Talk of the Town" (1942; George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman; and "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn.

April 9: "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling) and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde), both films with Warner Oland as Chan.

April 10: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "The Devil at 4 O'Clock" (1961; Mervyn LeRoy), with Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra, and Kerwin Mathews.

April 11-12: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "Chimes at Midnight" ("Falstaff;" 1967;



Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: April 3 at 6: "A Royal Scandal" (1945; directed by Otto Preminger), with Anne Baxter, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, William Eythe, and Vincent Price. . . . ¶ From April 4: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

THEATRE 2: April 3 at 6:30: "Legacy of the Spirits" (1985; Karen Kramer), a documentary. . . . ¶ From April 4: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—The first programs in a sixteen-day festival of new films by new directors. April 4 at 6: "Mix-Up" (France; Françoise Romand); and "The Flapper Story" (United States; Lauren Lazin). . . . ¶ April 4 at 8:30 and April 5 at 1: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Mexico; Jaime Humberto Hermosillo). . . . ¶ April 5 at 3:30: "Mix-Up" and "The Flapper Story." . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "A Portuguese Farewell" (Portugal; João Botelho); and "Fan Film" (United States; Richard Protovin). . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30 and April 6 at 2: "Wives" (1975; Norway; Anja Breien); and "Wives Ten Years After" (Norway; Anja Breien). . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: "Komba, God of the Pygmies" (France/Central African Republic; Raymond Adam). . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30: "A Portuguese Farewell." . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: "Unfinished Business" (Australia; Bob Ellis); and "Ringers" (United States; Tony Cookson). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30: "Komba, God of the Pygmies." . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: "Tangos, The Exile of Gardel" (France/Argentina; Fernando E. Solanas). . . . ¶ April 8 at 8:30: "Unfinished Business" and "Ringers." . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: "Sequences" (Romania; Alexandru Tatos). . . . ¶ April 9 at 8:30: "Tangos, The Exile of Gardel." . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "All-American High" (United States; Keva Rosenfeld); and "The Great Horseshoe Crab Field Trip" (United States; Grania Gurievitch). . . . ¶ April 10 at 8:30: "Sequences." . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "Yellow Earth" (People's Republic of China; Chen Kaige). . . . ¶ April 11 at 8:30: "Tagediebe" (Federal Republic of Germany; Marcel Gisler); and "Together and Apart" (Canada/United States; Laurie Lynd). . . . ¶ April 12 at 1: "Yellow Earth." . . . ¶ April 12 at 3:30: "Tagediebe" and "Together and Apart." . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: "Pervola: Tracks in the Snow" (The Netherlands; Orlow Seunke). . . . ¶ April 12 at 8:30: "Faces of Women" (Ivory Coast; Désiré Ecaré); and "Voices" (United States; Joanna Priestly). (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489, Mondays through Fridays.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films by Yvonne Rainer. Through April 4: At noon, "Kristina Talking Pictures" (1976); and, at 2:30, "Journey from Berlin/1971" (1980). . . . ¶ April 5-10: "The Man Who Envied Women" (1985), Saturday at noon; Sunday at 1; Tuesday at 2; and Wednesday and Thursday at noon. Miss Rainer will be present on April 9 at 2:10. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagy. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter, Arabella. Arguably the best line: "Signor Ravelli's first selection will be 'Somewhere My Love Lies Sleeping' with a male chorus." The writers were George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind. Directed by Victor Heerman. (Metro Cinema; April 6-7.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse, and Festival.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Theatres.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Manhattan, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street. No performances Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8.)

Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

The File on Thelma Jordon (1950)—Did any other actress get herself into as much heavy melodramatic trouble as Barbara Stanwyck? This time, she's on trial for murder, and the assistant district attorney (Wendell Corey) falls in love with her and deliberately loses the case. Robert Siodmak directed very efficiently, and Ketti Frings' script has some sharp dialogue. But the movie is unexciting, and we don't much care whether or not Thelma Jordon is a killer, or whether she's purified by love, either. With Richard Rober, Stanley Ridges, Joan Tetzel, Paul Kelly, and Minor Watson. (Thalia; April 8.)

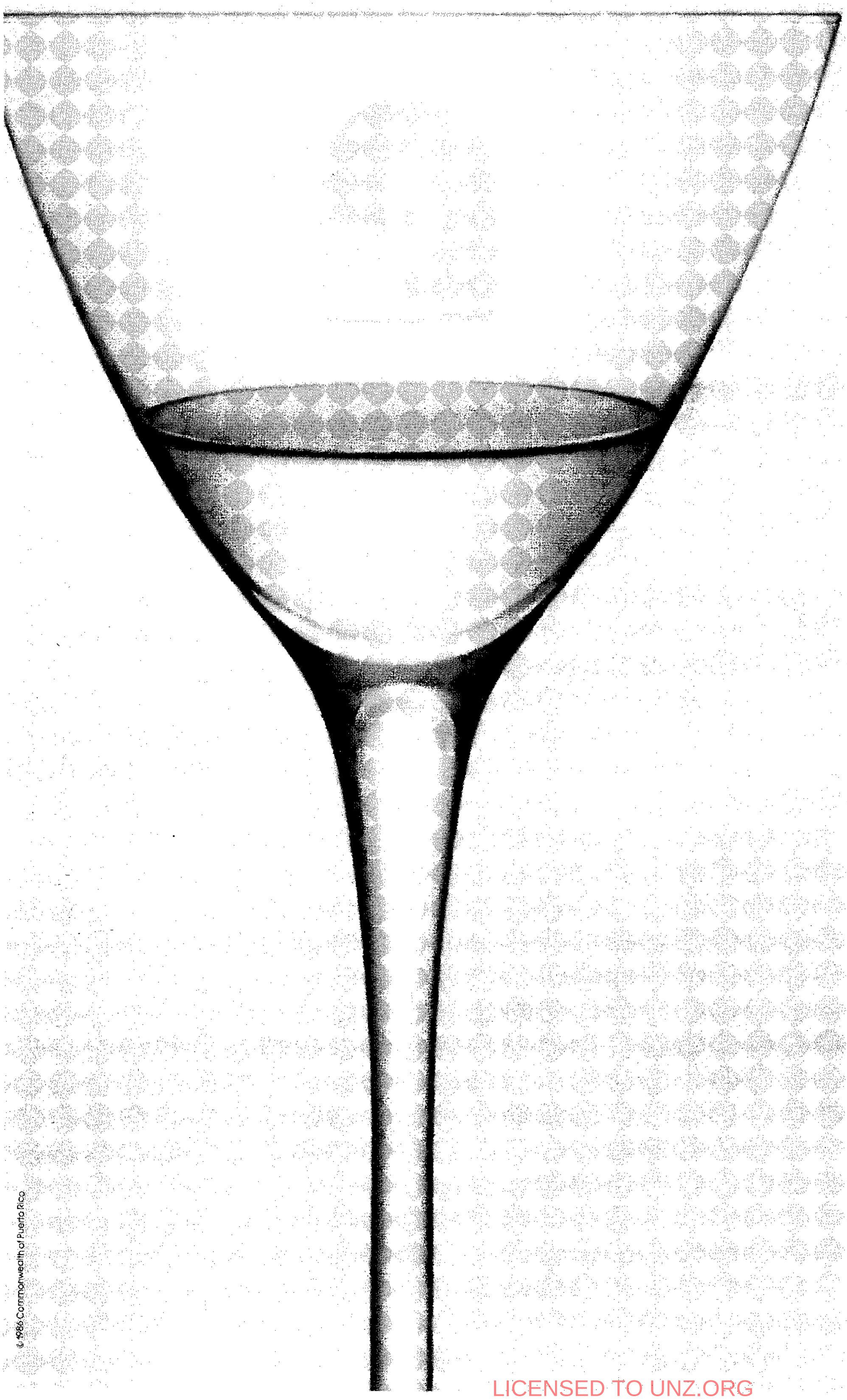
F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Gemini, Quad Cinema, and U. A. Twin. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through April 3, evening performances only. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; starting April 4.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

I Live in Fear—In 1955, Kurosawa made this noble picture about fear of the H-bomb. Toshiro Mifune plays a factory owner trying to sell out and leave with his family for the safety of Brazil. A tribunal that includes his dentist finds that he is upsetting the psychic order of society, and he ends up mad and hospitalized. The picture praises dread with a script of high literary quality (by Kurosawa himself, as usual, with two collaborators). In Japanese. (Film Forum; April 7-8.)

Jabberwocky (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English comedy, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike in a cobwebby way below, but has a fishy face. (Thalia SoHo; April 10.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a laconic, ironical play of ideas, stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibili-



STRIP A DAIQUIRI.

ONCE YOU SEE A DAIQUIRI NAKED, YOU MAY DISCOVER A NEW RESPECT FOR RUM.

FOR YEARS PEOPLE THOUGHT RUM NEEDED TO BE DRESSED UP IN FANCY MIXES AND TASTY FRUITS. BUT NOW RUM IS BEING APPRECIATED FOR ITS DIGNITY AND ITS CHARACTER. THAT IS, IF IT'S RUM FROM PUERTO RICO.

RUMS FROM PUERTO RICO ARE TREATED WITH RESPECT. AS ANY GREAT SPIRIT IS. THAT'S BECAUSE IN PUERTO RICO, ALL RUMS ARE AGED BY LAW FOR SMOOTHNESS, MELLOWNESS, AND MATURITY THAT STANDS UP, UNEMBELLISHED, TO THE MOST DISCRIMINATING TASTE.

ENJOY RUMS OF PUERTO RICO STRAIGHT, ON THE ROCKS, WITH TONIC OR SODA. AND EXPOSE THE SPIRIT YOU'VE ALWAYS ENJOYED UNDERNEATH IT ALL.

FIND THE SPIRIT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

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OF
PUERTO
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ties for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (Metro Cinema; April 10.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of movie-making, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief (forty-three minutes), utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved—and most sensual—of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. The screenplay is by Tullio Pinelli and Rossellini. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; April 11-12.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Mystery of Picasso (1956)—Picasso and Henri-Georges Clouzot ("The Wages of Fear," "Diabolique") collaborate. The result is one of the most joyful of all records of an artist at work. Picasso has a volatile, explosive presence. He is the artist as clown, as conjurer, as master funmaker. For most of the film the screen is his paper or canvas, and in seventy-five minutes he draws or paints fifteen pictures. When he complains to Clouzot that the canvas is too small, the screen expands to CinemaScope size. Some sequences use time-lapse photography to compress the working time on a canvas to a few minutes. Cinematography by Claude Renoir; score by Georges Auric. (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Cinema 3; through April 3.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews New York Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through April 3.)

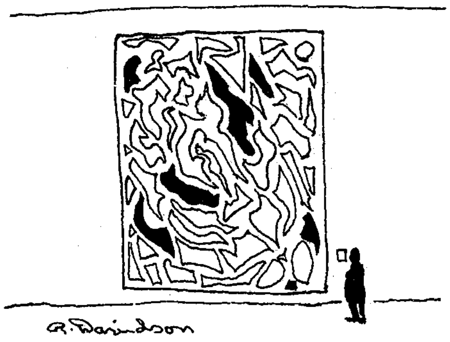
Pennies from Heaven (1981)—A startling, stylized musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lipsync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. The film was directed by Herbert Ross, who took a plunge but didn't go far enough. He keeps trying to sneak normal life back in: he treats the piled-on sentimental gloom tenderly, as if it were meant to be real. As a result, the picture doesn't come together. But it's extraordinary. (Thalia SoHo; April 7.)

Point Blank (1967)—Showoffy, brutal, somewhat inexplicable account of a crook (Lee Marvin) who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. But the real star is the virtuosity of the director, John Boorman. Intermittently dazzling, the film has more energy and invention than Boorman seems to know what to do with. He appears to take the title literally; one comes out exhilarated but bewildered. With Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, and Keenan Wynn. (Thalia; April 7.)

Pretty in Pink—With Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton, directed by Howard Deutch. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. The actors who circulate around the heroine create a whirring atmosphere—a comic hum. They include Denholm Elliott (playing the novel's resident saint), Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach; the young Italian lovers are played by Isabella Celani and Lucca Rossi. Full of allusions to art and literature, the movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. Shot in England and Florence. (3/24/86) (Paris.)



La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Metro Cinema; April 10.)

Serial (1980)—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. Directed by Bill Persky, with Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld. (Thalia SoHo; April 8.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big, highly praised musical, set in Oregon in 1850 and adapted from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Sobbin' Women" (based on Plutarch's "The Rape of the Sabine Women"). It's marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness—the back-lot Americana gets rather thick. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him. The picture is ambitious in its use of dance, and was unusual in that it features male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, Marc Platt, Matt Mattox, Jeff Richards, and Russ Tamblyn). The most prominent among the women is Julie Newmar (then Newmeyer). The choreography is by Michael Kidd. (Regency; April 6-8.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Smooth Talk—It has lovely touches in its first half, when the director, Joyce Chopra, shows us the restless and narcissistic fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), who acts seductive and teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. Connie and her friends (Sarah Inglis and Margaret Welch) parade happily around the shopping plaza for hours and hours—testing their skills at attracting boys and bantering with them. Tom Cole, who wrote the script, expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," has a fine ear for teen-age talk. But the movie's texture is thin from the start—especially in the scenes at Connie's home, where she and her mother (Mary Kay Place) bicker. And the second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a young girl's sex-and-horror fantasy: a sordid creep (an older man) arrives at Connie's house when she's alone; he's like the materialization of her ugliest fears, and he terrorizes her and lures her into his car. End of story and, the reader assumes, probably the end of poor Connie. Unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy resolution. Their ending suggests that Connie has grown up—matured—via what amounts to terrorization and (possibly) rape; the experience seems to have made her a better person. As the creep, Treat Williams gives a neo-Method performance that's all affectation. With Levon Helm as Connie's pleasant-goofball father, and Elizabeth Berridge as Connie's older sister, though, confusingly, she looks more like a kid sister. (3/24/86) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Something to Sing About (1937)—The title represents unjustified optimism. James Cagney plays a bandleader who goes to Hollywood to make a musical. Cagney gets a chance to do some of that hoofing of his that's not like anybody else's, but the story is a leaden satire of Hollywood. Mona Barrie, in a blond wig, does a refreshing parody of Garbo; the heroine is overpowering Evelyn Daw, of whom not much more was heard. With William Frawley and Gene Lockhart. Direction, music, and story by Victor Schertzinger. (Thalia SoHo; April 7.)

Straw Dogs (1971)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill to protect his home, and Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the (then) fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah, who sacrifices the flow and spontaneity and the euphoria of spaciousness that have made him a legend—but not the savagery. The only beauty he allows himself is in eroticism and violence. With David Warner. Screenplay by David Zelag Goodman and Peckinpah, adapted from the novel "The Siege of Trencher's Farm," by Gordon M. Williams. (Thalia; April 7.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Thalia; April 6.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seatsprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through April 3. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting April 4. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting April 4, tentative.)

Trouble in Mind—With Kris Kristofferson, Geneviève Bujold, Lori Singer, and Keith Carradine; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Turtle Diary—Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley play the two Londoners who separately develop the fantasy of liberating the three giant turtles from the Aquarium at the London Zoo and taking them back to the sea. John Irvin directed this low-key, fastidious version of the 1975 Russell Hoban novel (a counterculture fable), from a script by Harold Pinter. It's like a "Brief Encounter" between turtles; the two strangers come out of their shells a bit, but not with each other. Jackson and Kingsley give their lines an especially tight-lipped, staccato reading; these two are so private and tense and minimalist that it's amusing to see how they vary their performances enough to keep going. They manage to give the middle of the movie—the weekend drive to the coast with the turtles—a balmy comic spirit of adventure. But the picture verges on the deliberately quaint, and the story has been given the same maudlin orchestration as in the novel; it's full of sad and lonely people reaching out. The awful artfulness of this stuff! With Michael Gambon, Jeroen Krabbé, Harriet Walter, Richard Johnson, Rosemary Leach, Eleanor Bron, and Pinter, in a bit in a bookstore. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Cinema Village; April 6.)

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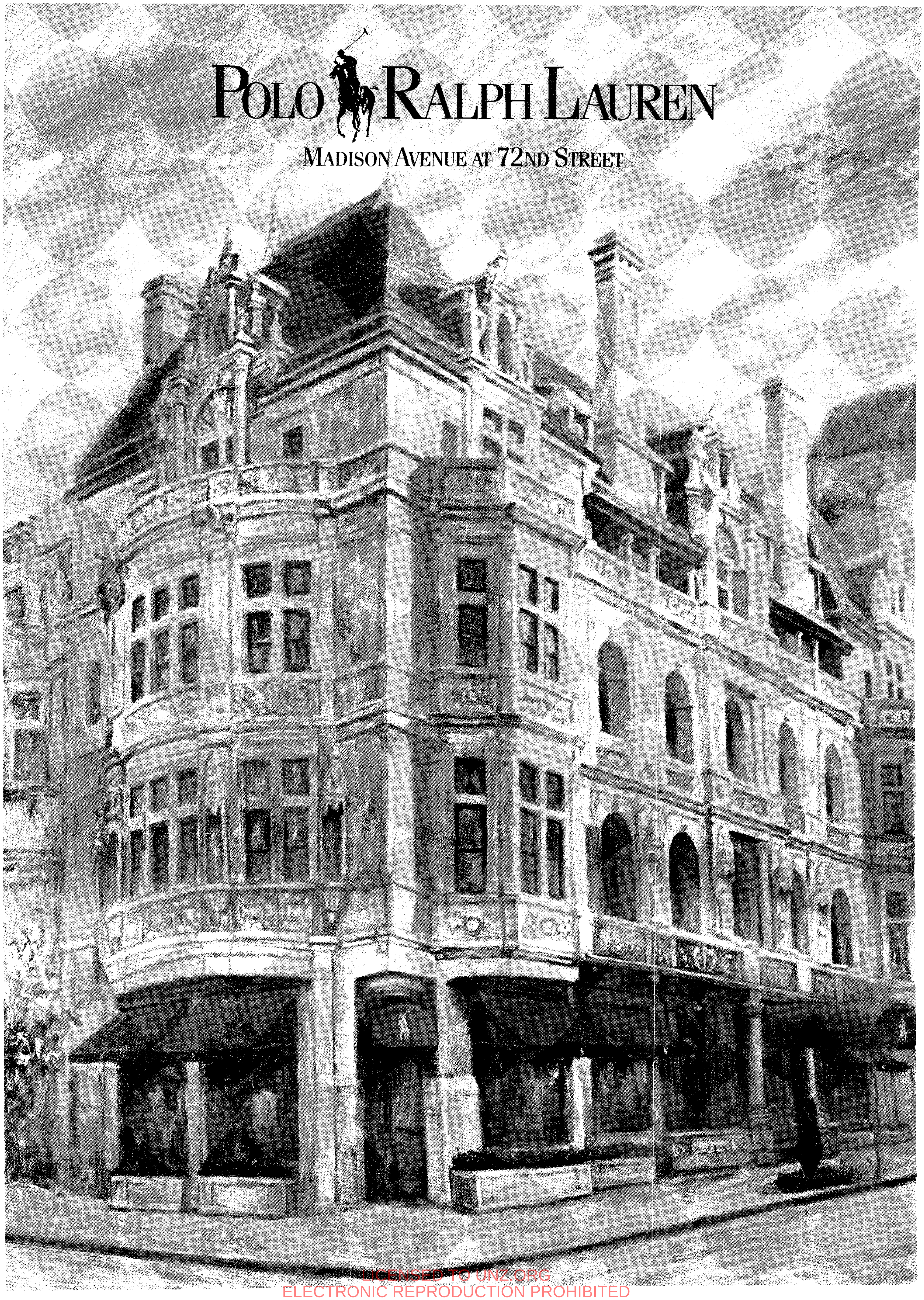
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A BOAT lies dead in the water, burning. Some of its Libyan crewmen are presumed dead. Oceans—immense blue oceans—seem to distance us all, protect us, from the scene. On the streets, the sun shines, people walk along, the buildings are solid. No smoke rises to the sky, no burned bodies strew the ground. Only the headlines—bigger and blacker than usual—convey a note of urgency. Of course, we seek to give ourselves reassurance. Whether or not to feel frightened—personally, viscerally frightened—is, in part, we discover, a sort of decision. Fear when it is of a certain magnitude is disruptive and a burden, and we may decide to push it aside. And yet for a moment the pulse quickens, and something in the chest tightens. A dim anxiety that is in fact always present becomes focussed. In normal circumstances, this anxiety is like an asterisk that is placed after every single thing we human beings think or do. The asterisk points the way to the message "All that you see can be pulled down by human hands in a twinkling." Now that information, which normally resides in our unconscious, moves up the page a little, into the main body of the text—into our conscious thoughts. When the television news comes on, people grow silent and look up from what they're doing. We have the feeling—familiar from past crises—that mankind has been transformed into a mass of spectators, watching passively but nervously as everyone's life or death is being decided somewhere out of sight by a handful of people, some of whom may not be in their right minds. Or else the decisions are being made by the events themselves, uncontrolled by any human master. We know that a universal geography, discovered by modern physics, cancels out the human, earthly geography that has always given us our feeling of safety. In the scale of the new geography, in which distance is measured in light-years, and explosive power is measured in millions of tons of TNT, blue oceans lose their immensity, and the earth itself shrinks to the size of a pea. In the scale of that geography, which is the essential geography of our time, the boat that burns in the water with its cargo of dead crewmen is no farther away from us than the television screen in our living room which shows us the scene. Concentrated by total peril, the earth is now like a bell whose vibrations spread across its whole surface at the slightest touch. Once again, that bell has been sounded in warning.

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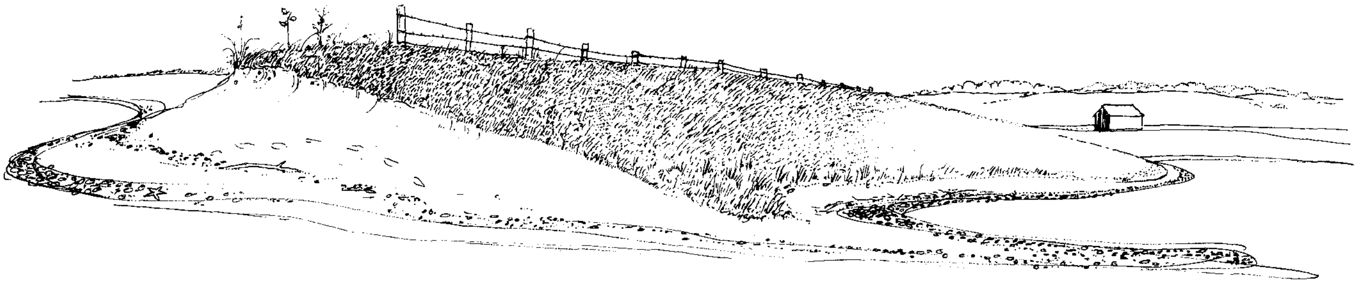
An Exile

A FRIEND in London writes:

Shortly after Anatoly Shcharansky was released from prison in February and allowed to leave the Soviet Union, I talked to two people who are particularly concerned with Yuri Orlov, the Russian physicist and expert in particle acceleration, who was arrested in 1977, imprisoned, tried a year later on trumped-up charges of slandering the U.S.S.R., found guilty, and sentenced to seven years in a strict-regime labor camp and five years of internal exile. Orlov had helped found the Moscow group that monitored Soviet compliance with the Helsinki human-rights accords—a group whose first members included Shcharansky, Alexander Ginzburg, and Yelena Bonner. This group has now been shattered, and so have others like it in the Soviet Union; some fifty members of the monitoring groups are in prison camps or in exile, among some ten thousand people who, it is believed, are being so treated for their political or religious beliefs. Orlov, having served his seven years, is now starting his third year of exile in a Siberian village called Kobyai, not far from the Arctic Circle. The two men who are particularly anxious about Orlov's situation are John Macdonald, a British barrister, and Valentin Turchin, a computer scientist who was a fellow-student of Orlov's at Moscow State University in the early nineteen-fifties, was chairman of the Moscow branch of Amnesty International at the time of Orlov's arrest, left the Soviet Union in the fall of 1977, is currently teaching computer science at City College in New York, and not



long ago paid a visit to London, at Macdonald's invitation, to observe the ninth anniversary of Orlov's arrest. Since the arrest, Macdonald has been doing his utmost on behalf of Orlov's family and friends to persuade the Soviet authorities to give Orlov a fair hearing, proper treatment, and freedom—most recently by writing to Eduard Shevardnadze, the new Soviet Foreign Minister, asking him to allow Orlov to complete his exile abroad. Macdonald wrote, "I'd be delighted to have Yuri and his wife, Irina, stay with me in my home in Wimbledon, and I know that many British universities would be glad to give him the opportunity to undertake research of a purely theoretical kind." So far, Macdonald has had no reply to his letter.

My conversation with Macdonald and Turchin took place on what was for England a cold day. Snow was falling lightly in Belgrave Square, outside the windows of an elegant, well-heated room in the Institute of Physics, where we sat with glasses of wine and a plate of cheese and Bath Oliver biscuits. "Right now, it is most likely forty degrees below zero where Orlov is," said Turchin. "That is a temperature that is, coincidentally, the same stated either in Fahrenheit or in Celsius. Outside, the air is so cold that a dry mist forms. If you extend your arm in front of your face, you can't see your hand." Although Orlov is not allowed to publish in the Soviet Union, Turchin has received by what he calls "roundabout means" several scientific papers that Orlov managed to write while he was in prison and prison camp, and has translated and edited them with the help of a young Stanford physicist and psychologist named Eddie Oshins. One, entitled "A Quantum Model of Doubt," was published in the *Annals* of the New York Academy of Sciences in 1981. Another, "The Wave Logic of Consciousness: A Hypothesis," appeared in the *International Journal of Theoretical Physics* in 1982. Both papers included long stretches of mathematically expressed formulas, and under the title of each, as it was published, the author was identified as Yuri F. Orlov, Prison Camp 37-2, Urals, U.S.S.R. Turchin said, "In the first, Orlov is putting forward the idea that the concept of free will should be related to quantum mechanics. In the second, he goes beyond normal logic, in which a proposition is either false or true. Yuri suggests the possibility of examining a logical proposition from various viewpoints, including doubt."

Orlov's isolation in Siberia is intense, but several people have done their best to break it. A few friends in the Soviet Union have managed to visit him, as have his three sons. His wife has spent several lengthy periods with him in Kobyai, each time leaving Moscow with trepidation lest her apartment be taken from her while she was gone. The trip from Moscow to Kobyai is expensive and arduous, involving a twenty-eight-hundred-mile flight to Yakutsk, another flight to the town of Sangar, and then a sixty-mile bus journey. Mail sent within the U.S.S.R seems to reach Orlov, but most mail from abroad, whether letters, food parcels, books, or scientific journals, does not. Irina Orlov has taken him some things of that sort, limited by what she can carry. On one occasion, Turchin got through to Orlov by phone from New York—a process that involved booking the call, via Moscow, whereupon the Moscow exchange called the Kobyai telephone station, which sent a message to Orlov to come at a certain time and receive the call. On later occasions, when Turchin has tried to repeat this procedure, he has been told by the operator in Moscow that there is no connection to Kobyai. Turchin said, "Obviously, the first time there was an oversight."

From those who have visited Orlov and from his letters to various people, some picture of his life in exile can be assembled. When he first reached Kobyai, he found work as a watchman. However, he was worried that if anything was stolen he would be held

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responsible and a new prison sentence imposed. In 1984, he reached the Soviet retirement age of sixty, so he is no longer required to have a job; he receives a pension of a hundred and ten rubles a month—roughly eighty dollars. There is no running water in Kobyai, or main sewage system. He is allowed to use the public bath once a month. The village is without entertainment and without medical facilities; to see a dentist, Orlov has to make the sixty-mile trip to Sangar. The people in Kobyai were sympathetic to the new arrival until the local militia—to whom Orlov has to report once a week—spread the word that it was unwise to be friendly with someone convicted of slandering the state. On April 21, 1985, he was set upon in the street by a pair of hooligans and beaten up; hit hard on the head, he lost consciousness and suffered concussion. He spent several days in bed, feeling sick and dizzy. He believes that his peripheral vision has been affected, for he now stumbles on uneven ground and walks into the branches of trees. There was no official investigation of the attack.

In the last half of 1985, Orlov's situation improved somewhat. He was allowed to buy his own accommodation. This appears to be more of a shed than a house, with one main room and a stove, and a cellar where hay is stored—and where, he says, his sons can stay when they visit him. Much of his time is spent organizing food and fuel needed to keep him alive. In summer, water can be obtained from a nearby lake, but during the long winter it is to be had only by melting ice or snow. The Siberian summer is hot, with many mosquitoes; the winter, Orlov says, is "comprehensive." Much of his time in the months before winter goes into collecting firewood; he cuts his own in the woods. He needs a sledge for wood-hauling, but since he hasn't got one he carries the wood in by hand. On winter nights, if he can get the stove blazing hot at eight o'clock it will generally stay alive until 2 A.M. But he must carefully ration the wood he burns, so that supplies will last until spring. His chief lack is tools for repairing the house. He has done what insulating he can with the materials available, screening the front wall with branches and hay, hanging a blanket over the door, and bunging up cracks in the window frames. There were holes in the chimney, which, having no cement, he blocked with soil; he first had to dig under snow and ice to reach it. After all his work, he was distressed to hear that the house was to be demolished to make way for a proposed monument; but the chairman of the local council has now decreed that Orlov can stay there until the end of his exile, in February, 1989. Then he must relinquish the house without any compensation for what he paid for it.

The Kobyai store is not well stocked. It generally has honey, sunflower oil, and a few cereals, but no milk and no buckwheat (which Russians are fond of). Occasionally, one can buy sausage and canned fish there. Orlov has grown his own crop of potatoes, which he managed to dig up before the fierce autumn rains and stored in the cellar. He has been doing only a little writing but a good deal of thinking. He would have thought more, he says, "but it is very tiring, all this business with the potatoes." With the journals and books that reach him, he tries to keep up with what is going on in Soviet physics and philosophy. He wants his own work to be debated: "We all need criticism."

His nearest neighbors are pigs, kept in a sty alongside his house, and their owner comes every day to bring them food and water. The pigs make a lot of noise, but this doesn't seem to bother him; he takes an interest in the arrival of a new litter and the ratio of "girls" (four) to "boys" (three). A dog visits him every day, and sometimes, when he is lying down, leans over him and licks his face. "Dog is certainly man's friend," he writes. Rats were breaking in and devouring his provisions, but he has adopted a small cat, which seems to be keeping the rats away. He names the animals and birds who provide him with company, and when one of them goes the loss is great. "Petinka"—little Peter, a rooster—"has died," he wrote recently.

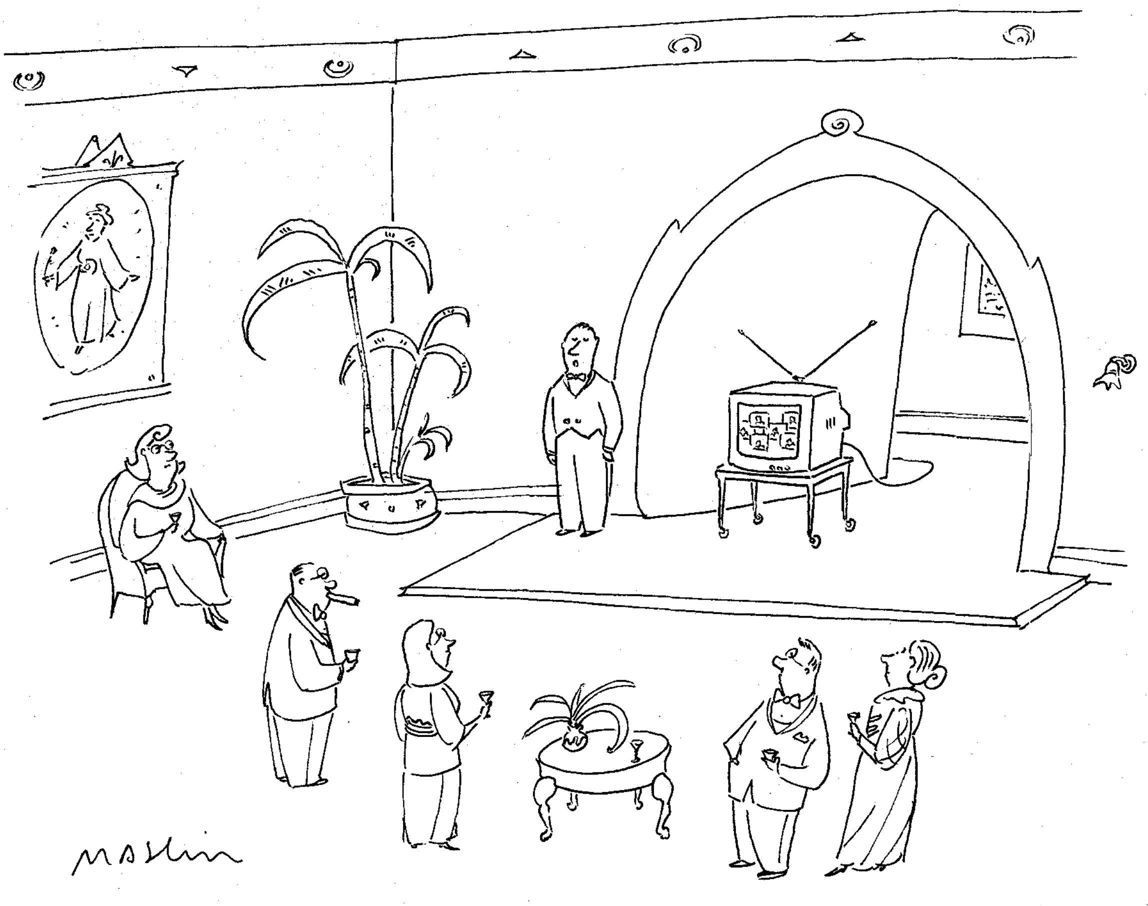
John Macdonald said, "Orlov is neither a politician nor a professional agitator. He and his former colleagues may be called dissidents, but they are really what we would consider concerned citizens. Above all, Orlov is a scientist and human being interested in the truth. That is why he originally drew attention to the Soviet abuses of human rights—for example, to the confinement of sane people in psychiatric hospitals and their being forcibly treated with drugs they don't need, and to the persecution of religious believers, Christian and Jewish. What he did was right, not wrong. He was unjustly convicted. I've no doubt the Soviet leadership are aware of this fact."

I said I wondered if there were a few signs of hope: Shcharansky released; Yelena Bonner allowed to leave the Soviet Union for medical treatment following the hunger strike of her husband, Andrei Sakharov; the permitting of public criticism of bureaucratic inertia. Did this portend other gestures?

Turchin said, "The Soviet authorities seem to adopt harsher measures against scientists who turn against them. And against men who, like Orlov, won't admit to being wrong. Moreover, Orlov is one of their own. He isn't a writer, like Solzhenitsyn, or Jewish—supposedly having another unavoidable loyalty—like Shcharansky and Ginzburg. Orlov was 'one of the people,' brought up in the country between Moscow and Smolensk by his grandmother, a midwife. He served in the Army against the Germans. He became a full member of the Communist Party while he was at the university. Four years after graduating, he began to be openly critical of Party policies. Thereafter, his progress as a physicist was matched by increasing involvement in protest—signing a letter to Brezhnev in 1972 about the campaign against Dr. Sakharov, joining Amnesty, attacking the exiling of Solzhenitsyn. He lost his regular job. He was eventually arrested, tried, and imprisoned. And now, after seven years in prison and the camps, there are these appalling conditions in exile. Some of his friends in Moscow wonder if he will survive Siberia. A photo sent to me last year shows him standing in the snow outside his ramshackle little house. He is smiling, but he looks his age."

So what can be done?

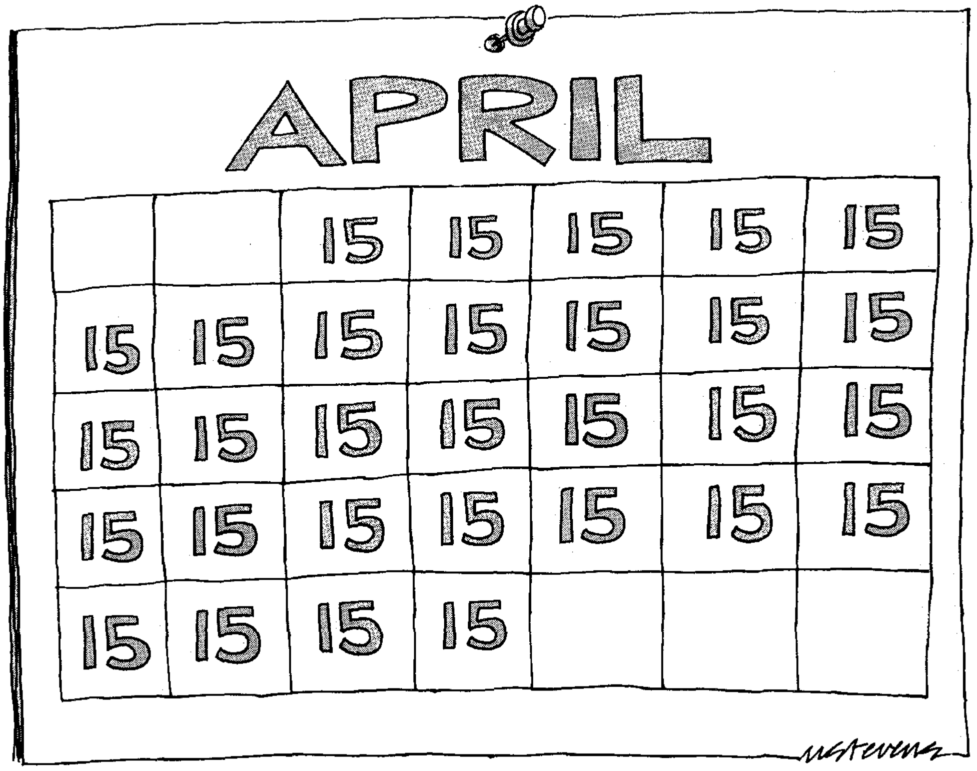
Macdonald said, "Well, Valentin has been proposing for some time that it is up to the scientific community in the West to put pressure on its Soviet colleagues, and some of that is now happening. The French Academy has complained to the Soviet Academy of Sciences about Orlov's treatment. Orlov has been invited through official Soviet scientific channels to lecture in Sweden and at Cornell. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in Boston, has made him a grant for his studies in wave logic; the first installment was sent to him and got as far as the Sangar bank, which returned it as being a non-permitted foreign payment. In Geneva, physicists at CERN, the European nuclear-research establishment, are taking the sort of action that may make itself felt. More than a dozen of them, sacrificing an opportunity to extend their own knowledge, are refusing to participate in a conference on electronic accelerators in the U.S.S.R. this year. The Soviet authorities have got to realize that knowledgeable people in the West will refuse to collaborate with them on scientific matters if they carry on in this way. It is a question of trust. In general terms, unless they do the proper thing about the rights of their citizens we will not believe that their efforts for détente are sincere. Or, in terms of an individual, why should we believe their figures on missile reductions when they keep Yuri Orlov in Kobyai?"



"From Hollywood, the 'Tonight Show,' starring Johnny Carson."

I looked at Valentin Turchin, who was gazing out at Belgrave Square and the still falling snow.

"What is there to add?" he said. "Perhaps only this: Orlov is one of the most noble and talented men I have ever met."



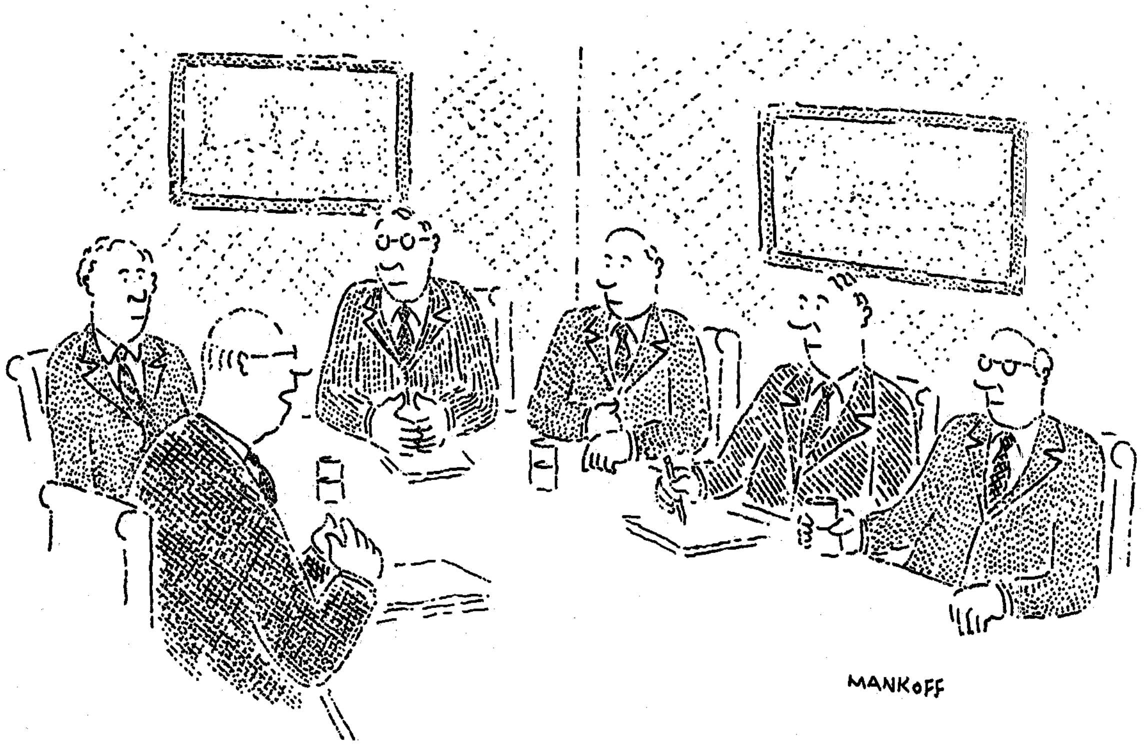
Workouts

DURING the past decade, Robin Williams, the thirty-four-year-old comic actor, who seems to connect with his audiences on some wild, deep level and to make them laugh in a special way, at once loud, true, and happy, has been featured in two television programs ("Mork & Mindy" and the 1977 revival of "Laugh-In"), six movies ("Popeye," "The World According to Garp," "The Survivors," "Moscow on the Hudson," "The Best of Times," and the forthcoming "Club Paradise"), two concert performances on videocassette, and two record albums ("Reality . . . What a Concept" and "Throbbing Python of Love"). One kind of performing, however, Williams has been doing non-stop—before, during, and since his television, movie, concert, and recording activities—and that is working out, in unannounced appearances, in small, late-night comedy clubs: in the Comedy Store, in Los Angeles; in Yuk-Yuk's, in Toronto; in the Second City, in Chicago; in the Holy City Zoo, in San Francisco; in Catch a Rising Star, in New York; and in others that have become established since the early nineteen-seventies in dozens of cities in the United States. Well, before flying west to be an Oscar host extraordinaire, Williams was in New York, helping to organize last week's "Comic Relief" cable-television show—a benefit to raise money for the nation's homeless—and we tagged along with him for a while as he embarked on his midnight-and-after workouts.

When we met Williams, he had been sitting for four hours at the Public Theatre watching "Hamlet," and he emerged looking wilted and done in. He is a stocky, mild-seeming man with a rubbery face and body, which we were accustomed to seeing, in performance, go in seconds from Barry Fitzgerald to William F. Buckley, Jr., and on to Jerry Falwell, to Jesse Jackson, to Nadia Comaneci, and to God knows who or what else—always, in his inimitable way, simultaneously sharp and gentle. Now, wearing baggy brown pants tight at the ankles, black hiking boots, and a yellow rain jacket, he was calm and subdued. He expressed admiration for Kevin Kline as Hamlet and for Harriet Harris as Ophelia, noting that both actors were, like him, alumni of the Juilliard Theatre Center. He said that Jeff Weiss, a first-timer in a legitimate production, who had taken the roles of the Ghost, the Player King, and Osric, the unctuous courtier, was impressive. Then, in the taxi heading for Catch a Rising Star (First Avenue near Seventy-seventh), Williams suddenly, quietly, became, successively, a Yiddish-accented Hamlet lamenting Yorick "buried in *treyf*;" an insane Hamlet in a mental institution playing all the parts in the play; a "Hamlet" featuring George Jessel as the Ghost; a Woody Allen Hamlet, sounding exactly like Woody Allen saying "I don't know whether I should avenge him or honor him;" a Jack Nicholson Hamlet, sounding exactly like Jack Nicholson saying "To be or not to bleeping be . . ."

Then Williams retreated into his own calm, and we spent the rest of the taxi ride having him give us a quick refresher course in his history: Born in Chicago, an only child, his father an automobile-company vice-president ("He looks like a British Army officer"), who retired and moved the family to Marin County, outside San Francisco, and his mother a "very funny" prankster and cutup, originally from the South, who loves to tell jokes. "I was good in languages and thought I'd go into the Foreign Service, or something like that," Williams told us. "In high school, I was heavily into cross-country running, which I loved, and wrestling, which gave me a chance to do some damage. I went to one of the Claremont Colleges, where I took courses in political science and economics and failed them. After the first year, I left Claremont and went to the College of Marin, near home, which had an amazing Drama Department, with teachers who told me about Juilliard. I auditioned for Juilliard, got a full scholarship, and stayed three years, doing Shakespeare and Strindberg. Back home, I started going nightly to a coffeehouse called the Intersection, on Union Street in San Francisco. During the day, I worked in an ice-cream parlor. One night, at the coffeehouse, for no reason at all, I got up and imitated a quarterback high on LSD. It felt great. This was fun. No one was telling me what to do. I liked the freedom."

By the time we arrived at Catch a Rising Star, it was packed: standees three deep at the bar in front; an audience of about a hundred and fifty in the back room, seated at little tables, having drinks, facing a small platform with a standing mike. On the wall behind the platform were signs saying "BREAK A LEG" and "MONOGRAM PICTURES CORP. ENTRANCE," and nearby was a montage painting of famous comedians—Eddie Cantor, Charlie Chaplin, Milton Berle, and Abbott and Costello. On the platform, a young m.c.—short, chubby, with



"The board is in agreement, then—rock and roll will never die."

dark curly hair, and wearing a long-sleeved sports shirt over a T-shirt—was getting ready laughs with routine questions of and comments on the audience, which consisted mostly of young singles, young couples, foursomes of young women, threesomes of young men. The m.c. left after introducing his replacement, a tall, rangy man with thinning hair who wore jeans and a red sweater. The replacement worked for about fifteen minutes, getting dutiful laughs by telling "family" jokes: "My mother had four children. I was the only vertebrate one," and "We have a dog. He's half retriever, half vulture. He's been circling Grandma."

The chubby m.c. returned and announced that Robin Williams was there, and the place went bananas. Screams, yells, whistles, shrieks, cheers, and tremendous applause. Williams took the mike. He said, speaking as an Oscar recipient, "Thank you for making this possible. [As a snobbish theatregoer] As long as I have my glasses on, the world is mine. I just went to see 'Hamlet.' I want to see Hamlet played by Sly Stallone. [As Stallone] 'To be or what?' [As himself] Maybe he and Schwarzenegger can do a movie together. [As Schwarzenegger] With subtitles in English."

Williams went, again in seconds, from being one human cell to being Central Park squirrels, New York City pigeons ("I could fly, but I like it here"), another Oscar recipient ("I'd like to thank anybody who didn't try to kill me"), himself as penitent ("I'm sorry, God, I'm sorry that I made fun of everybody"), a Japanese manufacturer ("Not my faut, Ameli-can-made").

People in the audience called out subjects they had heard him do before, and these set Williams off on an even more manic scale. He went from gangster to drunk and on to Gorbachev, Reagan, Charles Kuralt covering toxic waste in New Jersey. He went from Mrs. Marcos to Louis Farrakhan and on to a small child watching his father leave and crying at a window and then turning away from the window, tearless, and saying, "Let's put on that Fisher-Price music and get crazy." (Williams has a three-year-old son, Zachary.)

Williams stayed on for about half an hour and came off looking refreshed and ready for anything. The following evening, in a taxi heading for the Improvisation (Forty-fourth near Eighth), he gave us a minicourse in comedy clubs. "That audience last night was made up of the bridge-and-tunnel people. They come in from New Jersey and Connecticut. They're a challenge. You can get a big reception, but if it's not working—one time, twice—then there's nothing. Some comics have a lot of pride. They'll do the material they set out to do, no matter what. I'm more chameleonlike. I find the basic level of the audience. Last night, I felt in the groove. I felt comfortable. I like going to the clubs, because it peels away all pretensions. About a week ago, I went to the Comedy Store, in Los Angeles. I was talking about bizarre things. I got going doing this whole thing about travelling at the speed of light, losing your luggage beforehand, doing Albert Einstein as Mr. Rogers, improvising. It was fun. It was like running in an open field."

At the Improvisation, there was even louder screaming and yelling at the mention of Robin Williams. Again, he started out as an Oscar winner, sanctimoniously: "Thank you for your kindness. Your words are so meaningful." Then he was South Africa's Botha, and after that he became the state of Michigan and the Statue of Liberty and Frank Sinatra and Jewish hunters ("Let's go out to the country and see if anything died") and Lee Iacocca and Henry Kissinger and El Al Airlines.

After a while, someone in the audience called out "Dr. Ruth!"

"Dr. Rufe?" Williams asked, having obviously misheard the name. Then he got it, and immediately used the error to take off as a black woman preacher giving sex advice in a scolding vein. "Get yoh act together, now," he said. "Yoh look lahk a Ken doll. Don't yoh look at me wid dose mascara eyes goin' flip-flap. Get on dat highway and make sure de bridge is open." He kept it going for a good fifteen minutes. The audience was beside itself. At the end, Williams came off looking exhilarated and told us that that one had been brand-new—a breakthrough. He looked as though he had been running in an open field.

REMORSE

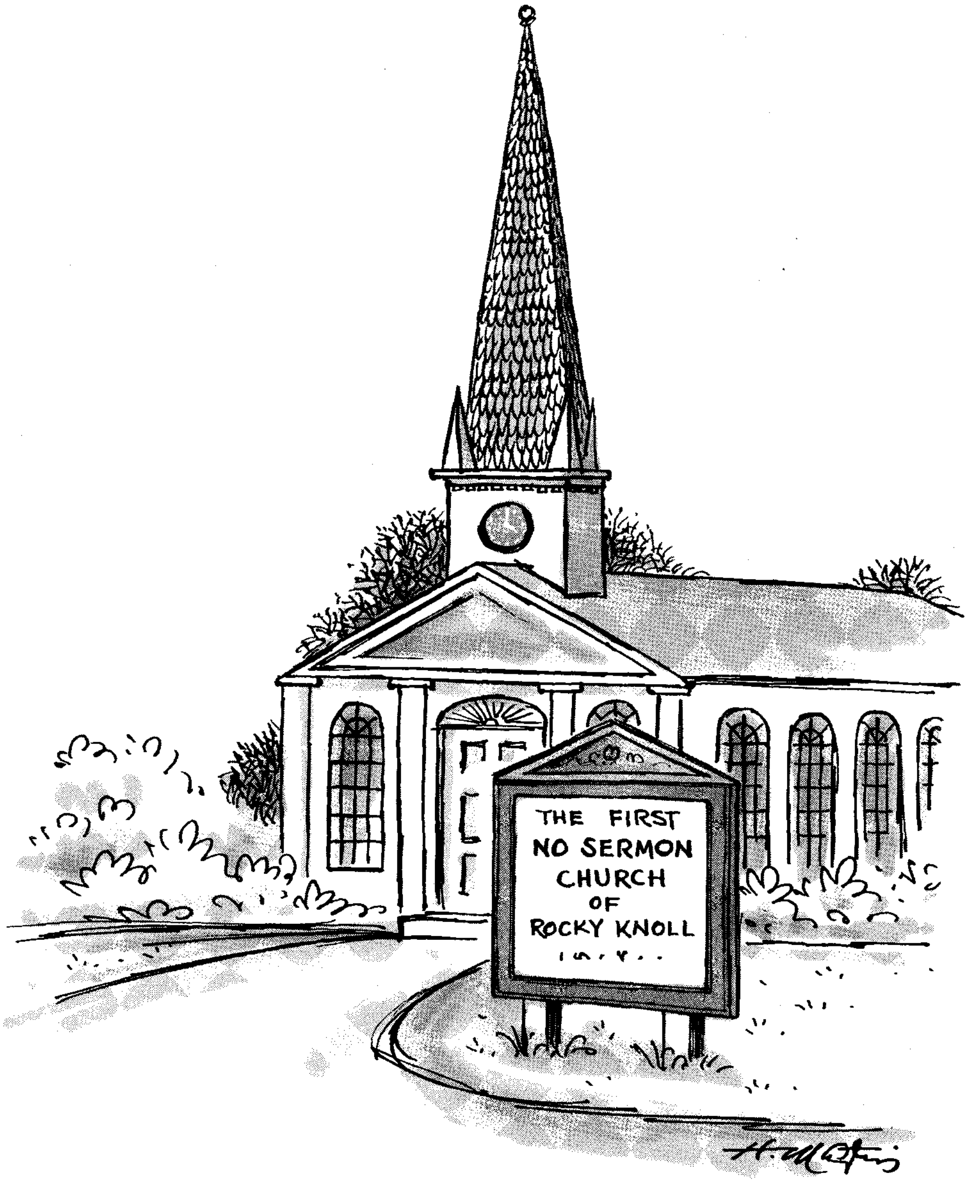
Ed and I have an announcement to make. Before I say what it is, I would like to thank all our friends and acquaintances, as well as the many people who don't even know us but have taken such an ongoing interest in the ups and downs of our relationship merely on the basis of hearsay over the three and a half years that Ed and I have been together. Although we have often felt that their interest in us was prurient and even somewhat sinister, we also couldn't help feeling just a little bit flattered.

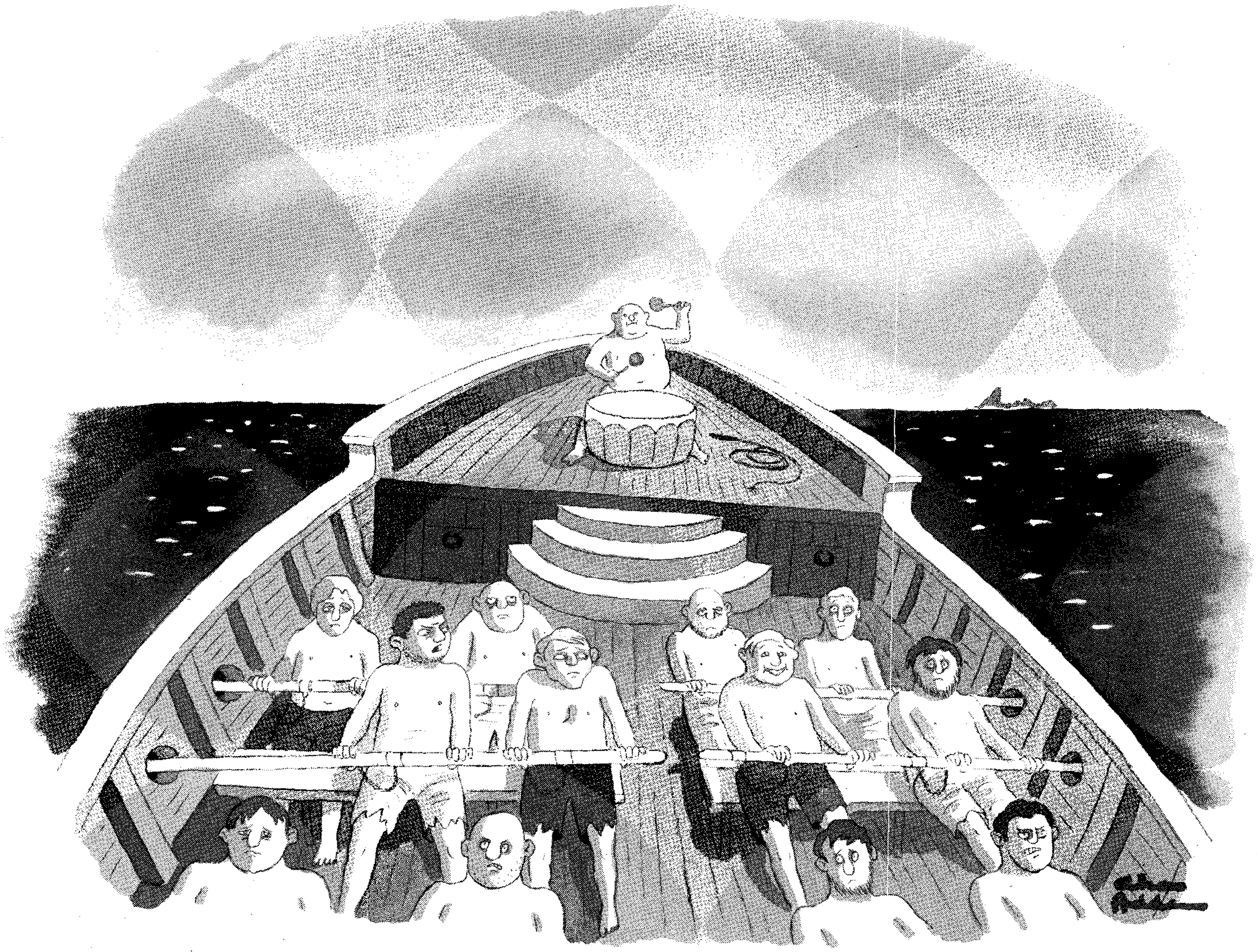
We could go on basking in this attention, knowing that people are awed by and, in certain cases, jealous of me and Ed as a couple. However, there comes a time when you have to consult your own conscience and do what you believe is right, no matter how disillusioning it may seem to your friends, and no matter how much it may gratify the kind of people who are always waiting to see you knocked off your pedestal.

Ed and I want to acknowledge that we have made some mistakes in the past. These were in areas which it would be pointless to go into at this late date and in the brief space we have allotted ourselves for this public statement. Suffice it to say that Ed has behaved abominably, and I have not been lily-white, either. However, we feel that it doesn't get us off the hook just to *say* we've made mistakes and are putting them behind us now. Anyone could do that, and there would be no definite way to ascertain the person's sincerity or commitment. Therefore, we have come to the following decision: The best way to affirm that we have put our mistakes behind us, once and for all, is to announce our intention to comply voluntarily with the conditions recently set down by the Commissioner of Baseball.

We would like to emphasize the word "voluntarily," because there is absolutely no legal basis on which compulsory compliance can be exacted from us under the terms of our contract with the New York Mets. This contract explicitly defines our agreement thus: We shall be entitled to a rain check in the event of an incomplete game, which is any game terminated before five full innings of play, or four and a half if the home team is ahead, and in return we consent to the use of our image incidental to any live or recorded video display of the game. There is also, on our part, an implied consent to confiscation of any thermos jugs we bring into the stadium. However, our attorney assures us that no court or arbitrator would interpret this as a blank check for the Commissioner to exploit at his whim. It is on the basis of choice, then, not coercion, that we have settled on our course of action, and we want this clearly understood not only by Commissioner Peter Ueberroth but by people who would like to see us forced to cringe and crawl.

As for the details of our compliance, we have mutually agreed to share these in an equitable fashion. I will be in charge of the community service. As part of that, I will be making announcements like this from time to time, thus relieving the community of the burden of prying into our personal lives for themselves or trying to find out by bothering the Mets' publicity office. I will also spend one hundred hours working with youthful offenders, who, I believe, could profit tremendously from one hundred hours away from the grind of science or math, listening instead to me explaining why I am talking to them instead of their teachers or parents. There is far too little interrelating between people like myself and youthful offenders. These are usually among the brightest and most attractive members of our society, and so—I want to reëmphasize this—I consider spending one hundred hours with them *in no way a punishment* but an opportunity I gladly welcome. This, of course, is a side benefit; the main thing is that I will be giving one hundred hours dur-





"I can't stand his attitude."

• •

ing which these young people will not have a chance to engage in any offenses—at least, not if I have anything to say about it, which I very much hope I will.

Ed, being a much more intensely private person than I am, will be involved in supplying specimens for the urinalysis. Anyone who still harbors some doubt that urinalysis is one of the best ways to put your mistakes behind you simply does not understand the stringent laboratory procedures necessary to insure mutual trust. Ed will be donating ten per cent of his time to provide these specimens, on a random basis. The random pattern has been worked out in consultation with the Department of Higher Mathematics at M.I.T., where a computer will convey a signal to our home-computer modem, at which time Ed will contribute the specimen and relay it to the lab via one of New York's top bonded messenger services, which will be on twenty-four-hour standby, in order to maintain the scientific integrity of the procedure.

Thanks to advances made in recent years by medical-research surveys and major corporate personnel departments, we now know that the primary cause of human mistakes is a lack of self-respect, in turn caused by an impersonal society in which no one has cared enough to monitor our body chemistries on an individual, one-to-one level in a scientific setting. Instead, we are all too often at the mercy of informal speculation by those with no special training. Ed's contribution is an effort to help change all that, and in the long run we expect it to influence sizable numbers of young people to participate in such programs themselves.

As a more direct result, I believe we are going to see a significant increase in the respect that youthful offenders will feel for Ed when I explain to them in detail exactly how much he is doing. I respect him more already myself, knowing that he will be setting an example—far more real than any textbook lesson—in the rigors of the scientific method and the richly humanistic interaction of a private individual with the society outside himself.

I will keep these remarks brief, and conclude by saying that it is with a new lightness of heart that we look forward to Opening Day. This season, as in past seasons, we fully intend to be behind first base, in the lower deck, which is where our contract entitles us to be. Our hope is that the New York Mets will accept us as worthy of being there.

—VERONICA GENG

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From the Honolulu Advertiser]

Working the front desk at the Sheraton was Allyn Taylor of Kauai, son of Howard Taylor and niece of Elizabeth Taylor.

TOMATOES

VINCENT'S father is dying, but Laurel, the physical therapist, comes for an hour every afternoon and acts as if something can still be done. "Feel up to a walk?" she says. When Vincent's father nods, she wrestles him off the bed and, hugging him from behind, half stumbles, half waltzes him around the room. "That's great, Mr. DiStefano," she says. "Push against the headboard and count. One . . . two . . . three. That's terrific."

Vincent can't look. Unfocussing his eyes, he concentrates on wondering how Laurel—who, though plump and sturdy, is fairly small—can bear his father's weight. Not looking reminds Vincent of watching scary movies as a kid—even when he hid his face, he always saw *something*. Today what he sees is the wet circle where Laurel's white uniform sticks like a tight, shiny skin to her back.

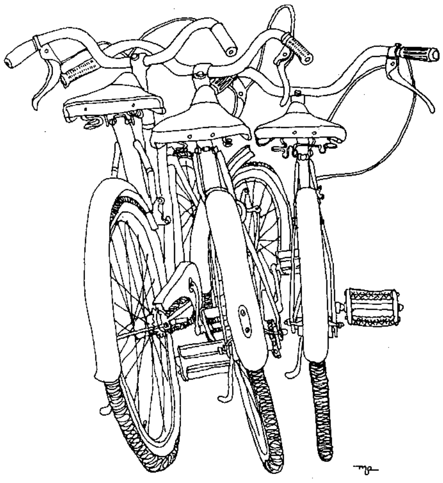
It's August, but Vincent's father is always chilly. Another thing Vincent can't look at is the air-conditioner his parents brought with them from New Rochelle when they retired and moved here to the country to be near him. Vincent had thought: They won't need *that* upstate. But as it turned out, they did. Even on cool country nights, their bedroom was freezing, and they'd lie on the king-size bed, watching TV, slightly lizardlike and slow. Vincent's father used to talk about his boyhood—hot nights on Elizabeth Street, his whole family on the fire escape, wrapped in wet sheets, like mummies; he never got over his pleasure in being able to make his nights so cold. Now all that has changed. Laurel and Vincent's father are also slow, but differently—not lizards but dancing bears as they stagger in the heat.

Vincent can't remember ever seeing his father dance. He does recall his walk—the slightly stiff, dignified walk of a man who feared he was clumsy and from time to time would trip. But when he thought no one was watching he moved with astonishing grace. What astonishes Vincent now is that any of them can stand *this*. At least when Laurel's here, his father seems, literally, in good hands. For that hour, Vincent feels somehow lighter, and so, it seems, does his mother, who uses Laurel's visit to sneak off to the kitchen and cook.

Vincent follows her and, sitting on a step stool, just watches. Until a few weeks ago, Vincent could distract her with stories about his kids. Now Rose has lost interest in the grandchildren. Vincent can't blame her, but is troubled that Rose should act so much warmer toward Laurel, who has been coming only six months. When Laurel bounces in, Rose grabs her shoulders and holds her. With Vincent, Rose kisses the air and says, "Go see Dad." Yet this, too, has come to seem right. Laurel also touches Vincent's father in ways Vincent can't. It would never occur to him to kneel behind his father and prop him against his thighs and tell him to reach for the bedrails. Though Vincent is in pretty good physical shape, he'd be scared to.

Last week, in the bookstore of the college where Vincent teaches, he heard a woman ask for a book called "The Healing Touch." Now, as he returns to the bedroom, he wonders if that's what Laurel has. For by the time Laurel has got Vincent's father back in bed, he has perked up some; his face is flushed with blood.

"All right, now, you be good," Laurel says. "See you tomorrow, Mr. DiStefano." Vincent's father smiles and waves. While Rose walks Laurel to the door, he motions Vincent close to his bedside and whispers, "That Laurel is some hot tomato." Vincent would like to see this as a sign of his father being more "like himself," except that he was never like that. For most of his life, he was a high-school principal with formal, old-country good manners, a Louis whom no one ever called Lou. When Laurel calls him "Mr. DiStefano," she could be one of his New Rochelle High kids who had come to him for a talking-to—and whom he would never have called a tomato. But in some more basic way, calling Laurel anything *is* more like him. At least it shows some notice of, some interest in—some hanging on to this world. Most of the time he just drifts.



So Vincent times his own daily visits to coincide with Laurel's. Right after she leaves is when his father is most likely to ask about the kids or Vincent's wife, Suzanne. Vincent used to bring grandchildren stories and conversation about the new oil burner or minor car trouble—news, such as it was. It depresses him that his father is no longer interested. Now, though it's no longer true, Vincent says what he's been saying all summer: "Suzanne's got a great garden this year."

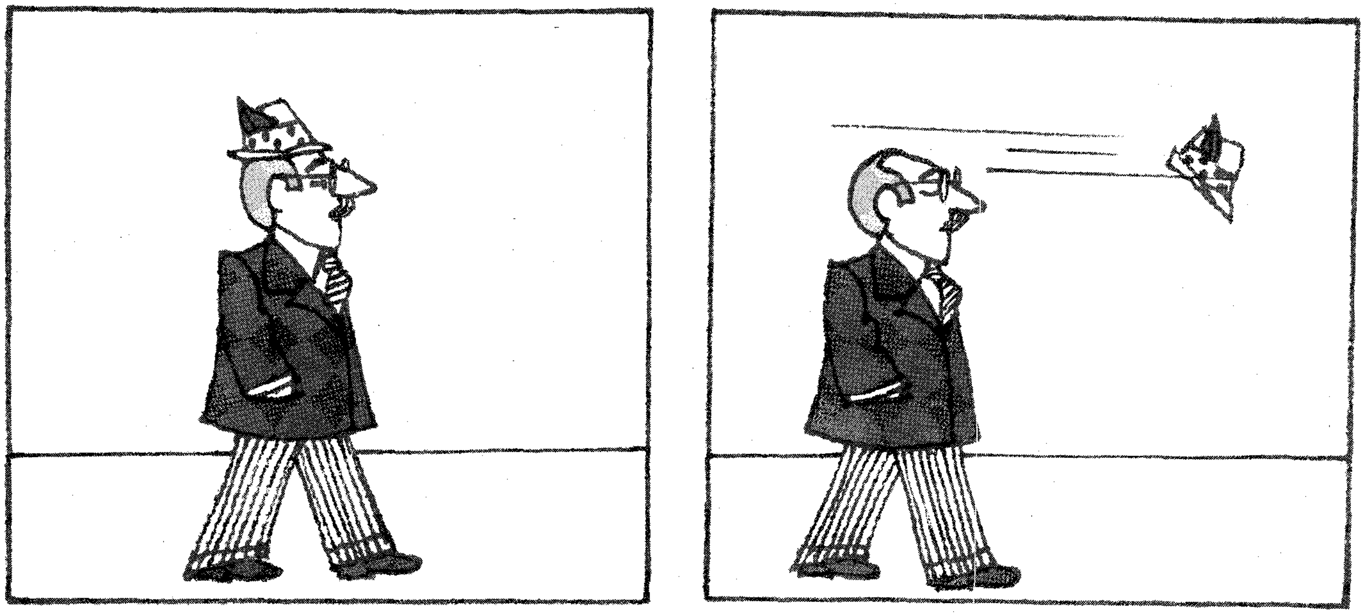
"Kids keep her busy?" says Vincent's father, and Vincent, as always, says, "Yup."

What news could he give him? Suzanne and the kids have taken up fishing; at least twice a week they paddle a friend's borrowed boat out onto the reservoir and sit there, casting. As far as Vincent knows, they haven't caught anything yet. Vincent has never gone with them, though they always ask. He tells Suzanne it's hard for him to sit still, and she says she understands. But does she? *She* can sit still, as can the children—who usually can't be anywhere without fighting. They must not feel the pressure Vincent does: how little time is left. Suzanne loves Vincent's father; she cries when they talk about him. But the fact is that Suzanne's own father is a hale Lee Marvin type with a twenty-six-year-old wife. Though Suzanne and the kids wear hats and long sleeves, they are all deeply tanned—much, much darker than Vincent.

Vincent can't tell his father this. His father would hate knowing that, however unintentionally, he had come between man and wife. Two things he always took seriously: marriage and work. So seriously that even now, when, surprisingly, he asks, "How long till school starts?," Vincent can't groan or roll his eyes or make any of the signs he'd make to another teacher or, he thinks, to any normal high-school principal in the world.

"Three weeks," Vincent says.

Vincent teaches French literature. His specialty is Flaubert, whom he teaches alternate years and will be teaching this fall. Right now, he dreads it. Teaching "Madame Bovary," he used to feel the thrill he imagined a world-class headwaiter



might feel in smoothly deboning a very complicated poached fish. Now he wonders how anyone could be thrilled by that. Lately he has been acutely aware of the skeleton, and of his father's bones softening. Sometimes the word "bone" crops up in his conversation inappropriately. A while ago he told Suzanne that her dusty, neglected garden would pep up if it had just a bone of rain. Bone of rain?

Also, Flaubert makes Vincent feel pathetic—for having become, as he has finally admitted to himself, infatuated with Laurel. He feels like dopey Emma pining for dull Léon. He wishes—has been wishing all summer—that he had gone into Russian instead and so could be teaching Tolstoy, with his grand passions and grand punishments, or, better yet, Chekhov, whose vision was broad enough to see that the slickest little flirtation could at any moment and without warning turn into something mysterious and profound.

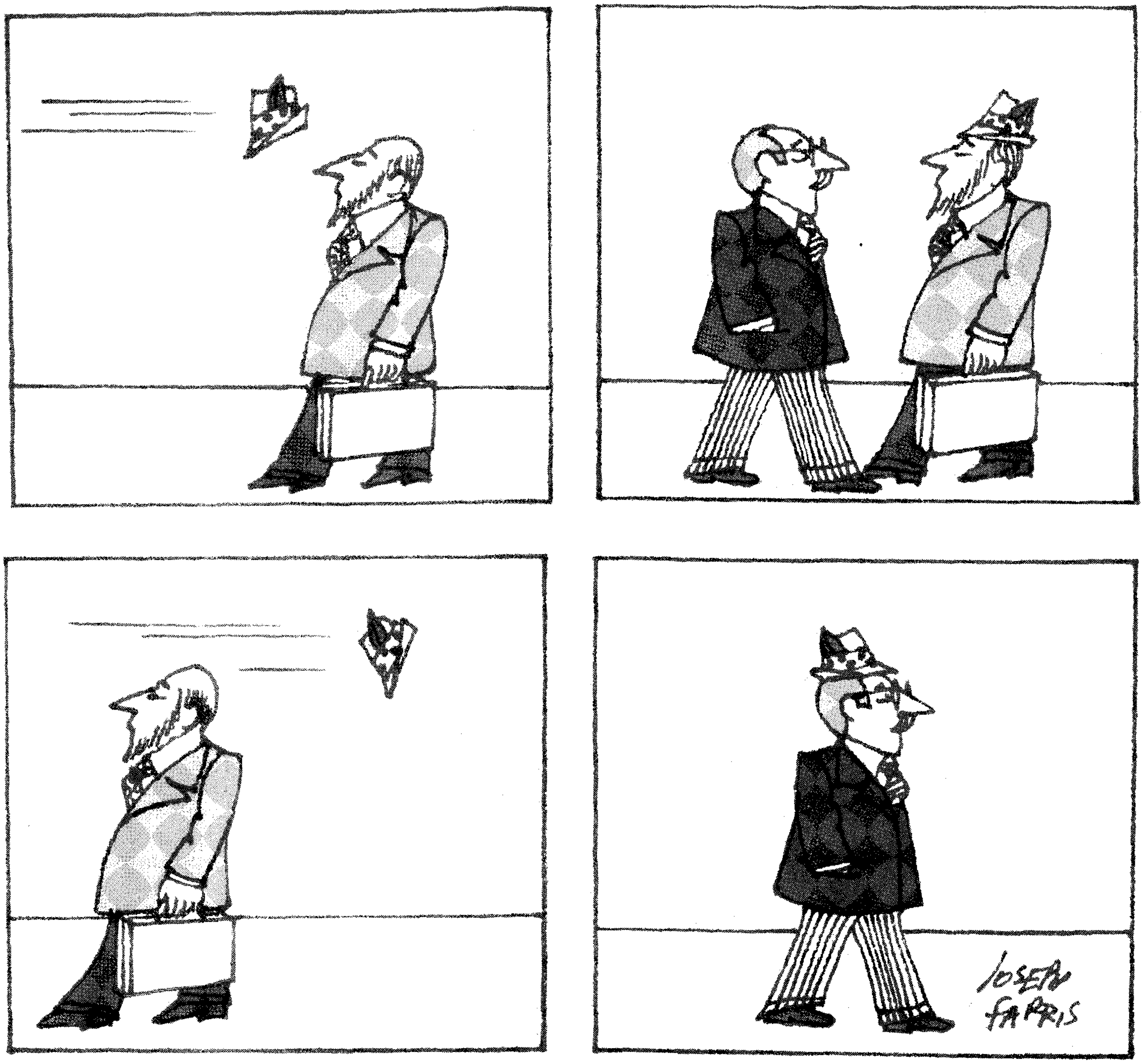
Recently, doing the small, back-to-school chores (caulking windows, getting the car inspected), Vincent has been thinking about Laurel. He knows that she lives alone, in an apartment in Remsenville, and that her family is from Troy. But that's all. They've hardly spoken, though he has thanked her a hundred times for what she's doing for his father. Laurel always says, "Oh, God, don't thank me—it's nothing." Then she smiles at him, and Vincent is aware of her tight little body, packed into her white suit. A tomato, he thinks. That's exactly what Laurel is.

One form Vincent's obsession takes is curiosity: *how does his mother feel* when Laurel crawls all over her husband of forty years? From what Vincent can gather, she's just grateful. What's between the three of them now transcends sex and jealousy—it's just tending to the body. Whenever Vincent eavesdrops on Laurel and Rose, they're exchanging recipes. Laurel is a serious cook; she talks of making *crème brûlée*, and Vincent thinks: Who for? But mostly those conversations give him the same sad feeling he gets when he finds himself eye to eye with Rose's spice shelf, with the pint jars of dried homegrown basil and oregano that have gone unopened for months. Laurel and his mother and father form a kind of triangle so pure that it makes Vincent feel doubly guilty for having sexual fantasies about Laurel. He can imagine digging his fingers into her blond sheepdog perm but not how he got to that point. He can't picture going to her apartment or to some motel—can't even see suggesting it.

So he tells himself it's not sex he wants. Lately, sex with Suzanne has been complicated enough. One week passion is the only thing that matters. Some weeks he couldn't care less. No wonder Suzanne wants to be out on that boat, with a whole reservoir between them. Vincent has never cheated on his wife, and though he knows that crises—pregnancy, death—drive people to break their own rules, they seem to him like strange times to start. Nothing, these days, is casual for him. What he tells himself is that he'd be satisfied just to be alone with Laurel. Often he has conversations with her in his head. He asks why she became a physical therapist—that's one thing he wants to know. He also wonders if she has a boyfriend, and though there is no way he'd ever ask, he wants to know if Laurel dances with her boyfriend, and if it's anything at all like the way she moves with his father. He would like to go somewhere, anywhere, with Laurel—for a ride in the country or just a cup of coffee at some roadside greasy spoon.

Vincent hears Rose call, "See you tomorrow!" Looking out his father's window, he watches Laurel slide into her little blue Camaro. Before she leaves, there is always a moment when he wants to go out and stop her. It's a little like the panic he feels sometimes when Suzanne and the kids are pulling out to go to the grocery. Vincent so wants to make Laurel stay that he feels funny when, after she has buckled her seat belt and turned the key, the car doesn't start. She frowns, and turns the key again. Nothing happens, and Vincent feels responsible. He runs out into the driveway.

Vincent motions for Laurel to slide over. He gets in beside her, behind the wheel. He turns the key. There's a click. The car sounds completely dead. Vincent is very conscious of how close Laurel is. The front seat is so hot and small and intimate they could practically be in bed. He turns the key again and closes his eyes, listening for that merciful one-second engine splutter that sometimes lets you in. Then Laurel says, "I knew something was up. I



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drove all the way here with the battery light on."

"It's the alternator," says Vincent. The reason he can say this so confidently is that the same thing happened to his car, earlier in the summer. Now he's almost glad that it did, and he feels that the two hundred dollars it cost was well spent. He asks if she has a mechanic.

"I guess so," Laurel says. "This one guy in Remsenville saved me when another guy in Troy was going to rip me off for a whole new brake system when all I needed was the drums ground down and some shoes. You know the really awful part? The Troy guy had been my folks' mechanic for twenty years."

"That's terrible," says Vincent, but he's pleased by this image of Laurel—smart and plucky and sensible enough to go get a second opinion on her brakes. The fact that they're sitting here like buddies talking cars, talking brake shoes and alternators, encourages him.

"Remsenville isn't far," he says. "I'll drive you there, and maybe the guy can drive you back out here with a new alternator and some tools—put it together. It's really no big deal." Vincent is thinking, dispiritedly, that there's no sense to this—it's easier to *call* the mechanic—when Laurel says, "I couldn't. I've got to be at a client's at four. This lady's only fifty, she's got Lou Gehrig's disease, and her second husband just left her. I've got to be there."

That Vincent has never considered who else Laurel might work for makes him feel small and self-involved and is partly why he says, "In that case I'll drive you there and wait till you're done and then drive you to the mechanic's."

Laurel twists toward him. Her left knee up on the seat, her arm on the seat back, the curve of her breast against the upholstery—it's all one more thing that Vincent is trying not to see. "Oh, no," she says. "I *really* couldn't do that."

"Sure you could," Vincent says. "It's nothing for me—there's no place I have to be. I'd feel better, doing something. I mean . . . What you're doing for my father. I mean, I want to."

"Are you sure?" Laurel says. "You can still take it back." Smiling, she opens her mouth, turns her head to one side; light winks off a silver filling.

Vincent goes into the house. "Laurel's car won't start," he announces. "I'm running her over to her next appointment and from there to the garage." Vincent's father just smiles. At first Rose looks pleased that Vincent is doing something nice for Laurel, then satisfied, as if Laurel were some girl she had been trying to fix Vincent up with, then worried, as if Laurel were a daughter Vincent was taking on a date. "What time will you be back?" she says. "What should I tell Suzanne?"

"Jesus Christ," says Vincent. "Just tell her what I'm doing." Then he says, "Sorry, Mom."

"That's all right," says Rose, and turns away from him. Vincent rarely sees Rose cry, but now there are tears in her voice as she says, "I know, I know. We've all got to blow off steam."

Vincent walks Laurel to his car. With baby Owen's car seat in the back, Becky's crayons and coloring books and fast-food garbage matted on the back floor, his car, he decides, is a one-ton wedding ring. Vincent remembers hearing about a sex murderer being sought in L.A. The witnesses are all prostitutes whose friends vanished forever after talking to some john with a kid's car seat in the back of his car. They disagree about what the guy looked like, but they all noticed that.

"How many kids do you have?" Laurel asks.

"Two," Vincent says.

"That's great," Laurel says. "I want to have kids. But I'm only twenty-five now. I figure I've still got time. Right?" She settles in, buckles up, then leans forward and runs one finger over the dashboard. "What kind of car is this?" she asks.

"Rabbit diesel," says Vincent.

"I've seen that ad," Laurel says. "Where Wilt Chamberlain gets out of the car?" Laurel sounds dubious, and Vincent can see why. Today the car feels small, mashing Vincent and Laurel together. The dark-red interior fits them, close and hot as a blanket.

"Where to?" Vincent says.

Laurel laughs. "East Lexington," she says.

Vincent looks at her. East Lexington is twenty-five miles away. For a second he's annoyed, then excited, then happy.

"Are you sure this is all right? I can call a cab from Catskill." Laurel flutters her hands.

"I'm sure," Vincent says. "It's nothing."

IT'S a bright August afternoon, hot in the sun but not humid. Driving through a shady patch, Vincent looks out at the cornfields; the edges of things are beginning to sharpen, turn crisp, as in the fall. Today—miraculously—they go five miles on Route 34 without seeing another car, and no trucks come barrelling up behind them while Vincent's car strains toward the speed limit. "Hey," Laurel says. "Private road."

Neither talks for a while. No need to rush anything. Vincent slips a tape into the tape deck, and, as if on cue, the Talking Heads sing, "I've got plenty of time."

"Nice music," says Laurel.

Listening, they ride till they're just past Gilford Lake. Then Laurel leans forward again and turns the tape all the way down. Vincent likes the way she just went ahead and did that. Laurel points out the window at the former Arrowhead Lodge, now L'Auberge Colette, a French country inn opened last spring by two guys from Brooklyn Heights. Vincent has heard it's pretty good; some of the faculty go there.

"Have you ever eaten there?" Laurel says, and when Vincent says no, she says, "That's weird."

"Why?" says Vincent.

Laurel says, "You teach French."

Vincent waves one hand vaguely. "The kids . . ." he says.

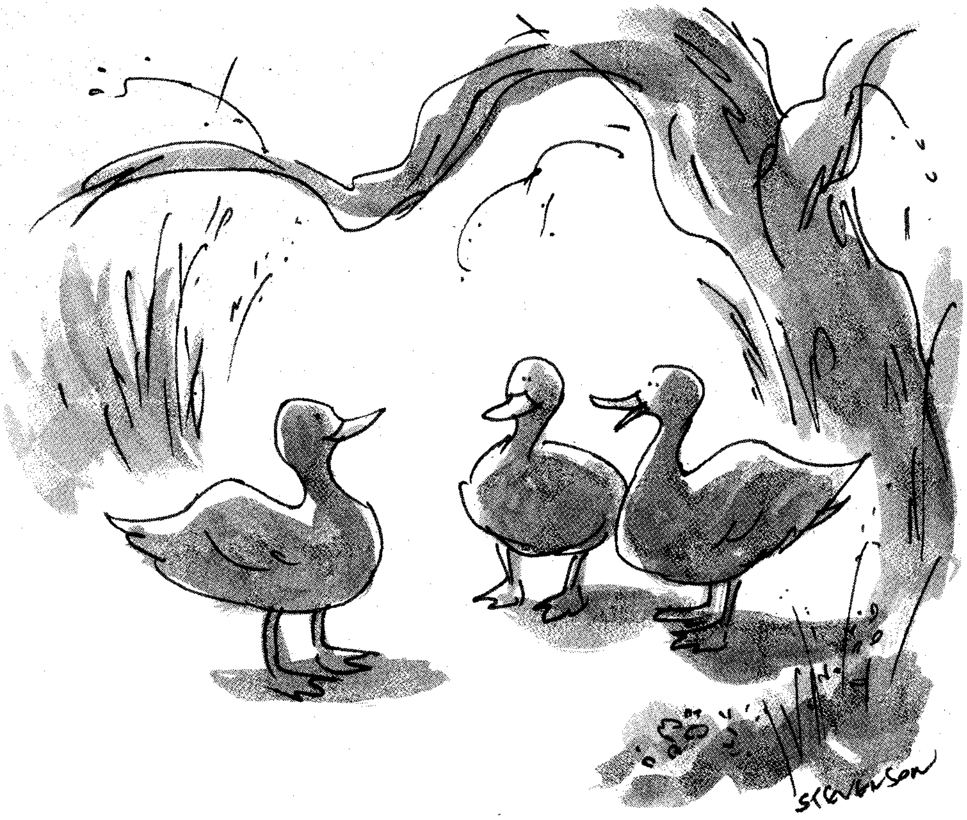
"You should get a babysitter," says Laurel.

"What about you?" Vincent says. "Ever babysit?"

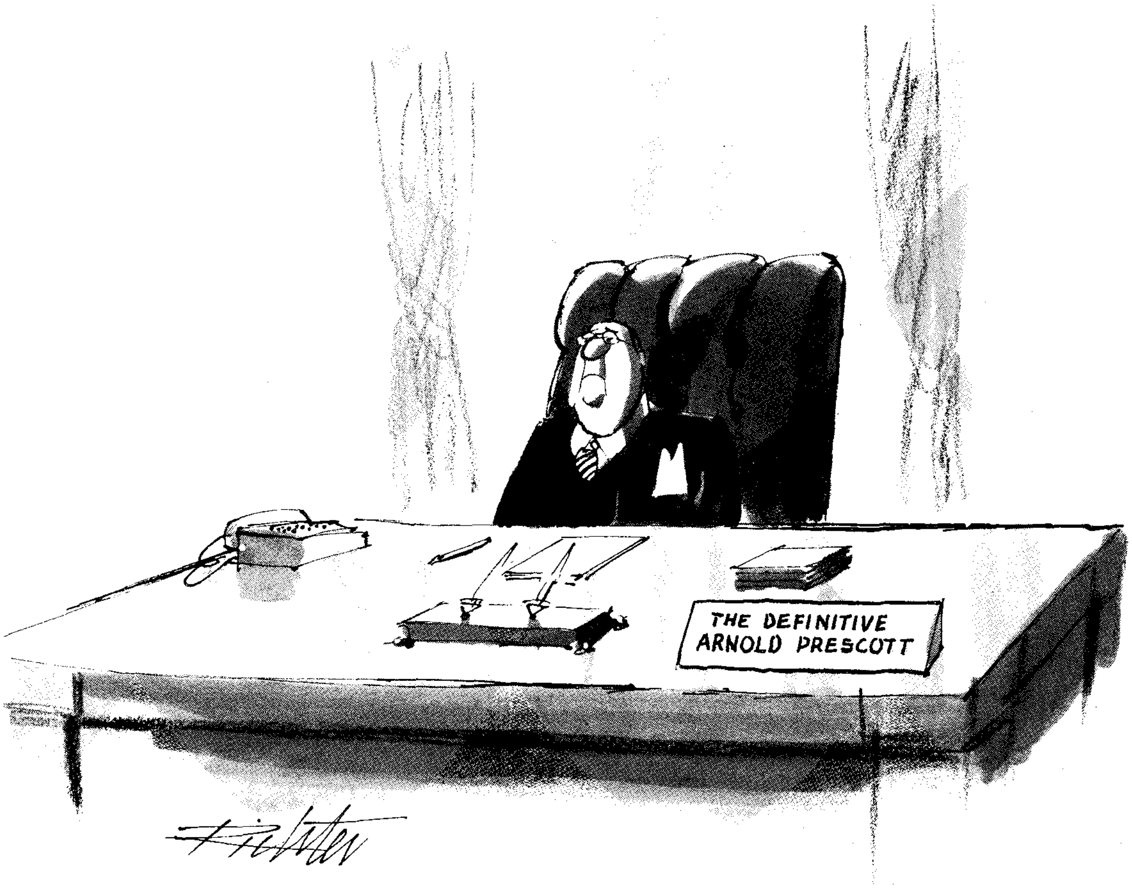
Laurel giggles. "I'm not kidding," she says. "You should."

"You're right," says Vincent. They used to have a neighbor kid they thought was O.K. One night they came home to find him showing the children how he could put lighter fluid all over his hand and set it on fire. But babysitter problems aren't what Vincent wants to talk about. Suddenly he feels that pressure again: time's running out. They're a third of the way to East Lexington. Soon he'll be dropping her at the garage, and nothing will have happened but this.

"You can start off with this great



"Oh, it was lovely down there. Two golf courses, miles of unspoiled beaches, an air of quiet elegance . . ."



grilled seafood sausage," Laurel says. "In a light tomato sauce with dill. And those crusty long baguettes to dip in the sauce—they bake them in this giant stone oven. Plus all kinds of terrines and pâtés with those little *cornichons*—I could eat a whole plate of just them. The chef does great things with game. Venison with a kind of spicy Thai sauce. Stuff like that. Plus you can get plain grilled fish, veal cutlets in this almond-lemon sauce. And for dessert—"

"Don't tell me," says Vincent. "*Crème brûlée.*"

Laurel glances at him. "You don't have to eat there," she says, shifting slightly away in her seat. "I don't care."

"No," Vincent says. "It sounds great. Who do you go there with?"

"My cousin and her husband, mostly. They're into good food." Laurel moves closer again; all this is in fractions of inches. "Gee," she says. "Thanks, really, for the ride."

"It's nothing," says Vincent. That's right, he thinks. It is. Nothing. And what did he think it would be? What did he think would happen between him and a twenty-five-year-old physical therapist on the road between his dying father and some two-time loser with Lou Gehrig's disease?

Out of nowhere, there's a line of red brake lights ahead of him. Everyone's rubbernecking: an old man's car has broken down. For a while, after his father got sick, Vincent was always amazed to see old people walking around, driving. This one's in trouble. Steam is billowing from under his hood. A cop's there, helping.

"Ruined *his* whole day," Vincent says.

"Car trouble all around," says Laurel. "Maybe it's in the stars." Laurel turns back for one last look at the steaming car, then says, "When I was a kid I thought I saw a vision in my neighbor's back yard. First I thought it was a ghost. Then I thought it was the Virgin Mary. I thought that when I got close it would talk. But when I got really close it turned out to be steam from the neighbor's dryer."

Well, Vincent thinks. That explains everything. Religious. He's aware that some part of him wants to believe that Laurel is religious—that she'd have to be. In some way, Vincent decides, it's not her body he wants but her spirit. He wants to believe that people like Laurel exist—simple, selfless, purely good.

"Are you Catholic?" he says. For a moment Vincent almost wishes *he* were; his parents stopped going to Mass before he was born.

"Till I was seven," Laurel says. "Then I quit."

"Why'd you stop?" Vincent asks.

"I don't know," says Laurel. "It was winter. It was cold in the church. I missed so much I just didn't go back."

Vincent thinks if they've talked about God they can certainly talk about work. "Listen," he says. "How does somebody become a physical therapist, anyhow?"

"SUNY," says Laurel. "I've only had my license three years."

"But *why*?" Vincent says.

"I just like to use my body, I guess," Laurel says. "Keep in shape. And I like to help folks."

Vincent can't let himself take this seriously. He doesn't even want to consider the possibility that this girl who has obsessed him, whom he's seen as a kind of saint with the healing touch, might in fact be just a glorified aerobics nut. Besides, he's positive there's more to it. Certainly there are other ways to use your body and help folks besides lavishing such tenderness and encouragement on so much dying flesh.

"I guess that's not all," Laurel says a moment later. "I mean, for one thing, I was never squeamish about certain stuff that might bother other people. Even when I was little. Maybe I was born that way. Like here's something that happened." She waits a bit, then says, "When I was ten we lived in a basement apartment in Troy. My window was right on the street. First it was a good neighborhood, then it wasn't so good, and one morning I woke up to find this bum in bed with me. It was summer, and he must have crawled down through the open window. His face was stubbly, and at first I thought it was my dad—he always kissed me goodbye when he went to work. But then I smelled alco-

THE NEW AFFLUENCE

Let me say "we" for I am not alone in this
desire to live
where the land is neither dramatically flat
nor mountainous, where it snows enough
to keep the world
the bitter white of aspirin.

People with such needs grew up
snow-belted, rust-belted,
in towns like mine, where muscle
cars dragged down Main Streets
and the fountain's aigrettes outside
the Miss Troy Diner offered welcome
hints of pink and blue in a landscape
largely the noncolor of lard.

Our choice: to love or hate
the slight reprieves from plainness: the fractious birds,
the scrappy trees, and most of all
the things that didn't live or breathe—
factories tearing up the sky with smoke,
tugboats sweet as toys
along the poisoned river.
A budget, if not famine, our lives.
Perhaps a sweepstakes, with prizes so slight
no one cared to enter. We wouldn't have become
susceptible to the tag ends, seconds,
as-is of experience, given better

scenery. We wouldn't have gotten this idea
that happiness is mined like ore from rock
through efforts of imagination. We the poor,
but not in spirit, we
the not especially blessed,
who, working cold hours at dull jobs,
drank, gambled, went mad, or grew
anomalous as water—
a compound that expands while freezing.

Disciples of steam and dust,
we take pleasure in considering
the glaciers beginning
in the clouds, the picnic springing up
around the subatomic
particles others call the vacuum.
Our sensory thresholds—the nerve centers
that decide what to let us know—let us know
too much, which makes us terrible
at parties: we seize upon the slight
conflicting tics in idle chitchat,
the wayward rift behind a smile.
It's exhausting, and a social hindrance.
Twitchers, fainters, cringelings,

I'm here to say you'd like it
where I live. In this converted bakery
everything's left to the imagination:
the golden smell of molten sugar, the customers
gazing at pastries baked from scratch
into planes and turrets
fanciful as women's hats.
A tub of lard, sealed and dated 1900,
was the one remaining trace
of baking and we left it
sealed, imagining a cache
of rancid snow within.
The local paper gives advice to liven up our days:
"Colored towels add eye-spice. Look for cotton
run-on sales. A blub-blub of vinegar
adds zip to many dishes. Try it, it's terrif."

It was the absence of spectacular views that made us
see the sparrow hopping warily,
as if the ground were strewn with acid.
(Medieval legend says it hissed
"He lives" to Roman soldiers at Calvary,
for which God bound its feet forever
with supernatural string.)
Lacking other diversions, we've turned furtive
in order to observe it. We toss crumbs
while light pours crisp as seltzer, as peppermint
oil through air.

The hyacinths need these cold weeks
to grow into fragrant vases
full only of themselves, their particular
being, like everything else.
So summer comes
to meet us. Soon children
will sell chances on rocks and leaves
from sidewalk stands.
Children! They think these things
are valuable. And we always buy.

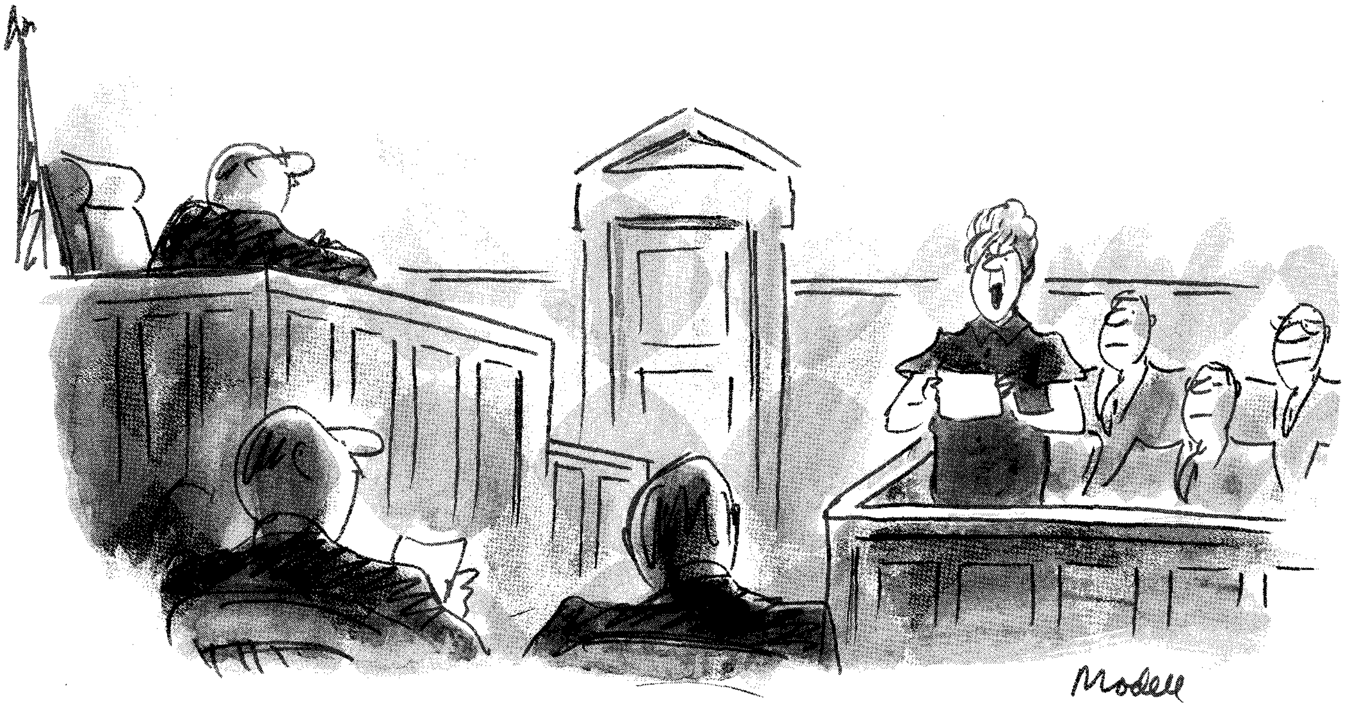
—Alice Fulton

• •

hol on his breath—my dad didn't drink. The bum wasn't doing anything, just sleeping, but anyway I called my parents, and when they came in my dad went crazy, beating on the guy, pushing him out through the lobby and back onto the street. My mother would burst into tears whenever she told the neighbors; my brother had bad dreams for months. But not me. It didn't bother me—I don't know why. Even then, I figured: Hey, he's a person, too."

Vincent loves Laurel's story, loves it so much he wants to make her repeat it. Maybe if she told it again, he'd know what it reminds him of. Then he figures it out on his own. It's "The Legend of Saint Julian the Hospitaller"—the story that, Vincent thinks now, is the most loving and beautiful thing Flaubert ever wrote. Julian, the hunter who has progressed from slaughtering the innocent beasts of the forest to accidentally murdering his own parents, is forgiven—and forgives himself—when he hugs a leprous beggar in his arms all night. Suddenly Vincent is grateful for his work, for knowing that story and being able to make this connection. He feels that he has been allowed to see some pattern in things and feel comforted, feel that some things endure beyond individual lives. He remembers how when Suzanne was pregnant with Becky, and he'd get scared, he'd look at strangers in the street and, for comfort, think: Everyone was born. Now he thinks: Everyone's parents die.

He so wants this feeling to continue that he tries to picture the Troy apartment, Laurel at ten. His daughter will be ten in three years, but dark, intense



"We find the defendant not guilty but not all that innocent, either."

• •

Becky is nothing like Laurel, and anyway Vincent can never imagine his own children older. So he thinks of himself at ten, in his own room, his own house, the stucco New Rochelle Tudor they moved into when he was six. He sees his room, all those leaded-glass windows, his toy trains—and instantly realizes his mistake. The memory of that room is so sharply, so unexpectedly painful that it knocks the wind right out of him. For that was his father's house, where Vincent lived as a child. He will never live in that house again, and his father will soon be dead. Vincent sees that this fact stretches backward and forward in time, changing everything, so that even the happiest memories are dangerous and will hurt. What difference does it make if two stories match—if a French saint and some little girl in Troy wake up in the arms of a bum? His father is dying, and that's all there is.

"Are both your parents alive?" he asks. The way it comes out sounds accusing, which is almost how Vincent means it.

Laurel looks at him strangely. "Yes," she says. Then she says, "I'm sorry about your dad."

Vincent doesn't answer. He's afraid he'll start weeping in front of Laurel. What makes it worse is that he can't even speed up to distract himself. He's stuck in a no-passing zone behind some old lady doing forty. He leans forward, resting his breastbone against the wheel. Laurel leans forward, too. He wonders if she's unconsciously mimicking him, then realizes she's pointing up through the windshield.

Looking up, Vincent sees a gigantic bird approaching them, flying slowly in from the west. At first he thinks it's a heron, but it's gliding, more like a hawk. Except that it's too big for a hawk. Could it possibly be an eagle? Whatever it is, it's flying oddly, and as it gets closer Vincent sees why. It's got a huge fish in its mouth. The fish is still struggling, and the bird is trying not to drop it.

"I think it's an osprey," says Laurel. "Look at that!"

Still hanging on to the fish, the bird swoops down toward a telephone pole, clearly intending to land. But just as Vincent and Laurel pass, the fish drops out of its beak and falls to the ground. Vincent watches in his rearview mirror as the bird hovers, checks out the wires, the nearby road, decides it's not worth it, and takes off. Vincent notices that the telephone pole is, as luck would have it, slightly lighter and newer than the rest.

Vincent and Laurel drive another quarter mile, till Vincent finds a safe place to make a U-turn. Then he circles around and heads back. He spots the light-colored telephone pole and pulls off the road. He gets out and walks through the grass.

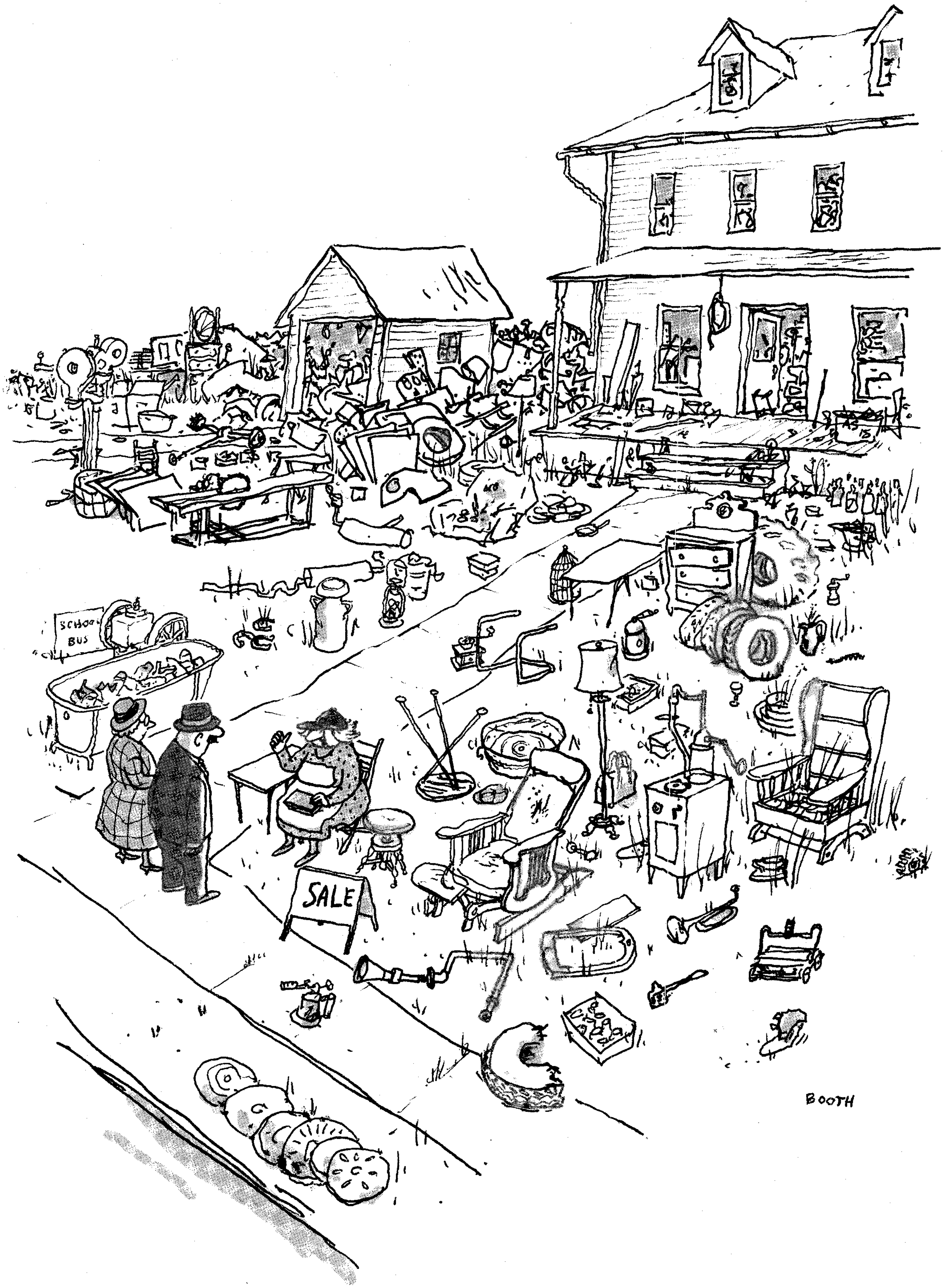
The fish, still moving, is easy to find. Vincent picks it up. It's slippery and hard to hold, enormous and heavy and perfectly silver, shiny as a new dime. The sun hits it straight on. Its eye is open and bright.

He thinks about bringing it home. At first he is worried that Suzanne and the kids won't believe him, or, if they do, will take it wrong: all their fishing brings in nothing—and all *he* has to do is drive down the road. He'll also have to explain what he was doing here with Laurel. Then he thinks: Suzanne and the kids aren't like that. They'll believe him and love his story—they'll exclaim over the fish, his luck in finding it, his sharp eye, his reflexes, his common sense. His giving Laurel a ride will seem like what it is: regardless of why he offered, a decent thing to do.

Laurel is talking as she gets out of the car and walks toward him. "It's a freshwater bass," she's saying. "From the reservoir, probably. You can do anything with that. You could bake it in foil with plenty of fresh parsley and garlic and olive oil and green pepper and lots of sliced fresh tomatoes."

Vincent can't speak. He holds the fish toward Laurel. He doesn't know if he is offering it or just showing it. He will do anything she says.

—FRANCINE PROSE


SCHOOL BUS
SALE
BOOTH

"There's more inside."

REFLECTIONS

THE GOOD MAN

Silence at the Café Museum

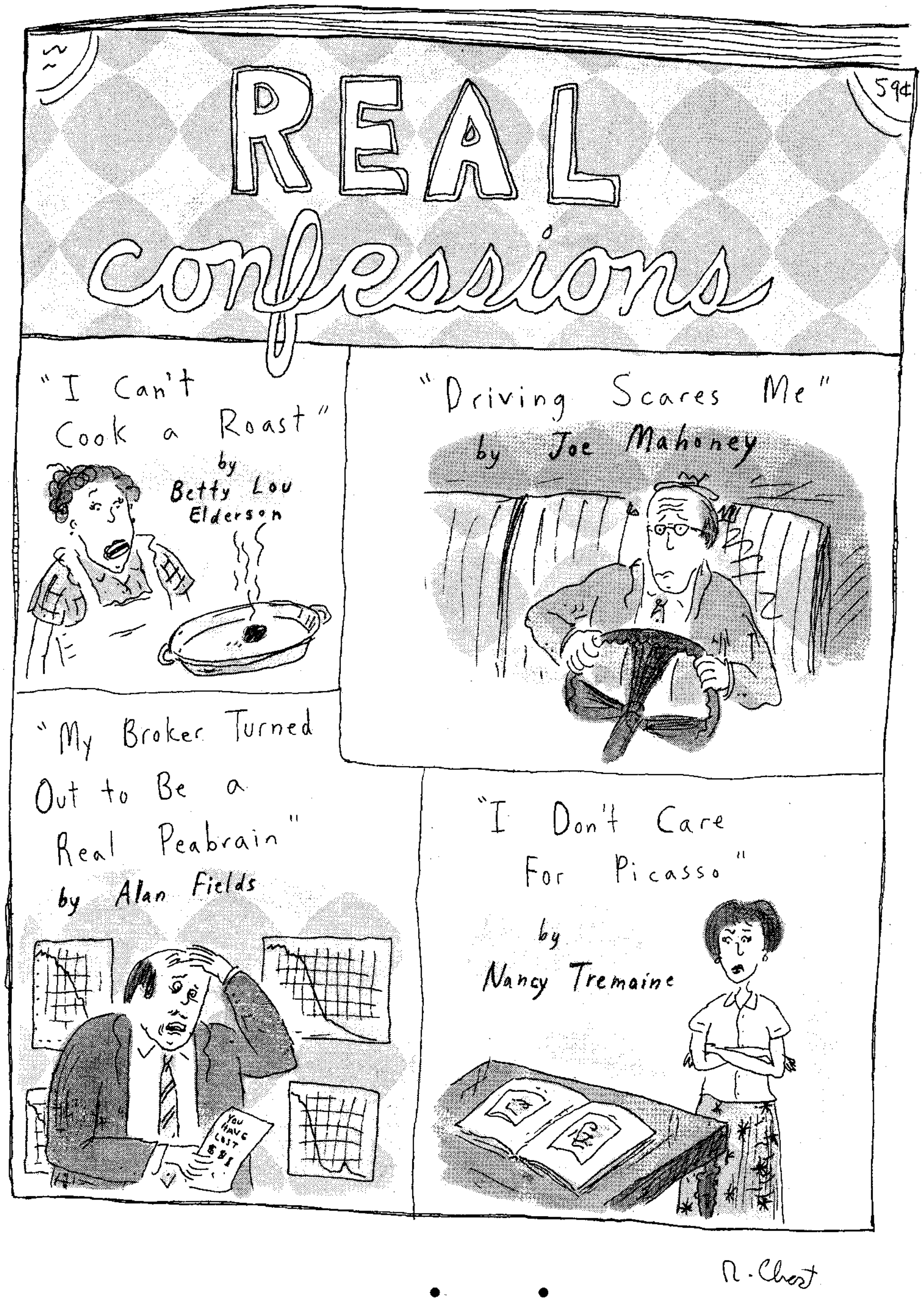
At the Café Museum, where I went every day when I was in my late twenties, there was a man whom I noticed because he was always sitting alone at one of the round marble tables and never spoke to anyone. That in itself was not unusual; in Vienna, people went to cafés to be alone among many. What struck me about this man was that he was invariably hiding behind his newspaper and that on the rare occasions when he did show his face it was the well-known face of Karl Kraus, the orator, satirist, and editor of the contentious periodical *Die Fackel* (*The Torch*). I knew he couldn't be Karl Kraus—he wouldn't have had a moment's peace in the midst of all those artists, writers, and musicians. But, even without being Karl Kraus, he seemed determined to hide. His face was grave and, unlike Karl Kraus's, impassive. Sometimes I thought I detected a vaguely sorrowful look, which I attributed to his constant newspaper reading. I caught myself waiting for the infrequent moments when his face became visible. Often, I put my own newspaper aside to make sure that he was still immersed in his. Every time I entered the Café Museum, I looked around for him. Since his face was not to be seen, I recognized him by the rigidity of the arm that held the newspaper—a dangerous object that he clung to, that he would have liked to put aside but went on reading with rapt attention. I tried to choose a seat from which I could keep my eyes on him—if possible, obliquely across from him. I began to attach great importance to his silence; it intimidated me, and I would never have sat down at an empty table in his immediate vicinity. I, too, was usually alone. I knew few of the habitués of the Museum, and I had no more desire than he did to be disturbed. I would sit across from him for an hour or more, waiting for the moments when he would show his face. I kept my distance; without knowing who he was, I had great respect for him. I felt his concentration as if he *had* been Karl Kraus, but a silent Karl Kraus, such as I had never encountered.

He was there every day; usually he was there when I arrived. I couldn't have dared suppose that he was waiting for me. But when he chanced not to be there I was impatient, as though *I* were waiting for him. I only pretended to steep myself in my paper; I kept looking toward the entrance and I couldn't have said what I was reading. In the end, he always turned up, a tall, thin figure with the stiff, dismissive, almost arrogant gait of a man who didn't wish to be importuned and was wary of windbags. I remember my surprise when I first saw him walking; he seemed to be riding toward me—he could not have held himself more erect if he had been in a saddle. I had expected a smaller man with a bent back. It was the head that showed the amazing resemblance. As soon as he was seated, he was Karl Kraus again, hidden behind the newspapers that were his prey. For the year and a half I saw him in this way, he became a silent element in my life. I mentioned him to no one and made no inquiries. If he had stopped coming, I would probably have ended by asking the waiter about him.

At that time, I sensed that a change was taking place in my attitude toward Karl Kraus, whom I had venerated more than anyone else in the world, and without whose wrath and zeal I would not, until then, have wanted to live. I was none too eager to see him, and no longer attended all his lectures or his spellbinding readings—largely of Shakespeare and other classics or of his own plays and satires. But I did not impugn him in my thoughts, and I doubt if I would have dared to contradict him. I could not bear to hear him utter an inconsistency, and even when it was something I couldn't quite put my finger on I wanted him to stop talking. Thus, his likeness at the Café Museum, which I saw day after day, became a necessity for me. It was a likeness, and not a double, for when he was standing or walking he had nothing in common with Karl Kraus; but when he sat reading the paper the resemblance was unmistakable. He never wrote anything down; he took no notes. He just read and hid. He was never reading a book, and though I had a feeling that he must be a big reader he read only newspapers.

I myself was in the habit of jotting down one thing and another at the

"*Sushi is for castaways.*"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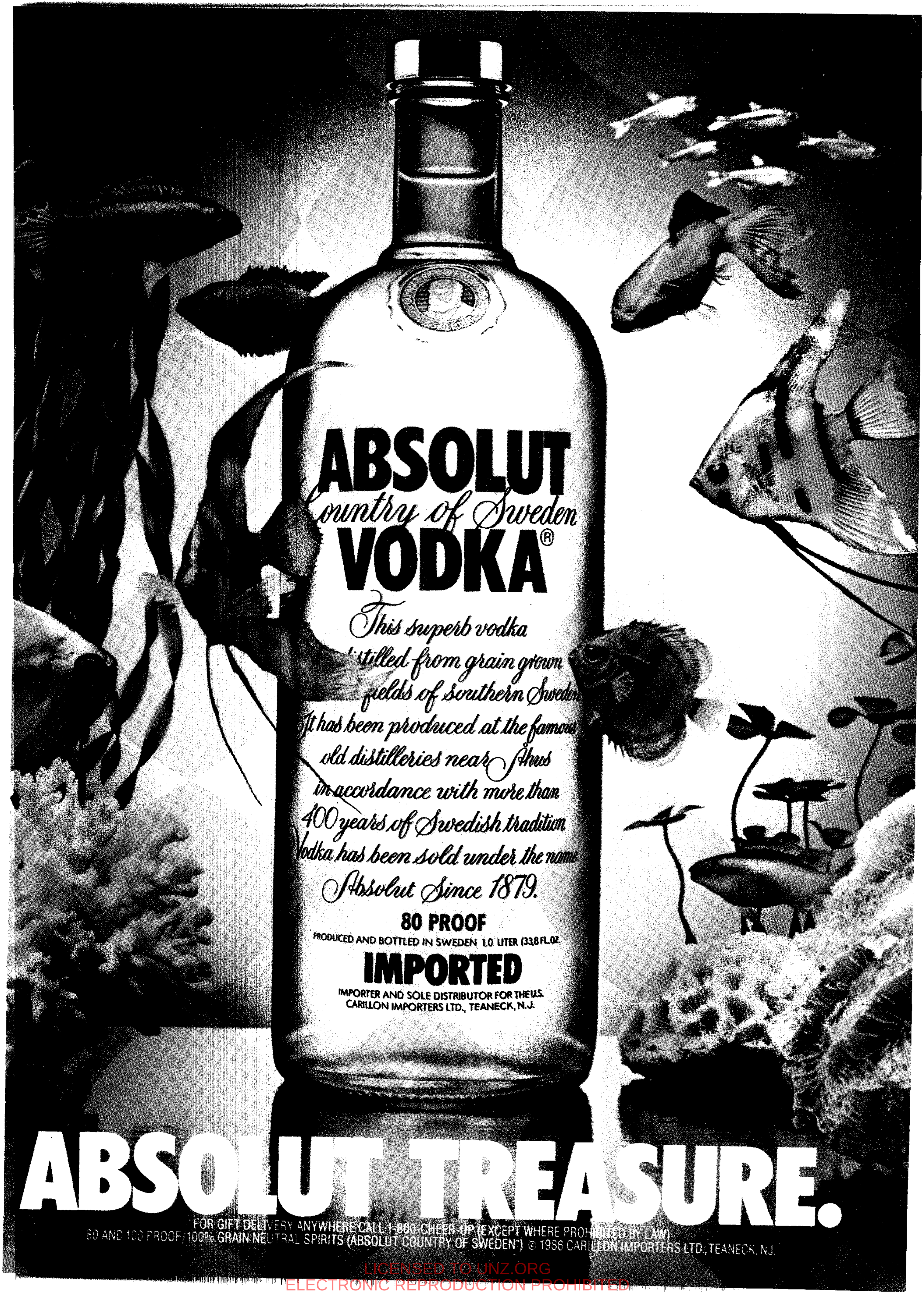
café, and I did not like to think of his watching me. To write in his presence struck me as insulting. When he peered out for a moment, I quietly lowered my pencil. I was always on the qui vive, eager for a look at his face, which would quickly vanish. The air of innocence I put on at such times must have fooled him. I don't think he ever caught me writing. I was sure, though, that he saw not only me but everything around him, that he disapproved of what he saw, and that that was why he went back into concealment so quickly. I felt sure he was a genius at seeing through people—possibly because I knew Karl Kraus to be one. It didn't take him long, he didn't persist, and perhaps, or so I hoped, it didn't greatly matter to him, because he was concerned with important things. Obviously, the newspapers sickened him; printers' errors had become a matter of indifference to him. He read foreign newspapers, not just Viennese or German. An English paper lay on the top of the pile the waiter brought him.

I was glad he had no name. For if I knew his name he wouldn't be Karl Kraus anymore, and the great man would cease to undergo the transformation that I so fervently desired. Only later did I realize that this silent relationship brought about a cleavage. Little by little, my veneration detached itself from Karl Kraus and turned to his silent likeness. My psychological economy, in which veneration has always played a prominent part, was undergoing a profound change—all the more profound because it took place in silence.

I Discover a Good Man

THERE were quite a few people in Vienna in the early nineteen-thirties with whom I associated, whom I saw fairly often, whom I did not avoid. They can be broken down into two contrasting groups. The members of one, numbering perhaps six or seven, I admired for their work and the seriousness with which they took it. They went their own ways, and let no one deter them; they hated all convention, and shrank back from success in the common sense of the word. They had roots, though not always their first roots, in Vienna; it was hard to conceive of their living anywhere else, but they did not let Vienna corrupt them. I admired these people, who taught me that it is possible to carry a project through even if the world shows no interest in it whatsoever. True, they all hoped to find recognition in their lifetimes; yet, though they were intelligent enough to realize that their hopes might be vain and that contempt and derision might dog them to the end of their days, they went right on with the tasks they had set themselves. It may sound bombastic to speak of them as heroes, and I am sure they thought themselves nothing of the kind, but courage they undoubtedly had, and their patience was almost superhuman.

And then there were the others, those who would go to any lengths for money, fame, or power. They, too, fascinated me, though in a very different way. I wanted to know them inside and out, to fathom every fibre of their being; it was as though the salvation of my soul depended on my understanding them and seeing them as complete characters. I saw them no less frequently than the others; I may even have been more eager to see them, because I could never quite believe my perception of them, and felt a need to confirm it over and over again. It should not be supposed that I demeaned myself in their company. I did not adapt to them, I did not try to please, but often they were



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slow to find out what I really thought of them. Here, too, there were six or seven main characters, the most rewarding being Alma Mahler, the widow of Gustav Mahler.

"And that's Mrs. Glenfyrn. She created the role."

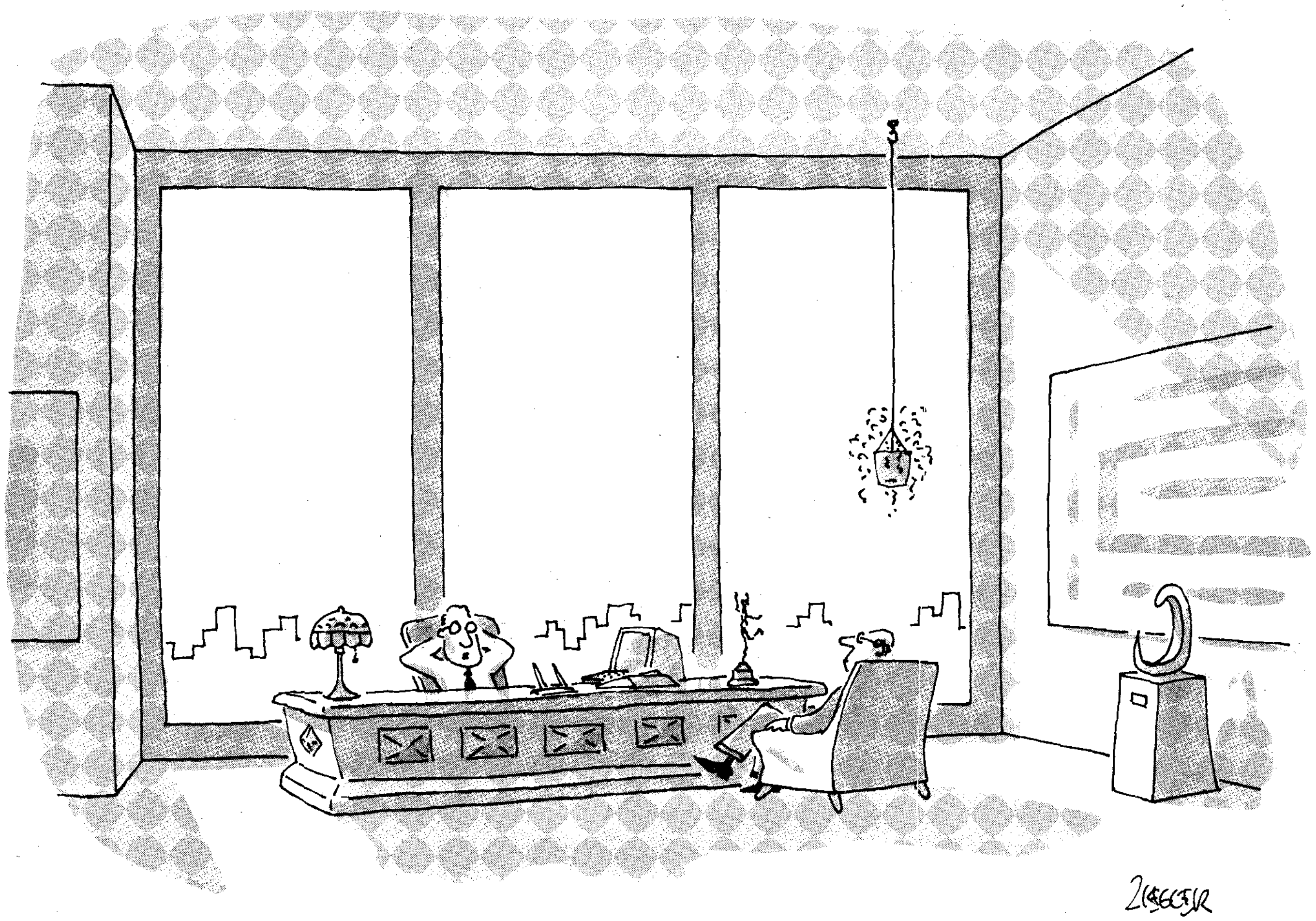
• •

What I found hard to bear was the relations between members of the two groups. The composer Alban Berg, whom I loved, was a close friend of Alma Mahler, whom I detested. He came and went freely in her house and attended every reception there of any importance; I was always relieved to find him in the corner with his wife, Helene, and to join them. True, he held himself aloof from the others and took no part in Alma's feverish activity when there were new or "special" guests to be introduced. True, he made remarks about certain of those present which might have come from *Die Fackel*, and these relieved me as much as they did him, but the fact remained that he was always there, and I never heard him say a word against the lady of the house.

Hermann Broch, the novelist, also called on undesirable people. When we were alone, he told me frankly what he thought of them, but it would never have occurred to him to avoid them. The others whom I respected and took seriously behaved the same way. They all had a second, Class B world in which they moved without sullying themselves; indeed, it often looked as if they needed this second world to keep their own world pure. The most standoffish was Robert Musil, the author of "The Man Without Qualities." He was very careful in choosing the people he wished to associate with, and when by chance he found himself in a café or elsewhere among people he disapproved of he fell silent and nothing could move him to open his mouth.

Broch, in the course of his hurried comings and goings, often dropped in on me and my wife, Veza, on Ferdinandstrasse. I saw him as a big, beautiful bird with clipped wings. He seemed to remember a time when he could still fly, and to have never got over what had happened to him. I would have liked to question him about it, but didn't dare at the time. His faltering manner may have been deceptive; perhaps he would not have been unwilling to talk about himself. But he reflected before speaking. From him I could not expect fluent confessions, such as I heard from most of the people I knew in Vienna. He wouldn't have spared himself: he was inclined to self-criticism, and there was not a trace of complacency in him. He seemed unsure of himself, but this lack of assurance, it seemed to me, was *acquired*. My positive manner of speaking irritated him, but he was kind and tried not to show it. I noticed it, though, and when he had left me I felt ashamed. I blamed myself for what I thought was his dislike of me. He would have liked to teach me self-doubt; perhaps he was making cautious attempts to do just that, but, if so, he did not succeed. I thought highly of him. I was very much taken with his novel "The Sleepwalkers," because in it he had done what I was incapable of doing. The atmospheric element in literature had never interested me; I thought that it belonged to the province of painting. But Broch's way of handling it made me receptive to it. It didn't shake my confidence in my own intentions, but I was amazed to see that there was an entirely different sort of writing which had its own justification, and which, as I read it, liberated me from myself. Such transformations in reading are indispensable for a writer. It is after being strongly drawn to others that he really finds his way back to himself.

At that time, I had an almost mythical interpretation of Broch's hurried movements. This big bird had never resigned himself to the clipping of his wings. No longer able to fly up into the freedom of the empyrean, the one atmosphere transcending all humankind, he sought out the particular atmospheres surrounding individuals. Other writers collected people; he collected the atmospheres around them, which contained the air that had been in their lungs, the air they had exhaled. From this collected air he deduced their particularity; he character-



"It's true, I do have tons of money. But, let's face it, one more ton couldn't hurt."

* * *

ized people on the basis of the atmospheres they gave off. This struck me as utterly new—it was something I had never before encountered. I knew about writers in whom the visual, and others in whom the acoustic, element was dominant. I had never dreamed of a writer who might be characterized by his way of breathing.

Broch was extremely reserved and, as I have said, seemed unsure of himself. Whatever his eyes fell on he assimilated—yet rhythmically this assimilation was not a devouring but a breathing. He didn't jostle anything; everything remained as it was, unchanged, preserving its particular aura. He seemed to assimilate all kinds of things in order to preserve them. He distrusted violent speeches, and—whatever good intentions may have inspired them—he suspected evil behind them. To his mind, *nothing* was beyond good and evil, and one thing I liked about him at once was that in speaking he took a responsible attitude from first to last and was not ashamed of it. This sense of responsibility was evident also in his reluctance to pass judgment, in what I began at an early date to call his "faltering."

I accounted for his faltering—his long pauses before speaking, though one could see that he was thinking the matter over carefully—by his unwillingness to impose on anyone. It embarrassed him to think of his advantage. I knew that he came from a family of industrialists; his father had owned a spinning mill in Teesdorf. Broch had wanted to become a mathematician and had gone to work in the factory against his will. When his father died, he had to take it over, not for his own sake but because he had to look out for his mother and other members of his family. A kind of defiance had led him to begin the study of philosophy and persist in it; when I first met him, he was attending a philosophical seminar at the University of Vienna, which he evidently took very seriously. His commercial background inspired him with the same deep distaste that mine did in me, and he fought against it in every available way. For him, it was a hard fight, because of the years spent running his father's factory. I thought of this man of richly active mind as a student. If he was wise enough to be uncertain, how could he find certainty in seminars? What he wanted was dialogue, but he conducted himself as though he were always the learner. I felt sure that this could seldom be the case, for it was obvious that he usually knew more than the persons he conversed with. It was his kindness, I therefore decided, that deterred him from shaming anyone.

IN my conversations with Broch, one of us raised a question that may seem strange: Could there be such a thing as a "good" person? And, if so, what would he be like? Would he lack certain drives that motivate others? Would he be reclusive, or would it be possible for him to associate with people, react to their challenges, and nev-

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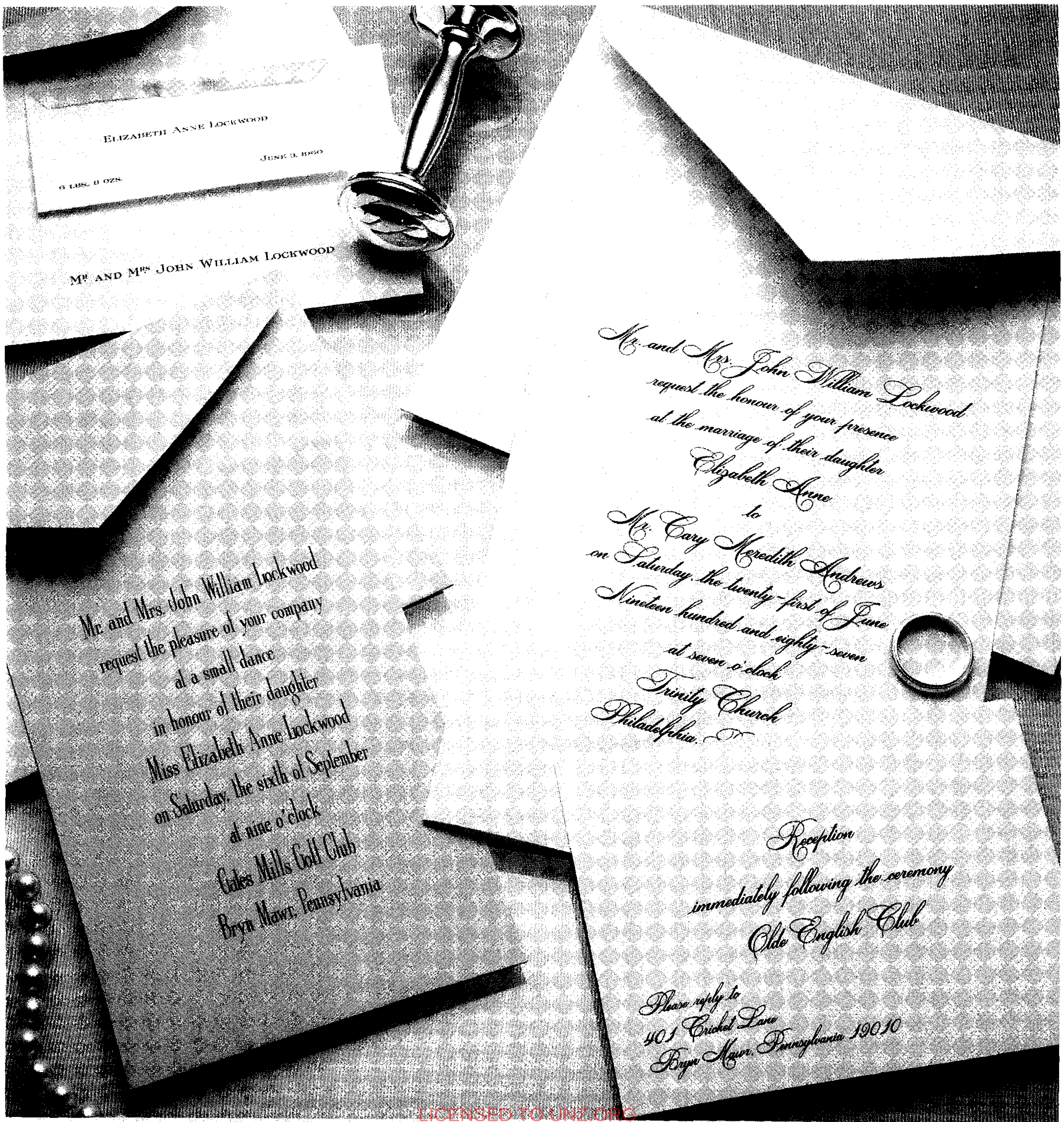

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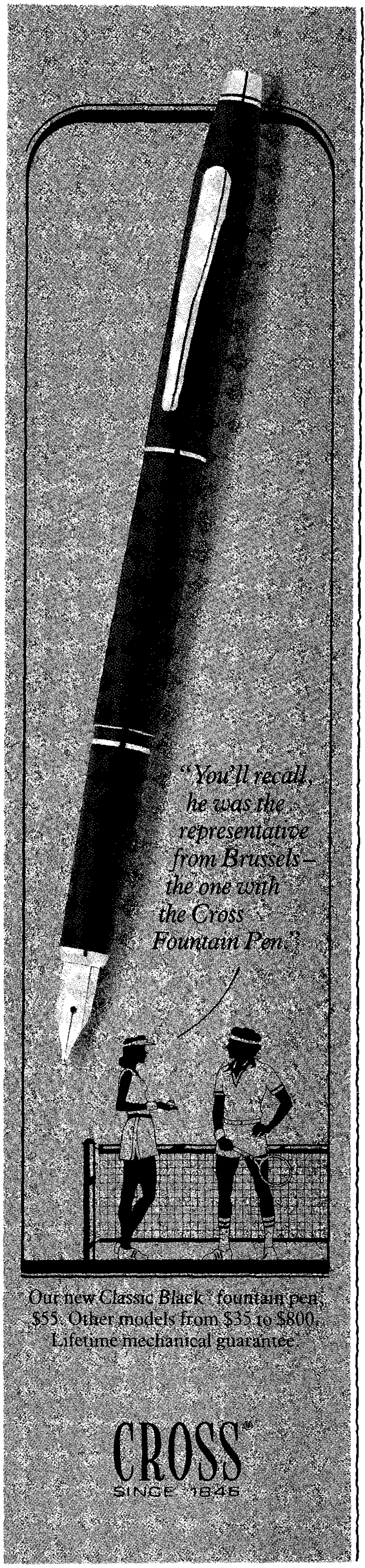
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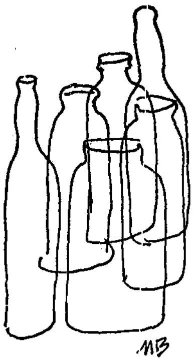
ertheless be "good"? The question fascinated us both. We did not try to evade it by hairsplitting. We both doubted whether a good person could exist in the life around us. But we felt sure that if he did exist we knew what he was like, that if we met him we would recognize him at once. There was a strange urgency in this discussion of ours, and we wasted no time in sterile argument about the meaning of goodness. That was most unusual, if only because of the many matters on which we agreed to differ. We both harbored a pristine image of the good person. Was he a mere image? Or was there such an individual? And, if so, where?



We passed all the people we knew in review. At first, we discussed people we had only heard about, but we soon realized that we didn't know enough about them. What was the point in forming opinions for or against if we couldn't check them by direct observation? We then decided to consider only persons we knew, and knew *well.* As one or another came to mind, we studied him closely.

This sounds pedantic, but in practical terms it meant only that we reported aspects of his life which one or both of us had observed—which we could vouch for, as it were. Obviously, we were not looking for a naïve person—the person we had in mind must *know* what he was doing. He must have within him a number of drives and motives to choose among. He must not be feebleminded or diminished. He must not be innocent about the world or blind about people; he must not let them deceive him or lull him. He must be vigilant, sensitive, and alert. And only if he had all these qualities could one put the question: Is he nevertheless good? Both Broch and I knew, or had known, plenty of people. But, one after another, they fell like tenpins, and in time we began to feel ashamed of ourselves, for who were we to set ourselves up as judges? I felt ashamed at not giving anyone a passing mark, and Broch, though he was less impetuous than I, may have felt the same way, for suddenly he cried out, "I know one! I know one! My friend Sonne! He's our good person!" I had never heard the name Sonne (Sun). "Is that really his name?" I asked. "Yes, or call him Dr. Sonne if you prefer. That sounds less mythical. He's just the person we're looking for. That may be why I didn't think of him sooner." I learned that Dr. Sonne lived in retirement, met with only a few friends, and rarely, very rarely, called on them. Broch said, "You just spoke of Georg Merkel, the painter." He had been one of our "candidates." "Dr. Sonne goes to see Merkel now and then, at his studio. You can meet him there. That's the simplest, most natural way."

Georg Merkel, a painter whose works had attracted me at exhibitions, was a man of about Broch's age. I had seen him at the Café Museum, though less frequently than some other painters. He had attracted my notice by the deep hole in his forehead, a wound just above the left eye. Although it was clear that he was not overbearing, he nevertheless took himself very seriously. Once he had pronounced a name, it rang in one's ears just as he had spoken it; one sometimes felt tempted to say it in his way, but that would have been ridiculous, for what in anyone else sounded theatrical made an impression of natural dignity coming from him. His opinions were charged with emotion; no one would have dreamed of getting into an argument with him. To question anything he said would have been to call the whole man into question. He was incapable of a vulgar action or word. In the case of so vehement, so passionate a man, this seems unbelievable. One had to see the force and firmness with which he countered an insult without ever demeaning himself—looking around to make sure everyone had heard him. At such times, the deep hole in his forehead would look like a third, Cyclopean eye. I was sometimes tempted to make him angry, because what he said in anger sounded so magnificent, but I loved him and respected him enough to resist the temptation.

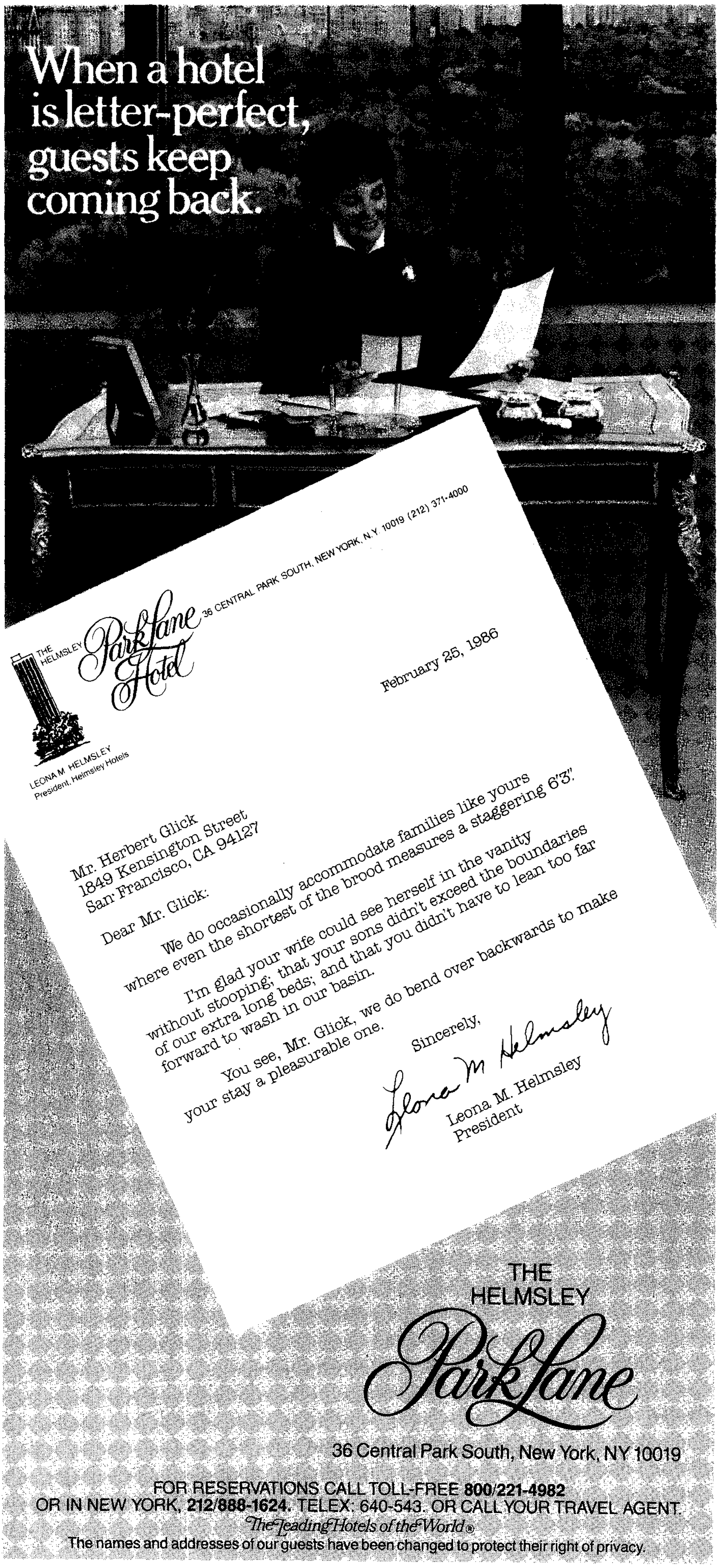
I had met Georg Merkel only a short while before this conversation with Broch, and his name came up quite naturally in the course of our search for a "good" person. He had much in his favor, but we did not vote for him, because he saw himself exclusively as a painter. This set him apart, so to speak, from the section of mankind that took no interest in art, and made him somewhat less of a "good" person as we defined one.

Merkel had gone to Paris as a

young man, some years before the First World War, and had never lost the imprint of those Paris years. It seems likely that such a wide variety of talented painters has never been concentrated in any other single place. They came from everywhere and were buoyed by great hopes. They did not try to make things easy for themselves, to achieve fame and recognition by trickery. Painting meant so much to them that they did nothing else. With so many painters at work, there was no lack of inspiration; Oriental and African influences made themselves felt, but the treasures of medieval and classical art served as a counterweight. It took fortitude to live in poverty, but another kind of strength may have been even more important: the strength of character needed if one was to steer a course amid all the many possible influences and stimuli—to take only what one needed, and disregard the rest. In the Paris of those years, a new nation came into being: the nation of painters. It would have been hard to find an atmosphere more congenial to Merkel. He returned to Paris time and again; all in all, he must have spent a good third of his life there. Yet with the outbreak of the First World War he had only one thought: to get back to Austria and join the Army.

The price he paid for his Austrian patriotism was a severe head wound. A shell fragment struck him just above the eyes and blinded him. For several months, he lived in total darkness, a painter deprived of his eyesight. That was surely the worst time in his life. He never mentioned it to me or, as far as I know, to anyone else. The deep scar remained. I couldn't look at it without being reminded of his blindness. He recovered his eyesight—a miracle that influenced all his painting from then on. His eyesight was his paradise, which he had lost and regained. One cannot find fault with him for painting "beauty"—his pictures became a hymn of thanks for the light of his eyes.

Soon after that playful, hopeful conversation with Broch, I was invited for the first time to visit Georg Merkel at his studio. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons, he would invite friends and show his pictures. I didn't know him very well at the time, but I had heard his story—especially the story of his wound and the terrible dent in his forehead. I liked his sonorous speech, and though those of his paintings I had seen, despite the charm of his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palette, were a far cry from what ordinarily fascinated me in modern art, I was curious to see more of his work. I have always delighted in watching painters show their work.

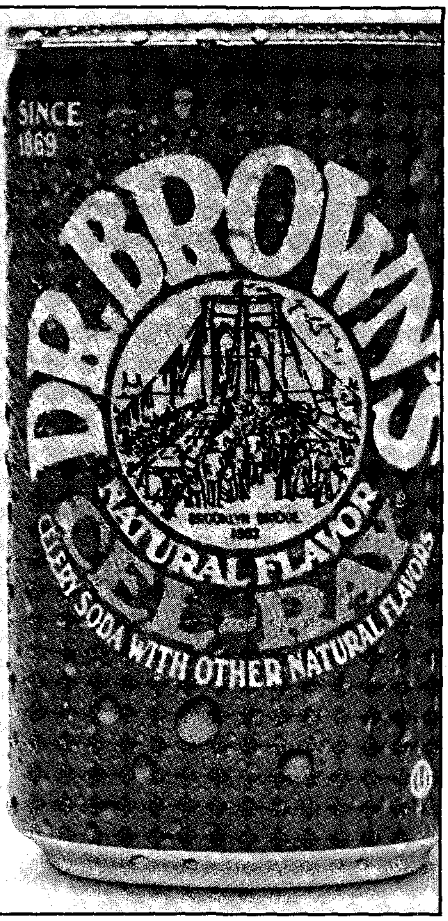
I was a little late. The guests were drinking tea. With some I was personally acquainted; others were known to me by name or through their works. Off to one side, half in darkness, sat a man whose face I had known for a year and a half. He sat in the Café Museum every afternoon, hidden behind a newspaper. As I've said, he looked like Karl Kraus. I knew he couldn't be Karl Kraus, but I was so keen on seeing a silent Karl Kraus, who wasn't accusing or crushing anyone, that I tried to imagine he was Karl Kraus. I used my silent daily meetings with *this* face to free myself from the overwhelming power of *that* face when it was speaking.

And now the face was here; I was struck with amazement. Merkel saw that something had happened. He took me gently by the arm, led me to the face, and said, "This is my dear friend Dr. Sonne." There was feeling in his way of introducing people, for he had no interest in cold acquaintance; when he brought two people together, it was for life. He had no way of knowing that I had been scrutinizing this man's movements for a year and a half. Or that just a week ago Broch had mentioned Dr. Sonne to me for the first time. Our tenacious game of finding a "good" person, which we had played so earnestly, had become reality, and it was significant that the name and the face, which had existed separately in my mind, should have become one in the house of this painter with the sonorous voice.

SONNE

WHAT was it about Sonne that made me want to see him every day, that made me look for him every day, that inspired an addiction such as I had never experienced for any other intellectual?

For one thing, he was utterly impersonal. He never talked about himself. He never made use of the first person. And he seldom addressed me directly. By speaking in the third person, he distanced himself from his surroundings. You have to imagine this city, with its coffeehouses and their floods of I-talk, protestation, confession, and self-assertion. All these people were bursting with self-pity and self-importance. They all lamented, bellowed, and trumpeted. And all



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banded together in small groups, because they needed and tolerated each other for their talk. Everything was discussed. The newspapers provided the main topic of conversation. This was a time when a great deal was happening and when people sensed that much more was in the offing. They were unhappy about events in Austria but well aware that the events in neighboring Germany weighed far more heavily in the balance. Catastrophe was in the air. Contrary to the general expectation, it was delayed from year to year. In Austria itself, things were going badly—how badly could be seen from the unemployment figures. When snow fell, people said, "The unemployed will be glad." The municipal government hired unemployed people to shovel snow; they made a little money and seemed to enjoy themselves. You saw them shovelling and hoped for more snow for their sake.

It was only seeing Dr. Sonne that made this period bearable for me. He was an authority to whom I had daily access. We discussed innumerable things that were happening on all sides, and more that were threatening to happen. I would have been ashamed to speak of them in personal terms. No one had a right to regard himself as singled out by the events that were threatening. This was no private menace; it confronted everyone without exception. Perceiving it and talking about it were not enough; what mattered was insight, and nothing else, but that was hard to come by. I never decided in advance what I was going to ask Dr. Sonne. I made no plans. Topics came up spontaneously, and so did his explanations. Everything he said had the freshness of new thought. It never struck me as falsified by emotion, yet it was never cold and unfeeling. Nor was it ever biased. I never had the feeling that he was talking in support of one party or another. Even then, the world was saturated with slogans; it was hard to find a place that was free of them, where the air was fit to breathe. The best thing about Sonne's talk was that it was concise without being schematic. He omitted nothing, but said what there was to be said clearly and sharply. He was thorough, and if what he said had not been so fascinating one might have called his statements expert opinions. But they were much more than that, for, though he never said so, they contained the seeds of rich new developments.

We talked about everything imagin-

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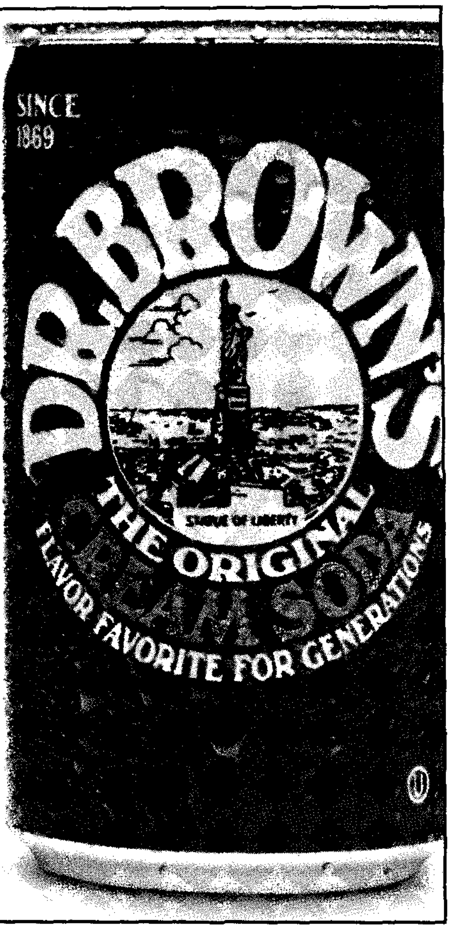

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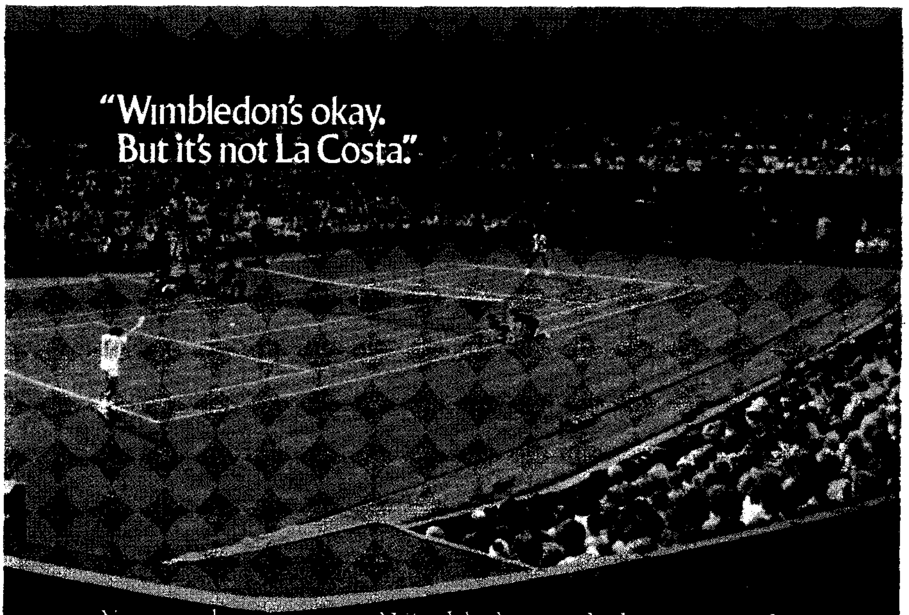

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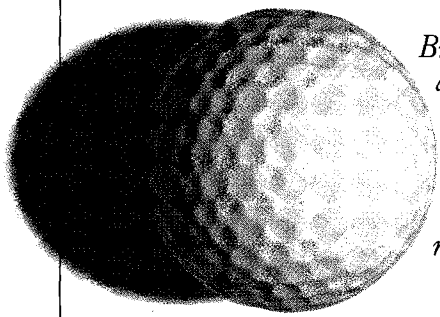

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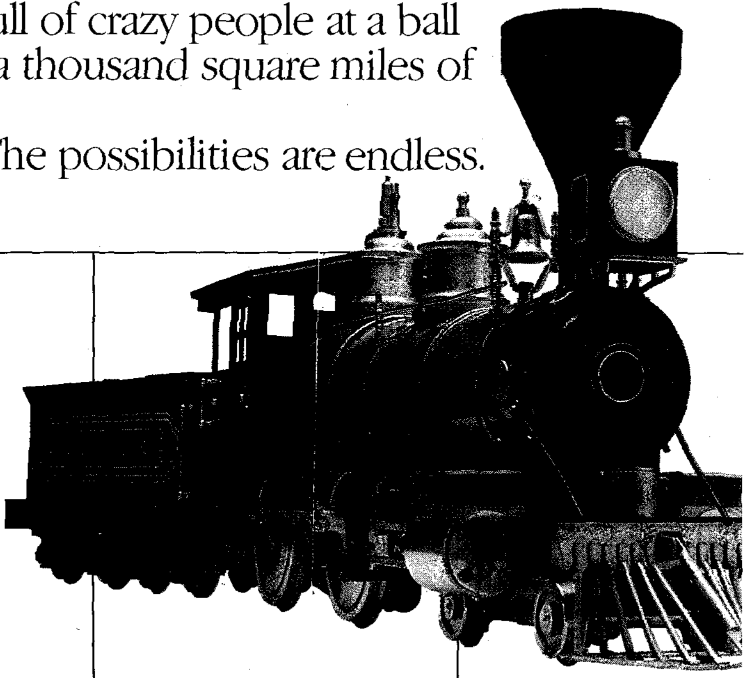

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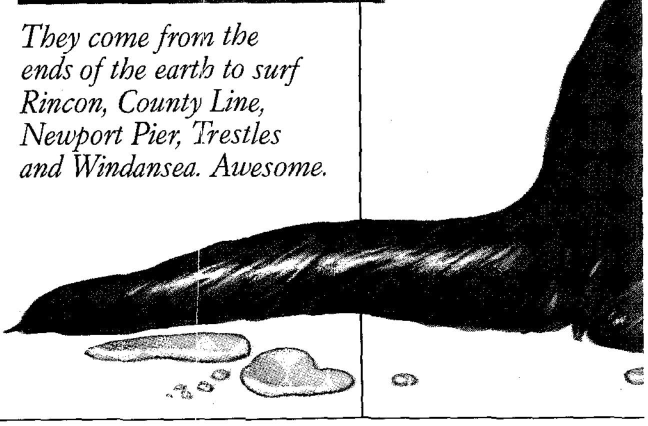

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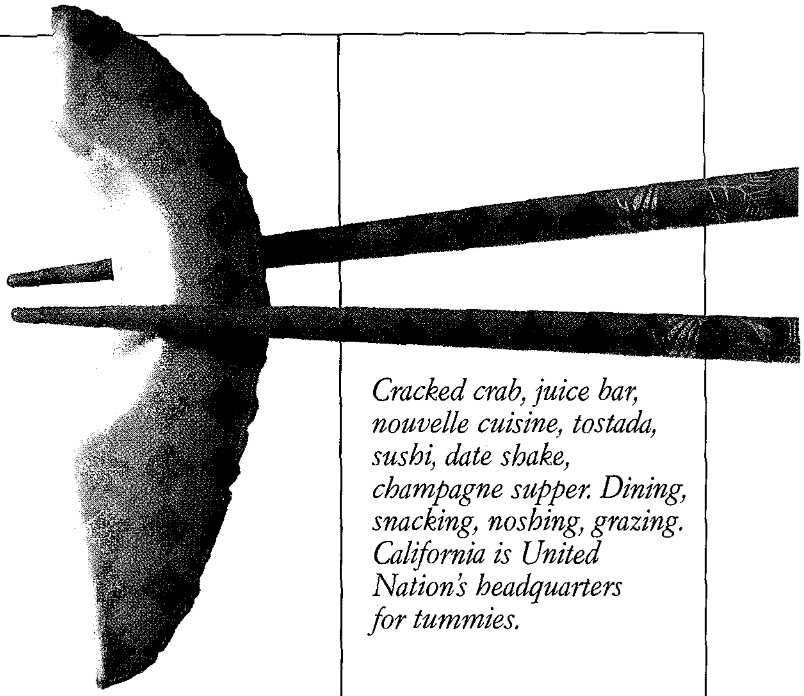

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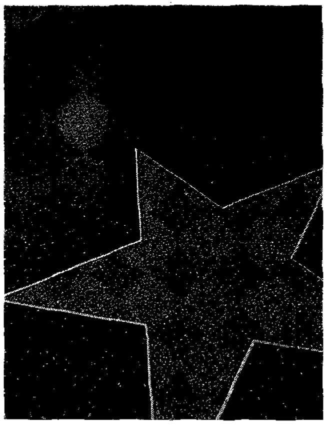

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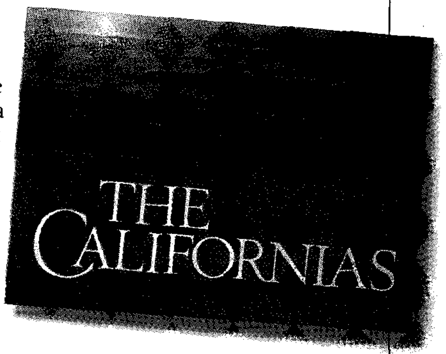

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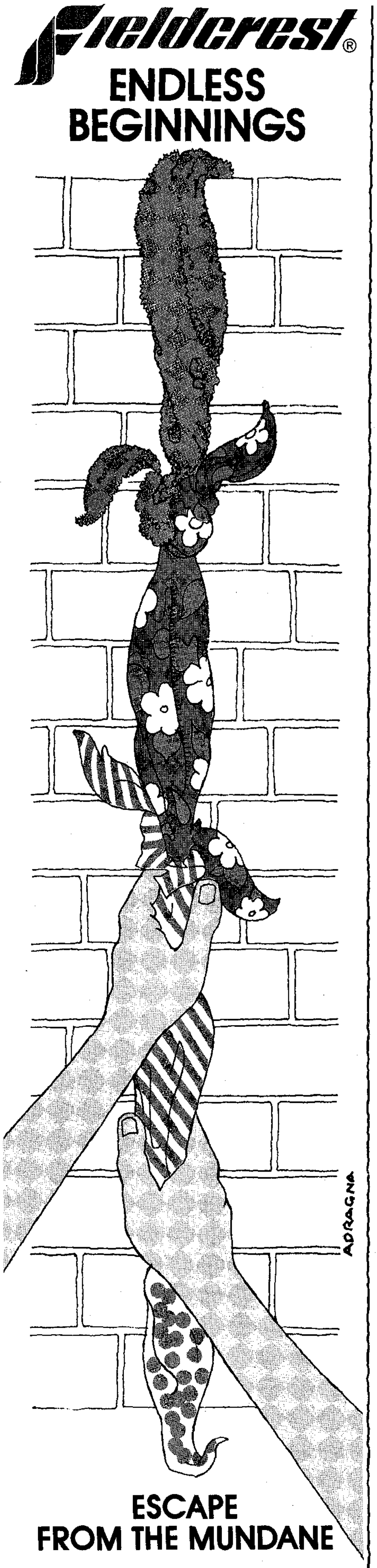

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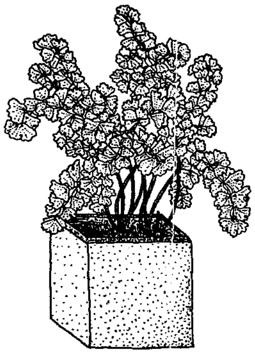
able. I would mention something that had struck me, and sometimes he wanted to know more about it, but his requests for information never sounded like questions, for he always seemed to address them to the subject matter rather than to the person questioned. One could get the impression that the person he was sitting with was in no way involved—only the question under discussion. But this was not the case, for when a third party was present he spoke in a different way. Evidently, he drew distinctions, but they were imperceptible to the person concerned; it was inconceivable that anyone in his presence should feel belittled. Stupidity made him very unhappy, and he avoided stupid people, but if through circumstances beyond his control he found himself in the company of a stupid person no one could notice how stupid that person was.

After a few chords of prelude, the moment always came when he took up a topic and began to speak on it exhaustively and aptly. It would never have occurred to me to interrupt him—not even with questions, as I often did with others. I cast off all outward reaction like an ill-fitting carnival costume and listened with the closest attention. I have never listened to anyone else so intently. I forgot that the speaker was a human being, disregarded his peculiarities of speech, never regarded him as a character; he was the opposite of a character. If anyone had asked me to imitate him, I would have refused, and not only out of respect—I would have been quite incapable of playing him. The very thought strikes me even today not only as sacrilege but also as an utter impossibility.



What he had to say on a subject was always detailed and exhaustive; one also knew that he had never said it before. It was always new; it had just come into being. It was not an opinion concerning realities; it was their law. The amazing part of it, though, was that he would not be speaking on some specialty in which he was well versed. He was not a specialist; or, rather, he was not a specialist in any particular subject, he was a specialist in all the matters I ever heard him talk about. From him I learned that it is possible to concern oneself with a wide range of subjects without becoming a windbag. This is a bold statement, and it will not seem more credible when I add that for that very reason I cannot reproduce any of his observations—since each one was a serious and extremely lively dissertation, so thorough that I can remember none of them in full. And to cite fragments of his discourse would be a grave falsification. He was not an aphorist; in connection with him, the word, which I otherwise hold in high regard, seems almost frivolous. He was too thorough to be an aphorist; he lacked the one-sidedness and the desire to startle. When he had made a complete statement, one felt enlightened and satisfied; something had been settled, and nothing more would be said about it. What more was there to say?

But though I would not presume to reproduce his statements, there is a literary creation to which I believe he can be likened. In those years, I read Musil. I could not get enough of "The Man Without Qualities," the first two volumes of which—some thousand pages—had been published. It seemed to me that there was nothing comparable in all literature. And yet wherever I chanced to open these books the text was surprisingly familiar. This was a language I knew, a rhythm of thought that I had met with, and yet I knew definitely that there were no similar books in existence. It was some time before I saw the connection. Dr. Sonne spoke as Musil wrote. But it should not be supposed that Dr. Sonne sat at home writing things that for some reason he did not wish to publish, and subsequently drew on them in his conversations. He did not sit at home and write; what he said came into being while he was speaking. But it was said with the perfect clarity that Musil achieved in writing. Day after day, I was privileged to hear chapters from a second "Man Without Qualities," one that no one else had discovered. For what he said to others—and he did speak to others, though not every day—was a different chapter.

For amorphous eclecticism, the tendency to reach out in all directions, to drop what one has barely touched on—for this sort of curiosity, which is undoubtedly more than curiosity, since it has no purpose and ends nowhere—

for such thrashing about in all directions, there is only one remedy: to associate with someone who has the gift of exploring a subject without dropping it before the whole ground has been covered and without analyzing it to pieces. Sonne never reduced a subject, never disposed of it. His talking about it made it more interesting than before, articulated and illuminated it. He founded whole countries in the mind of his listener where previously there had only been question marks. He could describe an important public figure as accurately as a field of knowledge. He avoided speaking of people we knew personally, so that anything that could be turned into gossip was excluded from his description. But otherwise he applied the same methods to dealing with persons and things. It may have been this that most reminded me of Musil—Sonne's conception of individuals as distinct fields of knowledge. The sterile notion that any single theory might be applicable to all people was utterly alien to him. Each individual was distinct and different. He detested whatever men directed against men; never has anyone been further from barbarism. Even when he had to name the things he hated, there was no hatred in his tone; he was laying bare an absurdity, nothing more.

It is very difficult to make comprehensible how strictly he avoided anything personal. You could spend two hours with him and learn an immeasurable amount—so much that you always left with a sense of wonderment. How, in view of this unquestionable superiority, could I look down on others? Humility was certainly not a word he would have used, yet I left him in a state of mind that no other word can describe. But it was a vigilant humility, not the humility of a sheep.

I was in the habit of listening to people—total strangers, with whom I had never before exchanged a word. I listened with genuine fury to people who did not concern me in any way, and I was best able to capture a person's tone of voice once it seemed certain that I would never see him again. I had no compunction about encouraging such a person to speak by asking questions or by playing a role. I had never asked myself whether I had a right to store up everything a person would tell me about himself. Today, I find the naïveté with which I claimed this right almost beyond belief. Undoubtedly, there are basic qualities that

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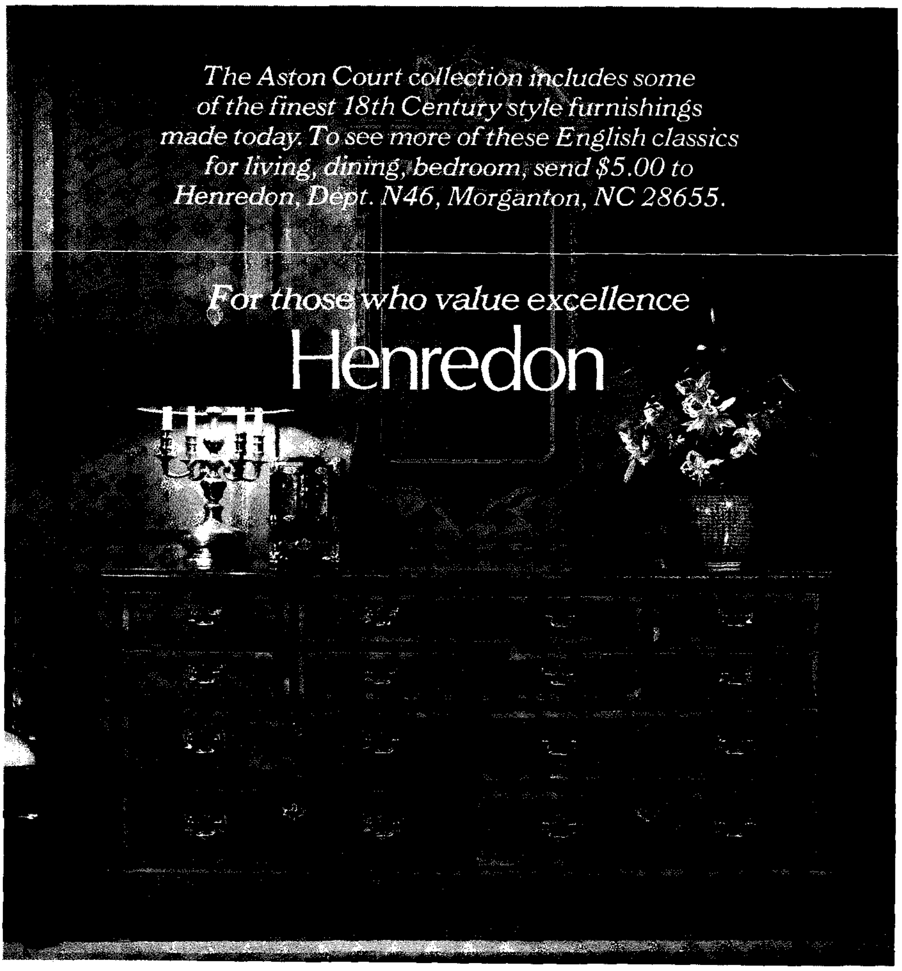

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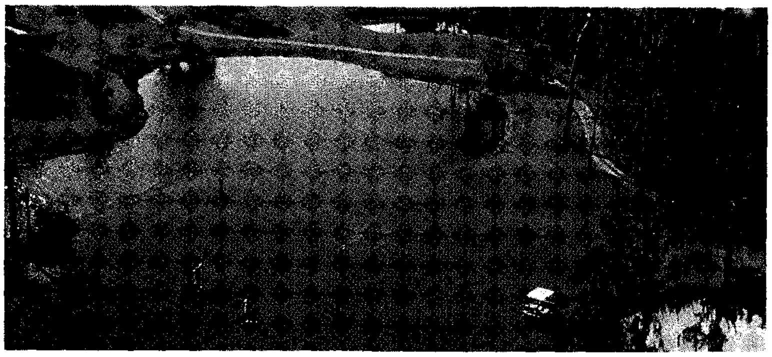

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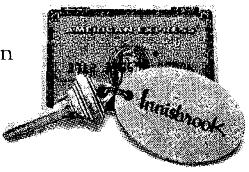

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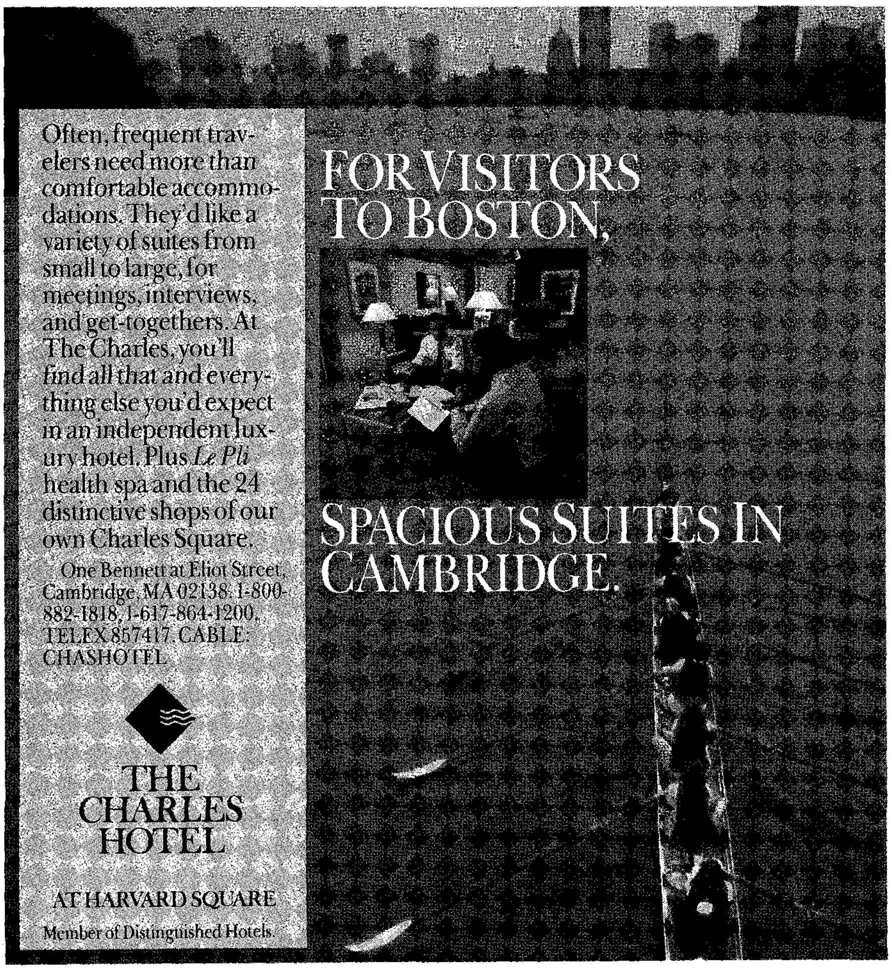

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cannot be analyzed, and any attempt to explain them ought to fail. My passion for people is just such a basic quality. It can be described, it can be characterized, but its origin must remain forever obscure. Fortunately, I can say that, thanks to my four-year apprenticeship with Dr. Sonne, I became aware of its dubious character.

I soon realized that though he disregarded what was near at hand it did not escape him. If he never said a word about the people who sat near us day after day, it was out of tact; he never impugned anyone—not even people who could never have found out. He was never lacking in respect for the dividing lines between individuals. I called this his *ahimsa*, the Indian word for the inviolability of all life. But I see today that there was something more English about it. He had spent an important year of his life in England—that was one of two or three autobiographical facts I was able to infer from his conversation. At bottom, I knew nothing about him, and when I spoke of him with other people who knew him there was little concrete information to be gleaned. Maybe we were reluctant to talk about him as we did about anyone else, for his essential qualities were hard to formulate, and even persons who were themselves devoid of moderation admired his moderation. Thus, we were exceedingly careful in talking of him, to avoid distortions.

I asked him no questions, just as he asked none. I made suggestions; that is, I would bring up a topic as though for some time it had been going hesitantly, rather than urgently, through my head. And hesitantly he would take it up. While continuing to talk about something else, he would ponder my suggestion. Then, with a sudden knife thrust, he would cut into the topic and treat it with brilliant clarity and stunning thoroughness. He spoke with the ice-cold clarity of one who grinds perfect lenses, who will have nothing to do with anything murky until it is clarified. He examined an object by taking it apart, yet he preserved it in its wholeness. He did not dissect; he irradiated. But he selected specific parts to irradiate, removed them with care, and, his operation once completed, carefully rejoined them to the whole. What to me was marvellously new was that so penetrating a mind neglected no detail. Every detail had to be treated with care and, for this reason alone, became important.

He was not a collector, for, with all his vast knowledge, he kept nothing for himself. He had read everything, yet I never saw him with a book. He himself was the library he did not own. Whatever book we talked about he seemed to have read long ago. He never tried to conceal his knowledge of it. He didn't boast, he never brought it out inopportunely, but there it was, without fail, when the need arose, and, most amazing of all, no part of it was ever missing. Some people were irritated by his precision. He did not change his manner of speaking when he was in the company of women; he never spoke lightly, never belied his intellectuality or his seriousness, and never flirted. He did not overlook beauty or hide his admiration for it, but it never led him to change his ways; in its presence he remained the same. The presence of beauty might inspire other men to eloquence; he, on the contrary, fell silent, and found his tongue again only when it had gone away. He was capable of no greater homage, but this was something few women understood. Some women may not have been prepared for him in the best possible way. I had begun by putting him on a pedestal, high above myself, and this was bound to put a woman off if her love for me contained an element of veneration in which she lived and breathed.

That's how it was with Veza, and she was steadfast in her refusal to appreciate Sonne. While she was devoted to Broch, she had no patience with Sonne. When she saw him for the first time, at the house of Georg Merkel, she said to me, "He does *not* look like Karl Kraus. How can you say such a thing? A mummy of Karl Kraus, that's what he looks like." She was referring to his sunken, ascetic look, and she was referring also to his silence. For in society, among many people, he never said a word. I sensed that he was impressed by Veza's beauty, but how was she to read that in those rigid features? And even when she heard from others—and, of course, from me—what surprising things he said of her beauty she didn't change her mind.

Once when I came home after a marvellous conversation with him at the Café Museum, she received me with hostility: "You've been with your seven-month baby—I can tell by looking at you. Don't tell me about it. It only makes me miserable to see you wasting yourself on a mummy." By "your seven-month baby" she meant

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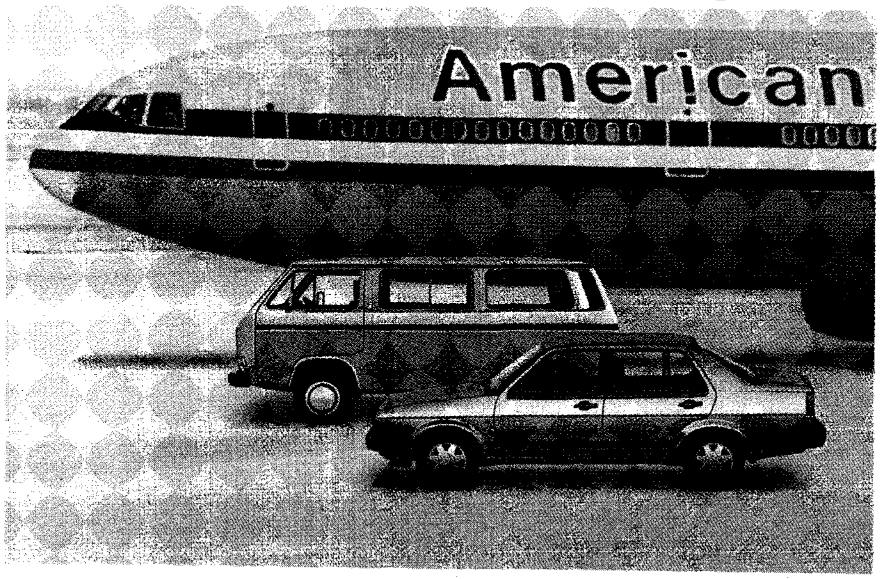

that he was not a normal, complete person, that something was missing. I was used to her extreme reactions; we had bitter arguments about people. She would see something that was really there and exaggerate it in a passionately intransigent way. Since my reactions were just as extreme, there were violent clashes, but we both loved them, for they were lasting proof that we told each other the whole truth. It was only in connection with Dr. Sonne that she showed a deep resentment, resentment against me: I, who had never submitted to anyone—as she recognized, I had guarded whole areas of myself even from Karl Kraus—was now submitting wholly and without hesitation to Dr. Sonne, for she had never heard me express doubt about anything he said.

I knew nothing about Sonne. He consisted entirely of his statements, so that the prospect of discovering anything else about him would have frightened me. No particulars of his life were bandied about, no illness, no complaint. He was *ideas*—so much so that one noticed nothing else. We didn't make appointments, and when, occasionally, he failed to appear he never felt obliged to explain his absence. Then, of course, I thought he might be ill—he was pale and did not seem to be in good health—but for over a year I didn't even know where he lived. I could have asked Broch or Merkel for his address. I didn't; it seemed right that he should have none.

I was not surprised when a busybody whom I had always avoided sat down at my table and asked me at once whether I knew Dr. Sonne. I quickly replied in the negative, but this man refused to be silenced, for he had something on his mind that puzzled him and left him no peace: a fortune had been *given* away. This Dr. Sonne, he told me, was the grandson of an immensely wealthy man in Przemyśl, and he had donated the whole of the fortune inherited from his grandfather to charitable causes. But he was not the only lunatic in the world. Another was Ludwig Wittgenstein, a philosopher, the brother of the one-armed pianist Paul Wittgenstein: he had also given away his fortune, except that he had inherited from his father rather than his grandfather. And my busybody knew of other cases, which he listed, along with the testator's name and net worth. He was a collector of refused or donated inheritances. I've forgotten the names, which meant nothing to me; it may be that the reason I wasn't interested in the others was that the information about Sonne meant so much to me. I accepted it without further inquiry. I believed it because it appealed to me and because I knew the story about Wittgenstein to be true. I had gathered from a number of my conversations with Sonne that he had firsthand experience of war but had not been a soldier. He knew what it meant to be a refugee as well as if he himself had been one—or, rather, as if he had borne responsibility for refugees, had organized whole transports of refugees and taken them to a place where their lives were no longer in danger. Accordingly, I inferred from what the busybody told me that Sonne had spent his inherited fortune on refugees.

Sonne was a Jew. That was the only fact concerning him that was known to me from the start. We often talked about religions—those of India and China and those based on the Bible. In his concise way, he showed a sovereign knowledge of every religion we came across in our conversation. But what impressed me most was his

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mastery of the Hebrew Bible. He could quote any passage from any book verbatim, and translate it without hesitation into a supremely beautiful German, which struck me as the language of a poet. Such conversations developed from his objections to Martin Buber's translation, which was then coming out. I liked to bring the conversation around to it, because it gave me a chance to get acquainted with the Hebrew text. This was something I had hitherto avoided, thinking that it would narrow me down to learn more about things that were so close to my origins, though I had preserved a keen interest in every other religion.

IT was the clarity and firmness of Sonne's elocution that reminded me of Musil's way of writing. Once Sonne started on any path, he did not deviate from it until he reached a point where it branched out quite naturally into others. Arbitrary steps were avoided. In the course of the two hours or so that we spent together every day, we spoke of many things, and a list of the topics that came up would look—contrary to what I have just said—like an aimless hodgepodge. But that would be an optical illusion, for if the exact wording of those conversations were available, if even a single one had been recorded, it would be evident that each topic under discussion was fully covered before we went on to something else. But it is not possible to show how that was done; it would be necessary (and quite impossible!) to write Sonne's "Man Without Qualities." Such a book would have to be as clearheaded and transparent as Musil's; it would command one's full attention from the first word to the last; far removed from sleep or twilight, it would be equally engrossing regardless of where you opened it. Musil could never have come to the end of his book: once a writer starts refining such a process of precision, he will never be free of it; if it were given him to live forever, he would have to go on writing forever. That is the true, the essential eternity of such a work; and, inevitably, it is passed on to the reader, who can content himself with no stopping place and reads again and again what would otherwise come to an end.

Of this I had a twofold experience: in Musil's thousand pages and in a hundred conversations with Sonne. The convergence of the two was a stroke of good fortune probably granted to no one else. For though Musil and Sonne were comparable in intellectual content and quality of language, they were contrary in innermost intention. Musil was chained to his undertaking. True, he had total freedom of thought, but he felt subordinated to his purpose, regardless of what might befall him—he never forwent an experience. He had a body, which he acknowledged, and, through his body, retained his attachment to the world. He observed the game of others who pretended to write—although he himself wrote—and saw through their futility, which he condemned. He respected discipline, especially that of the sciences, but did not deny himself other forms of discipline. The work he undertook can be regarded as a war of conquest. He was reconquering a lost empire: not its glory, not the shelter it had offered, not its antiquity—no, he was reconquering the ramifications of all its greater and lesser spiritual itineraries, reconquering a map composed of human beings. The fascination of his work is comparable, I believe, to that of a map.

Sonne, on the other hand, wanted nothing. His posture, so tall and erect, was misleading. The days when he had thought of winning back a country were past. That he had also undertaken to reconquer a language was long unknown to me. He had access to all religions but seemed committed to none. He was free from purpose of any kind and was in competition with no one. But he took an interest in other people's purposes, and thought about them and criticized them. Though he applied the highest standards, and there was much that he could not approve, it was never the project that he judged but solely the outcome.

He seemed the most down-to-earth of men, not because earthly possessions were important to him but because he wanted nothing for himself. A lot of people know what selflessness is, and some are so sickened by the self-seeking they see around them that they try to eradicate it from themselves. But in those years in Vienna I knew only one man who was totally free of self-seeking, and that was Dr. Sonne. Nor have I met anyone like him since. For in the period when Eastern wisdoms were finding countless adepts, when large numbers of people were renouncing earthly aims, this attitude was invariably accompanied by hostility to European thought. Everything was thrown overboard, and what was condemned most of all was clear thinking; in eschewing participation in the environing world, our adepts also relinquished responsibility for it. In other words, they declined responsibility for phenomena they rejected. A widespread attitude was summed up in the words "It serves you right." Sonne had given up his activity in the world—why, I did not know. But he remained in the world, he clung to the world with every one of his thoughts. He withdrew from action, but he did not turn his back: even in the unbiased justice of his conversation one sensed a passion for this world, and my impression was that his only reason for doing nothing was that he wished to do no one an injustice.

Through Sonne I learned for the first time what a person of integrity means: it means a person who will not be swayed by questions, even by problems; who will go his own way without revealing his motives or his history. Even to myself I did not put personal questions about him; even in my thoughts he remained inviolable. He spoke of many things and was not sparing in his judgment when something displeased him. But I never looked for motives for his words; they stood for themselves, clearly demarcated even from their source. Quite apart from their quality, this had become most unusual at that time. The psychoanalytic plague had spread—how much I saw in Broch. It troubled me less in Broch than in more commonplace natures, because his senses were uniquely fashioned, so that even the cheapest explanations then in circulation could not detract from his originality. But in general it was impossible in those days to say anything that would not be invalidated by the motives that would immediately be adduced. Everything was attributed to the same infinitely boring

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J. Capa

and sterile motives, but that didn't seem to bother many people. The most astonishing things were happening in the world, but they were always seen against the same background; talk about the background was thought to explain them, and, once explained, they ceased to astonish the talkers. Much-needed thought was replaced by a chorus of impertinent frogs.

In his work, Musil was free from this infection, as was Dr. Sonne in his conversation. Sonne never asked me a question remotely connected with my private life. I told him nothing about myself and made no confessions. I let myself be guided by the example of his dignity, and, passionate as our discussions became, anything that might refer to him personally was excluded. He often accused, but took no pleasure in accusing. He foresaw the worst and said so, but found no satisfaction in seeing his predictions confirmed. To him, evil was still evil, even though he had been right. No one saw what was coming as clearly as he did. I hardly dare list all the calamities he foresaw. He did his best not to show how his forebodings tormented him. It would never have occurred to him to threaten or torment anyone with them. He was keenly aware of his interlocutor's sensibilities and took care not to offend them. He offered no prescriptions, though he knew many. He spoke with the authority of one passing judgment, but managed, with a simple wave of the hand, to exclude his interlocutor from that judgment. In this there was something more than kindness—there was delicacy. I am amazed to this day by his combination of delicacy and extreme rigor.

It has only recently come to me that without my daily meetings with Sonne I could never have torn myself away from Karl Kraus. It was the same face. How I wish I had pictures with which to demonstrate the similarity between those faces; unfortunately, there are none. But—incredible as it may seem—there was yet another face, which I saw a few years later in the death mask of Karl Kraus. This was the face of Pascal. Here anger had become the suffering that a man inflicts on himself, and a man is marked by such suffering. The amalgamation of these two faces—that of the prophetic zealot and that of the sufferer, who was able without presumption to discourse on everything accessible to the human mind—released me from the rule of the zealot without depriving me of what he had given me, and filled me with respect for something that was, for me, unattainable. Pascal had given me an intimation of it; in Sonne I had it before me.

SONNE knew a great deal by heart. As I've said, he had memorized the whole Bible and could quote any passage in Hebrew without hesitation. But he performed these mnemonic feats with restraint and never made a show of them. I had known him for over a year before I raised an objection to the German of Buber's Bible translation, and he not only agreed with me but supported my criticism with a considerable number of references to the Hebrew original. His way of reciting and interpreting certain short chapters came as a revelation to me; I realized that he must be a poet, and in the Hebrew language.

I didn't dare ask him about it, for when he himself avoided a subject I was careful not to bring it up. But in this case my tact did not go so far as to stop me from inquiring of others, who had known him for years. I learned—and it sounded as if this had been a secret for some time—that he was one of the founders of modern Hebrew poetry.

It seems that when he was only fifteen he had written, under the name Abraham ben Yitzhak, some poems that had been compared to Hölderlin's by persons versed in both languages—only a very few, hymnlike poems, perhaps less than a dozen, but they were of such perfection that he had been numbered among the masters of the newly revived language. But then he had stopped writing poetry, and after that no one had seen a poem by him. He was thought to have forbidden himself to write poetry. He never talked about it—he preserved an unbroken silence, as he did about so many things.

Judith Shahn

I felt guilty at having made this discovery against his wishes, and for a whole week I stayed away from the Café Museum. I had come to regard him as a perfect sage, and what I had learned about the poems of his youth, honorable as it sounded, seemed in a way to detract from that image. He was diminished because he had *done* something. But he had done more things, and those, too, I found out gradually, and by chance. He had turned away from everything; though he became a master at everything he attempted, none of his efforts allayed his misgivings, and he abandoned them all on strictly conscientious grounds. And yet, to speak only of his first activity, he had undoubtedly remained a poet. Wherein consisted the magic of his conversation, the precision and charm with which he steered a course among the most difficult subjects, omitting nothing that was worth considering (with the exception of himself)? What was it that enabled him to scrutinize the things of the world closely but without identifying with them? How did he hold in check the horror he felt, and what was the source of his delicacy, his secret insight into every impulse of the person he was talking to? But now I knew that he had won recognition as a poet and turned his back on it, whereas I was busy fighting for recognition. I was ashamed of not wanting to forgo it, and ashamed of having found out that he had once been something great that he no longer regarded as great. How could I face him without asking myself the reason for this disparagement of fame? Did he disapprove of me for attaching so much importance to writing? He had read nothing of mine; no book by me had been published. He could know me only from our conversation, and I provided only a minimal part of that.

Not seeing him was almost unbearable, for I knew he was sitting there at that hour, possibly looking at the revolving door to see if I was coming in. Each day, I felt more keenly that I couldn't survive without him. I would just have to summon up the courage to appear before him and not speak of what I now knew, to take up where we had left off, and dispense with knowing what he thought of me until the book, which I wanted to submit to his

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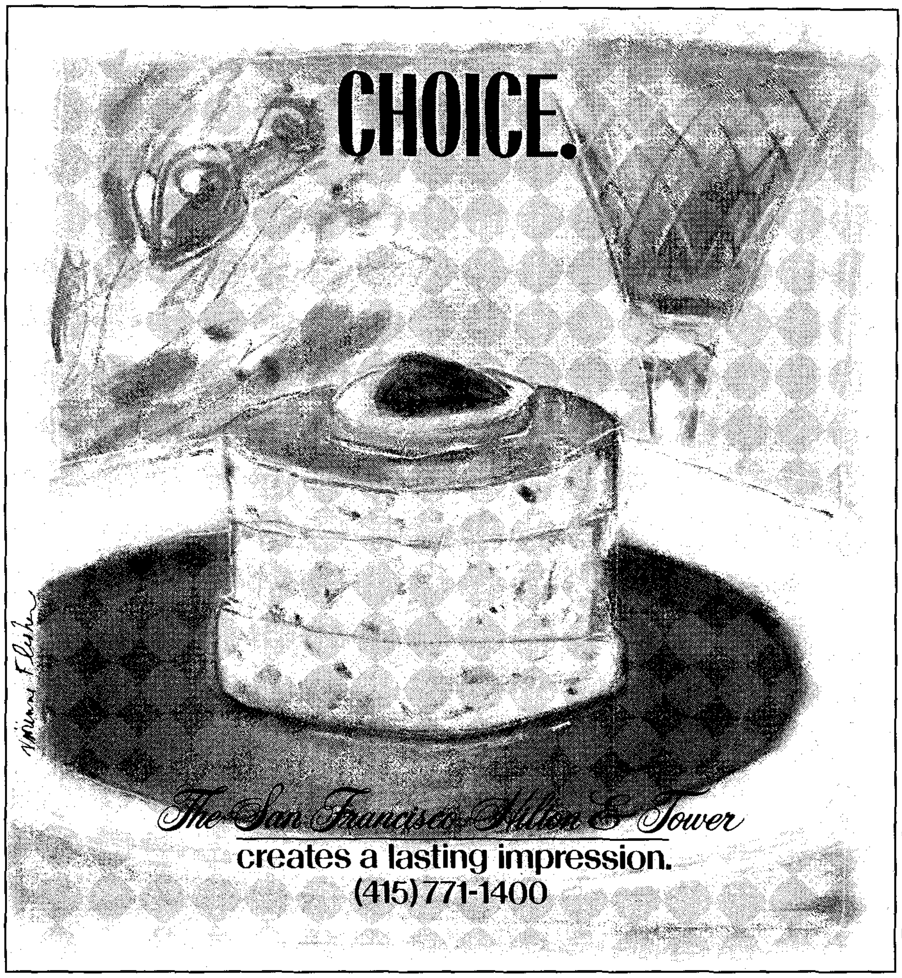

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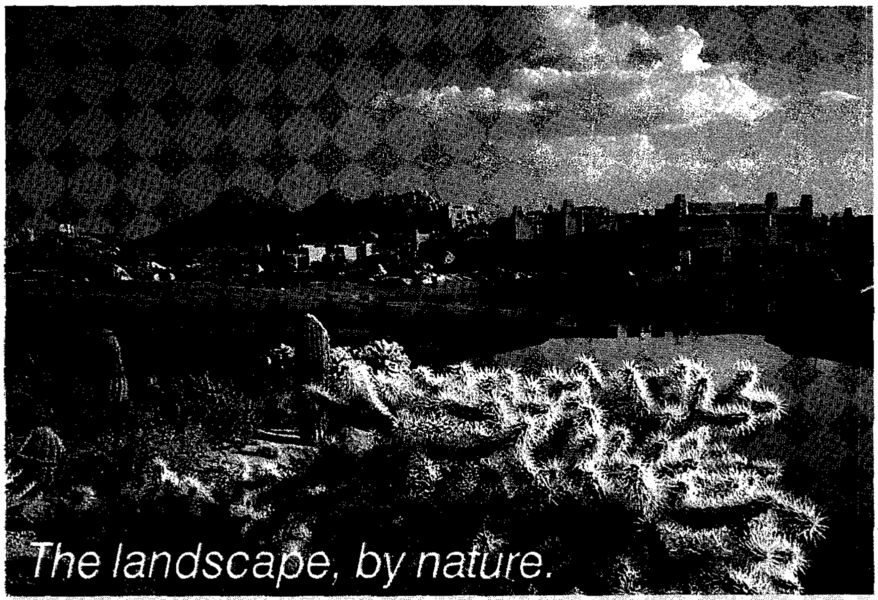

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judgment, and to his judgment alone, should be available.

I KNEW the intensity of obsession, the incisiveness of constant repetition that never lost its force; it was to this that Karl Kraus owed his power over his audience. And here I was sitting with a man who wore *his* face but who, though no less rigorous, was serene, for there was no fanaticism in him, and he wasn't interested in subjugating people. His was a mind that despised nothing, that addressed itself with the same concentrated power to every branch of knowledge. He saw a world divided into good and evil; there could never be any doubt as to what things were good and what things were evil, but the decision was up to every individual. He neither attenuated nor embellished but painted a picture of stunning clarity, which I was almost ashamed to accept as a gift, since in return nothing was asked of me but an open ear.

He accused no one. That was spared me. The reader must bear in mind the profound effect that Karl Kraus's perpetual accusations had had on me. They took possession of me and never let me go (to this day I detect wounds they left me with; not all have healed); they had the full force of commands. Since I accepted them in advance and never tried to evade them, I might have been better off if they had had the stringency of commands; then it would have been possible to carry them out, and they would not have become thorns in my flesh. But, as it was, Karl Kraus's sentences, as solidly built as fortresses, lay heavy and unwieldy on my chest, a crippling burden that I carried around with me, and though I had thrown off a good part of it while laboring on my novel and, later, while my play was erupting, there was still a danger that my rebellion would fail and end in serious psychic enslavement.

My liberation came from the face that so much resembled the oppressor's but said everything differently, in a richer, more complex, more highly ramified way. Instead of Shakespeare and the playwright Nestroy, who were so esteemed by Karl Kraus, I was given the Bible, not as the gospel but as one gospel among many. And always Sonne knew the exact wording. When the conversation turned to it apropos of something or other, he would recite a passage of some length, which I did not understand, followed quickly, sentence after sentence, by the luminous but thoroughly sound translation of a poet—a privilege that anybody would have envied me. I alone received it; I received it without asking, just as it flowed from his mouth. Of course, I received other quotations as well, but many of these were known to me, and they did not give me the feeling that they represented the authentic essence of the speaker's childhood wisdom. Then, for the first time, I began to appreciate the *language* of the Prophets, whom I had encountered fifteen years before in the paintings of Michelangelo—paintings that had made so powerful an impression on me that they had kept me away from the written words. Now I heard these words from the mouth of a unique man, and it was as though he were all the Prophets in one. He resembled them, and yet he did not; he resembled them not as a zealot but as one who was filled with the torment of things to come, about which he spoke to me without apparent emotion. Moreover, he lacked the one most terrible passion of the Prophets, who insisted on being right even when they proclaimed the worst. Sonne would have given his last breath *not* to be right. He saw the war he detested coming, he saw the course it would take. He saw how it could have been prevented, and he would have given anything to invalidate his dire prophecy. When we parted after a friendship of four years, I going to England, he to Jerusalem, neither of us wrote any letters. Step by step, in every detail, everything he had predicted came to pass. The events affected me doubly, for I lived through what I had already heard from him. All those years I carried them within me, and then, mercilessly, they came true.

LONG after Sonne's death, I learned the reason for his rather stiff gait. As a young man—in Jerusalem, I believe—he had hurt his spine in a fall from a horse. How well it mended, and whether he had to wear a brace, I do not know. But this was the reason for what some friends, in poetic exaggeration, called his "royal bearing."

When he translated the Psalms or Proverbs to me, I saw him as the royal poet. Yet this same man, prophet and poet in one, could disappear completely; hidden behind his newspaper he was quite invisible, while he was aware of everything around him. This absence of color, as it were, and his lack of ambition—these were what truly amazed me about him.

I have singled out just one of the

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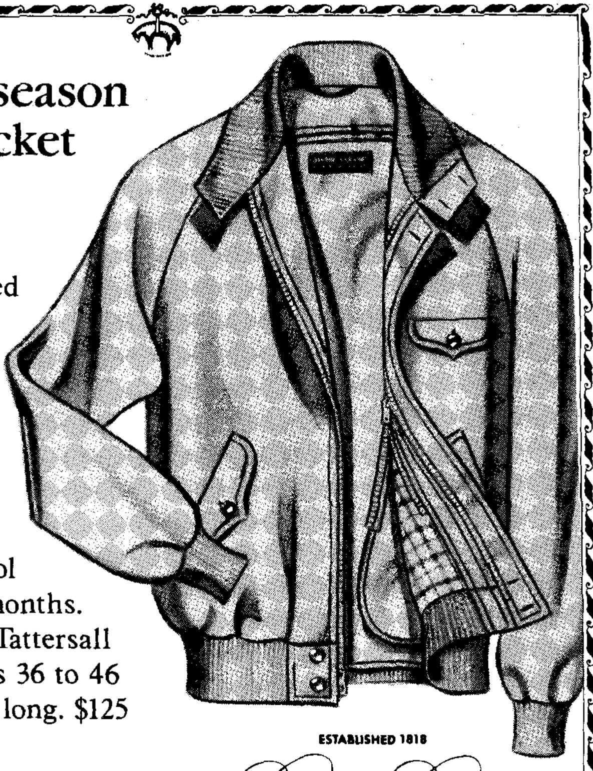

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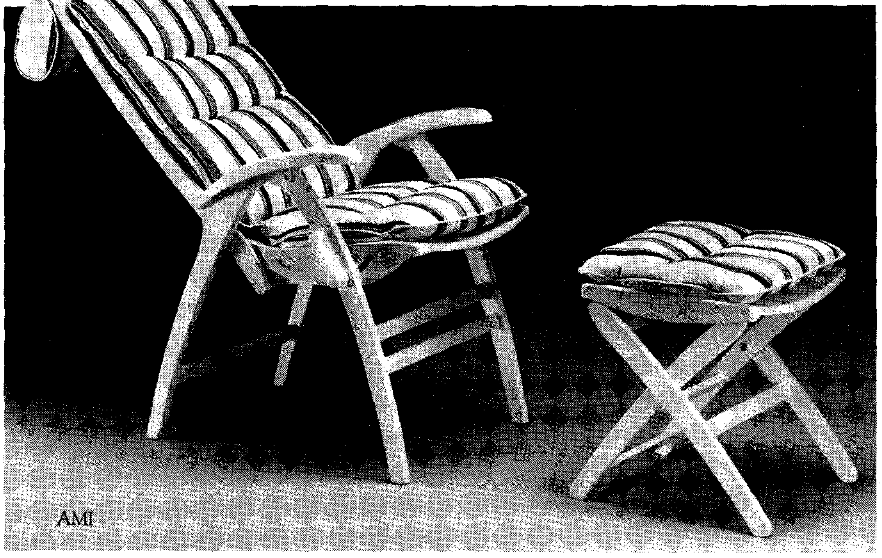

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subjects touched on in our conversations at the Café Museum: the Bible. My not naming the others might leave the impression that Sonne was one of those who make a display of their Jewishness. The exact opposite is true. In reference neither to himself nor to me did he use the word "Jew." It was a word he never used. As a point of pride or as the target of vicious mobs, the word was unworthy of him. He was imbued with the tradition but did not take pride in it. He took no credit for the glories he knew so well. I had the impression that he was not a believer. The esteem in which he held all men forbade him to exclude any, even the basest, from the full claim to humanity.

In many ways, he was a model. Once I had known him, no one else could become a model for me. He was a model in the only way that can make a model effective. Then—fifty years ago—he seemed unequalable, and unequalable he has remained for me.

An Audience

I GAVE a reading in the auditorium of the Schwarzwald School on April 17, 1935. The hall was packed. Most, if not all, of the members of the Sezession and the Hagenbund were there—painters and sculptors, the architects of the Neuer Werkbund, only a few of whom were known to me. But there were also writers and others who meant a good deal to me.

I must mention the two I esteemed most highly. One was the Angel Gabriel, as I privately called Dr. Sonne; and as secret as this name, which he bore only for me, and which I am now revealing for the first time, was his presence. He managed to be seen by no one, and yet I felt protected by his sword. The other was Robert Musil; he came with his wife and with a married couple who were good friends of his, as they were of mine, and who had for some time been tactfully laying the groundwork for this meeting. The presence of Musil meant more to me than had that of James Joyce two months before at a reading I gave in Zurich. For while Joyce was at the peak of his fame, Musil, whom I had been reading seriously for only a year, struck me as equally deserving of fame; moreover, he was closer to me.

I was full of the presence of Dr. Sonne and Musil. I saw Musil facing me in the second row, and felt a slight twinge of fear that he would get up and go in the short intermission I had arranged after reading the "Kind Father" section of my unpublished novel "Auto-da-Fé," as Joyce had done after I read my play "Comedy of Vanity" in Zurich. But Musil didn't get up and he didn't go; on the contrary, he seemed spellbound. Sitting as rigid as usual, he leaned slightly forward; his head made the impression of a projectile aimed at me but restrained by his prodigious self-control.

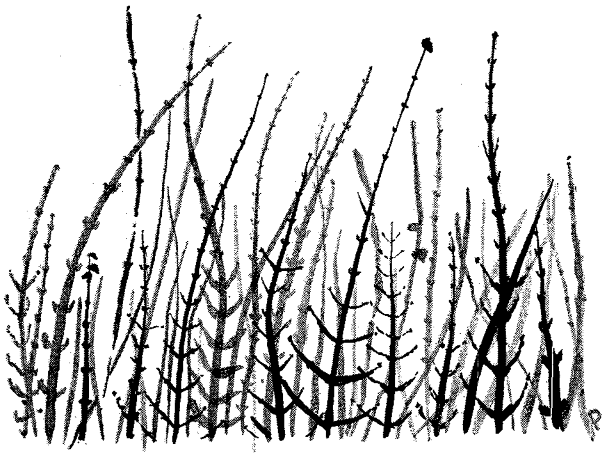
Sonne, to whom I give second billing just this once, was invisible. I knew I wouldn't find him, so I didn't look for him. For me, however, this was a decisive moment in our relationship. After all the conversations he had favored me with for more than a year, this was his first encounter with any of my writing. I had never shown him a manuscript; he had realized, though not a word had ever been said about it, that I felt ashamed of not yet having published a book, and that with him, who shunned all publicity, but only with him, I lost this sense of shame. He never asked me about it: he never said, "Wouldn't you like to show me the novel Broch has told me about?" He never said anything, because he knew that as soon as the book was out and it was no longer possible to make changes I would bring it to him.

He also knew that I had to *protect* my manuscript from his judgment, because a word from him, and from him alone, could have destroyed it. To that danger, which I clearly recognized, I exposed neither the novel nor the two plays I had written, and I did not regard this as cowardice, because these three works, which I had not even managed to publish, were all I had. I felt capable of protecting them against anyone else. But against him I would have been defenseless, because instinctively but also very deliberately I had raised him up to be my supreme authority, to whom I would incline because I needed such an authority no less than I needed my awareness that my three works existed. But now he had come, and—oddly, perhaps, in view of the foregoing—I felt no fear of his presence.

The moment the reading was over, Musil came up to me, and it seemed to me that he spoke to me warmly, without the reserve for which he was known. I was confused and intoxicated. His face, not his back, was turned toward me. I saw his face close to mine, and I was too overwhelmed to catch what he was saying.

We were separated; others crowded around, including many whom I was seeing for the first time. Then someone announced that we were going to a restaurant, to the Steindl-Keller, that a room had been reserved on the second floor. It was a long, straggling procession that made its way through the streets; when I arrived and looked into the room that had been set aside for us, I saw that a good many people were already seated at a long, horseshoe-shaped table. Musil was standing undecided in the doorway with his wife. He hesitated, looked into the room, but did not move. When I went up to them and respectfully invited him to join us, he excused himself; there were too many people, he said, the room was too crowded. He still seemed undecided, but it was hard for him to reverse himself after expressly declining. In the end, he found a table outside the room, and there he installed himself with his wife.

Perhaps it was better so, for how could I have felt free in his presence? It would have been inappropriate to have him sitting there, hemmed in by all these people, who had come to eat, drink, and make noise in honor of a young writer. I had to invite him when I saw him standing in the doorway and sensed his indecision; to accept his exclusion would have been more tactless than to invite him. And quite possibly he had waited for an invitation before declining. All Musil's defensive gestures, which I saw directed at myself or others, struck me as invariably right. I would hate to lose the memory of them. If this had been my only meeting with him (luckily, it was



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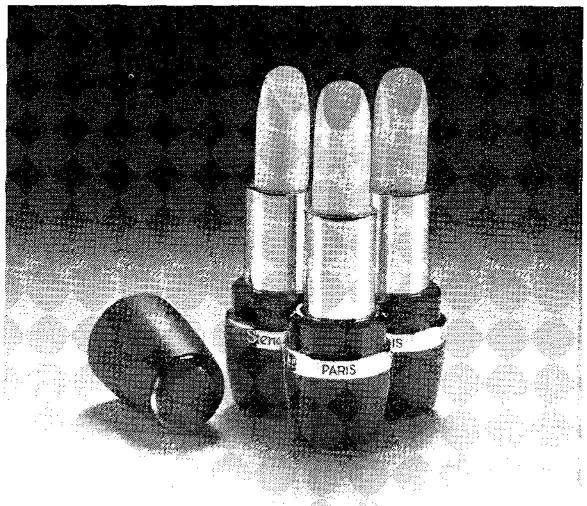

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not), I would nevertheless have the feeling that I had known him in a precise, appropriate way, compatible with the language of his work.

The atmosphere in the inner room was boisterous. A few of the painters were there, and they didn't have to be taught how to celebrate. I said to myself that not one person was there whose presence I was ashamed of. Fortunately, one does not look at things too closely on such occasions. But, especially when toasts began going around, I felt that something was missing. I hesitated, as though I should wait a moment before drinking. I didn't know why, for I had forgotten the all-important. Perhaps amid this general rejoicing, which had taken hold of me, too, I was afraid to tell myself that the decision, the crux, was still to come. I must have expected the judgment, but I wasn't looking for it. I was not in a state of mind to notice exactly who was there. Little by little, they would all speak up, I could rely on that. But once, just once, I felt that someone was looking at me. No one called out to me. I glanced, without searching, in a certain direction. At some distance from me, frail, rather squeezed in, in total silence, sat Dr. Sonne. As soon as he found my eyes on him, he raised his glass very gently, smiled, and drank my health. It seemed to me that his lips moved, but I could hear nothing; there was something unreal about hand and glass—they hovered motionless, as in a photograph.

He said no more to me—not even in the following days, when we again sat together at one of the round marble tables at the Café Museum. He had spoken to me by raising his glass, by holding it aloft; that meant more to me than any audible words. Since he had heard only parts, and no complete work, he didn't wish to speak. But he hadn't barred my way, he hadn't warned me of any danger he had sighted. He had left me a free passage, in his considerate way that respected all life. I interpreted as approval what may even then have been more.

HIGHER AUTHORITY

LATER in 1935, "Auto-da-Fé" was at last published. I myself had no fears; it was as if Veza had taken them all upon herself. My faith in the book had been reinforced by almost every publisher's rejection. I felt certain that the book would be a success, though perhaps not an immediate one. I don't know what gave me this certainty. Perhaps one defends oneself against the hostility of one's contemporaries by unhesitatingly appointing posterity as one's judge. That puts an end to all petty misgivings. One stops asking oneself what this one and that one are likely to say. Since it doesn't matter, one prefers not to think about it. Nor does one stop to recall what in times past contemporaries said about the books one loves. One sees the books for themselves, detached from all the bothersome trivia in which their authors were involved in their lifetimes. In some cases, the books themselves have become gods: that means not only that they will always be around but also that they have always been around.

One cannot be absolutely sure about this gratifying posterity. Here, again, there are judges, but they are hard to find, and some unfortunate writers may never meet the man whom they can with a good conscience appoint their posterity expert. I had met such a man, and after long talks with him over a period of a year and a half my respect for him was so great that if he had sentenced "Auto-da-Fé" to death I would have accepted his verdict. I lived for five weeks in expectation of his sentence.

I had inscribed his copy with words that no one else could have understood: "For Dr. Sonne, to me still more. E.C."

In the copies I had sent to Broch, Alban Berg, and Musil I was not chary of expressions of esteem; I wrote clearly and plainly what I felt, in terms intelligible to all. With Dr. Sonne, it was different. Since an "intimate" word had never been spoken between us, I had never dared tell him how greatly I honored him. I never mentioned his name to anyone without the "Doctor." This should not be taken to signify that the title meant anything to me; practically everyone you met in Vienna called himself "Doctor." The word merely served as a kind of buffer. One didn't just come out with the man's name. I prepared the way with a neutral, colorless word, which made it clear that I was not entitled to intimacy, that the name would always keep its distance. And it was thanks to this distancing title that so sacred a word as "Sonne"—luminous, searing, winged, the source and, it was still believed at that time, end of all life—did not, for all its roundness and smoothness, become a household word. I didn't even *think* the name without the title; whether I was alone or with others, it was always "Dr. Sonne," and only now, after fifty years, has the title begun to seem too stiff and formal. I shall not use it very often from now on.

At that time, only the man to whom my inscription was addressed could understand that he meant more to me than the sun. For no one else did I reduce my own name to initials. The handwriting remained incorrigibly self-assured: this was not a man who wanted to disappear; with this book, which for years had existed only in secret, he was at last challenging the public. But he wished to disappear in the presence of *him*, the man who was concerned not with himself but only with ideas.

One afternoon in mid-October, at the Café Museum, I handed Dr. Sonne the book, which he had never seen in manuscript, which I had never mentioned to him, of which he had heard only an isolated chapter at a reading. He may have heard more about it from others, perhaps from Broch or Merkel. Broch's opinion in literary matters may well have meant something to him, but he would not have taken it on faith. He trusted only his own judgment, though he would never have dreamed of saying so. After that, I saw him, as usual, every day. Every afternoon, I went to the café and sat down with him; he made no secret of the fact that he was waiting for me. The conversations to which I owed my rebirth at the age of thirty continued. Nothing changed; true, every conversation was new, but not new in a different way. His words offered no indication that he had been reading my novel. On that subject he remained obstinately silent, and so did I. I burned to know if he had *begun*, at least *begun*, but I never asked him. I had learned to respect every corner of his silence, for only when he began unexpectedly to speak of something was he at his true level. His independence, which he maintained quite openly, but always with tact and gentleness, taught me the meaning of an independent mind, and in my dealings with him I was certainly not going to disregard what I had learned from him.

Week after week went by. I kept my impatience under control. A rejection from him, however fully documented, however compellingly reasoned, would have destroyed me. It was to him alone that I accorded the right to pass an intellectual death sentence on me. He kept silent, and evening after evening,

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when I came home to Veza, from whom I couldn't very well conceal anything all-important like this, she asked me, "Did he say anything?"

I replied, "No, I don't think he's had time to look at it."

"What? He hasn't had time? When every day he spends two hours at the café with you?"

Or I might affect indifference and toss out lightly, "We've talked about dozens of 'Auto-da-Fé's," or try to divert her in some other way.

Then she would lose her temper and cry out, "You're a slave! That's what he's done to you. I'd never have expected you to choose a master. At last the book is out, but you've turned into a slave!"

No, I was not his slave. If he had done or said something contemptible, I would not have gone along with him. From him least of all would I have accepted anything base or contemptible. But I was absolutely sure that he was incapable of doing anything stupid or base. It was this absolute, though open-eyed, trust that Veza regarded as slavery. It was a feeling she knew very well, because it was how she felt about me. In this feeling she now felt justified by three valid works. But what works had Dr. Sonne ever produced? If any, he had known how to conceal them. Why would he do that? Did he think them unworthy of the few people with whom he associated? She was well aware that what Broch, Merkel, and others most admired in him was his self-abnegation. But it seemed inhuman that he should carry self-abnegation so far as to keep silent for weeks about my book, though we saw each other every day. She didn't mince words. She attacked him in every way. Her usually ready wit seemed to forsake her when she spoke of him. Since she herself didn't feel sure about the book, she was afraid his silence meant condemnation, and she knew what an effect that would have on me.

ONE afternoon at the Café Museum—we had just exchanged greetings and sat down—Sonne said without preamble, without apology, that he had read my novel, and would I like to know what he thought of it? And he proceeded to talk for two hours; that afternoon, we spoke of nothing else. He illuminated the book from every angle; he established connections I had not suspected. He dealt with it as a book that had existed for a long time and would continue to exist. He explained where it came from and showed where it would inevitably lead. If he had contented himself with vague compliments, I would have been pleased after waiting for five weeks, because I would have known that his approval was sincere. But he did far more. He brought up particulars that I had indeed written but could not explain, and showed me why they were right and could not have been different.

He spoke as though he were taking me with him on a voyage of discovery. I learned from him as if I were someone else, not the author; what he set before me was so startling I would hardly have recognized it as my own. It was amazing enough that he had every slightest detail at his command, as though he were commenting on some ancient text before students in a classroom. The distance he thus created between me and my book was greater than the four years during which the manuscript had lain in my drawer. I saw before me an edifice thought out in every detail, which carried its dignity and justification within itself. I was fascinated by every one of his ideas, each one came as a surprise, and my only wish was that he would never stop talking. I still preserve intact within me a good part of the treasure that Sonne gave me then. Some people are surprised that I still respond with wonderment to every new reaction to my book. The reason is to be sought in this treasure, the one treasure in my life that I like to keep an eye on and that I knowingly administer. —Elias Canetti

(*Translated, from the German, by Ralph Manheim.*)

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[*From a leaflet found inside a package of an instant-food preparation made in India*]

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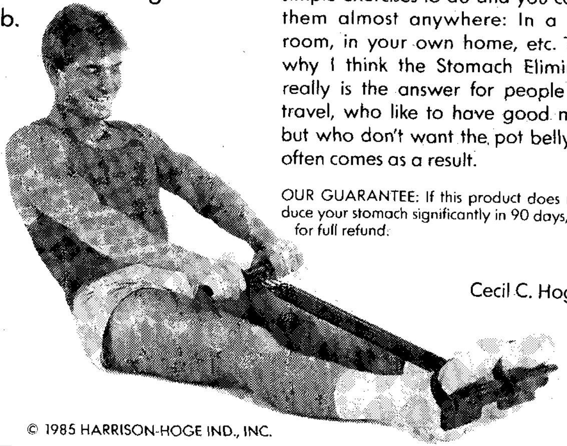
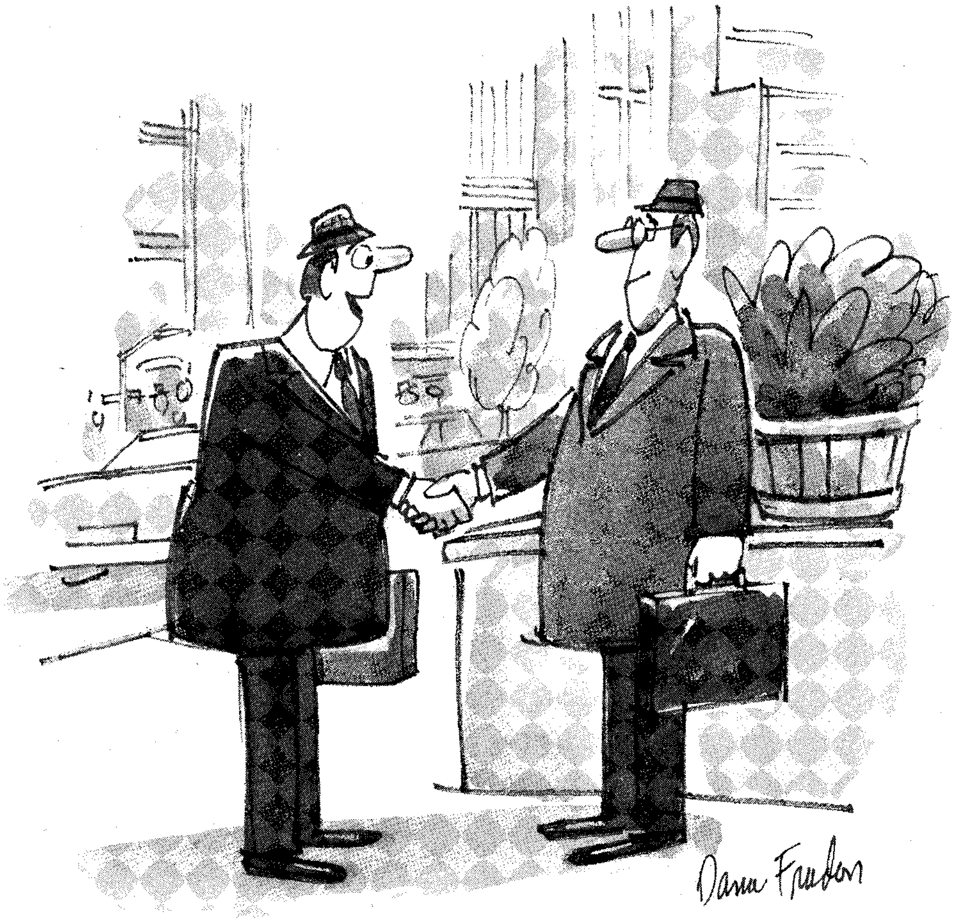


MUSICAL EVENTS

Serious, Stirring

SERGEI TANEYEV—a pupil of Tchaikovsky, a teacher of Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, and many others—is a satisfying composer. He stands apart from the Russian nationalists: his invention is less colorful, individual, and exotic than theirs. "The Russian Brahms" is his common label; although musically misleading—one can hardly mistake Taneyev's music for Brahms'—it does suggest his concern with ways that music works on purely musical levels rather than with illustration or with subscription to any literary program. His only opera, an "Oresteia," has no vivid personal characterizations or graphic depiction of events—it is very different from Mussorgsky's "Boris"—but it does have Aeschylean grandeur and nobility. In Taneyev's music one finds a reflection of the honest, upright character that won the admiration and affection of men whose musical aims were very different from his. He lived frugally. He was a friend of Tolstoy. Unlike most Russian composers, he didn't drink. In 1905, he resigned his post at the Moscow Conservatory in sympathy with revolutionary students who he felt were being unjustly disciplined.

For many people, a first encounter with Taneyev outside the pages of music histories was probably effected by David Oistrakh's championship, in concert and on disk, of the Concert Suite for violin and orchestra. Oistrakh's record of the Suite is no longer in print here, but there is a good version, with Christian Altenburger the violinist and Yuri Ahronovich the conductor, on the Pro Arte label. Ahronovich's performance of Taneyev's impressive, lovable C-Minor Symphony is also available, on Arabesque. Other recordings of his music—including an "Oresteia" on Deutsche Grammophon—have come and gone. One of them was an Angel/Melodiya disk of choral music which included five of the twelve Yakov Polonsky settings, for unaccompanied chorus, that make up Taneyev's Opus 27. Ten of the twelve—a thirty-five-minute stretch of rich and beautiful music—were sung last month by the Dessoff Choirs, conducted by Amy Kaiser, in a Merkin Hall concert.



"Fred Homerson! How are you? How's the wife? The kids? The traditional family values?"

Taneyev was soaked in Bach, and in Ockeghem, Josquin, and Lassus. He wrote a treatise, "Invertible Counterpoint in the Strict Style." His writing in the Polonsky settings is thoroughly, but not dryly or academically, contrapuntal. The lines lead through adventurous harmonies. The false relations are bold. The chromatic themes, with uninhibited tritone leaps, must be hard to pitch accurately. The canons are flexible. Taneyev's scoring for voices is masterly; varied accentuations and attacks and unconventional spacing produce an almost "orchestral" range of timbres and textures. The songs have the careful, scrupulous finish of all his music. They are at once elegantly wrought and unconventional, unpredictable. Composed in 1909 and dedicated to the chorus of a Moscow School for Workers, they may not have been intended to be performed as a cycle. (The two that the Dessoff omitted—one with the promising title "Music Suddenly Sounded from Eternity"—were dropped from printings of Opus 27 after the first edition.) But they made an excellent sequence, varied in motion, manner, and mood, which proceeded from lyricism to a central double climax ("On the Ship," a tempest scene with shipwreck narrowly escaped, and a defiant "Prometheus") and closed with scenes of stillness broken by some stormy episodes. Four four-part songs are followed by two in five parts, one in seven, one in six, and, finally, two in eight parts, treated as a double chorus. The poems use Symbolist imagery—wave, bird, vessel, rock—in an almost Mallarméan way. The Dessoff performance was given in an English translation, by Miss Kaiser, that sang well. (It was startling to find a raven, not an eagle, sent to rend Prometheus.) The choir, sixty-five strong, produced a fine range of tone colors and dynamics, and was supple in rhythm and rubato, generally very true of pitch, and quick to retune into consonance if a chord reached by tortuous chromatic paths was not quite truly struck.

The Taneyev ended the concert. It began with part-songs by Bartók and Kodály, duets by Dvořák and Brahms (sung by Elizabeth Pruett and Lynn Beckstrom), and Brahms' anodyne Four Songs for Women's Chorus, Two Horns, and a Harp. Daniel Pin-

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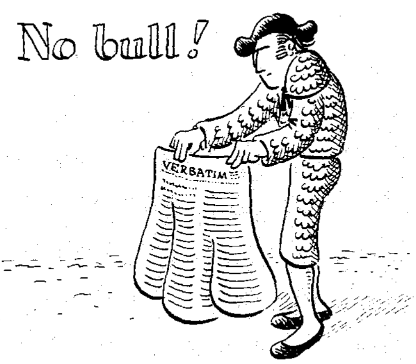

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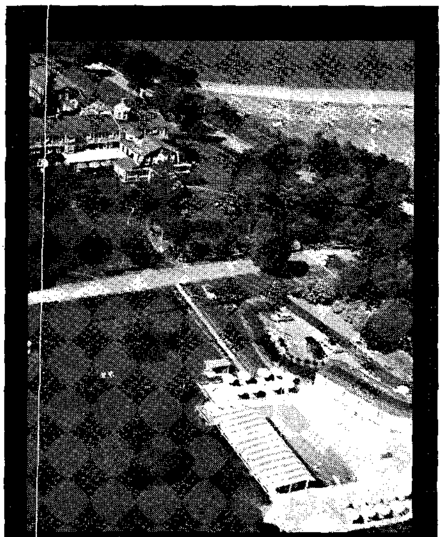
cus, a lively and engaging tenor, joined Miss Pruett and Miss Beckstrom in a group from Shostakovich's "From Jewish Folk Poetry."

I Cantori di New York, eighteen strong, conducted by Bart Folse, gave a concert in CAMI Hall last week with the title "Laments and Mad Scenes." It began with two Petrarch settings, Monteverdi's "Zefiro torna" and Marenzio's "Solo e pensoso," and continued with the madrigal version of Monteverdi's "Lamento d'Arianna." The program included another setting of "Solo e pensoso," by James Wagoner—born in 1955, four hundred years after Marenzio. This was poignant, and sensitive to the words, but not as vivid as Marenzio's brief "tone poem," with its slow, lonely path traced by the soprano, its clustering final bars as the poet reflects that he can find no paths so rough and wild that Love does not "ever come communing with me, and I with him." A pity that Giaches de Wert's extravagantly graphic setting of the same sonnet was not also sung. The only mad scene was Jacob Avshalomov's "Tom o' Bedlam" (1953), for chorus, oboe, jingles, and tabor. Two other pieces for chorus and oboe had been written for the concert. Wagoner's "The Falcon" is a direct, skillful setting of the Corpus Christi Carol. Frank Russo's "The Dakota," a setting of lines by Amy Clampitt, is a shadowy, layered piece—a dark, sad scene evoked by oboe (David Rowland), solo tenor (Jeffrey Sweetland), and a chorus of ghostly voices. The Cantori cultivate a smooth, refined tone; some passages called for harder, tangier sound and a crying out, rather than merely neat pronunciation, of the words.

The Met's revival of "Aida" last month was almost without merit: a brainless and boring presentation of the opera, undercast, and enacted without drama in ugly and ineffective scenery. Anna Tomowa-Sintow, a good plain soprano, had neither the fullness nor the beauty of tone for the title role. Fiorenza Cossotto, a veteran Amneris, still has authority, but her voice was hard and unalluring. Luciano Pavarotti, doing his first Radamès here, looked like a great gilded tent with a whiskered head on top, and sang without light and shade. Matteo Manuguerra was a low-powered Amonasro. Dimitri Kavrakos's Ramfis, smoothly and cleanly sung, in shaped phrases, lent a touch of distinc-



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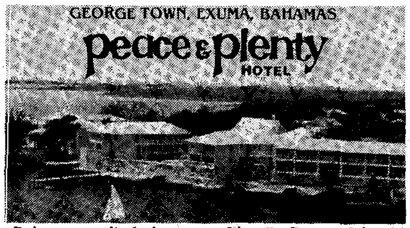

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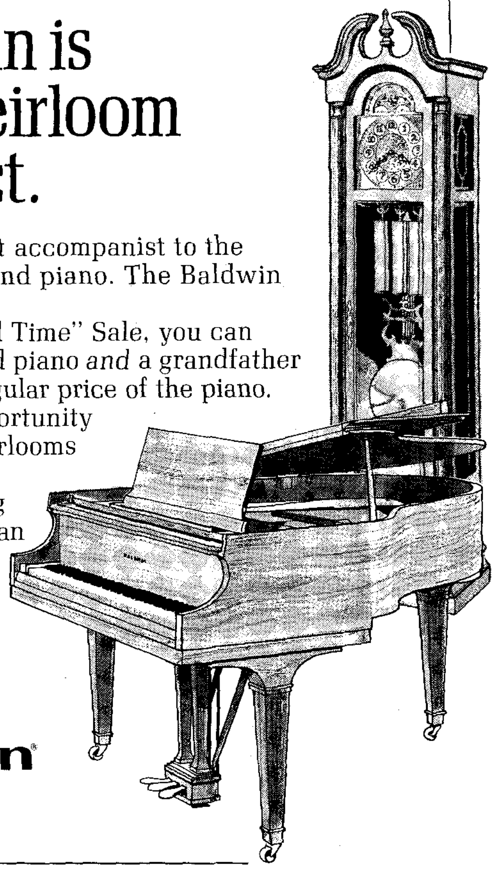
tion to the evening. James Levine conducted. The production was credited to John Dexter, and David Sell was the stage director.

THE Met's new production of "Carmen" was quite different—presented as if to an intelligent audience appreciative of opera as something more than singers moving around and making loud noises. As Carmen, Maria Ewing gave an electric performance. She employed an uncommonly large range of vocal devices, from richly throbbing vibrato to bleached, desolate tone, from faint (but always audible) murmuring to full-throated cries. She phrased with the verbal incisiveness and subtlety of a cabaret singer. (After her Glyndebourne Carmen last year, at least two critics drew parallels with Edith Piaf.) She closed Act I with a daring bel-canto *messa di voce*, on the sustained F of the final "Prends garde à toi," which was at once highly dramatic—a last insolent challenge flung at Zuniga—and vocally ravishing. The grace notes, mordents, and small, flickering roulades of the role were all distinctly sounded, not slighted, and they were given meaning. Miss Ewing's kaleidoscopic approach to the role displeased some people, but I thought I had never heard Bizet's music brought to life with so much variety, intensity, and detail. A music critic is exposed often to "Carmen." I have seen most of the eminent interpreters of the title role in the last four decades (not yet Agnes Baltsa, who comes to the Met production next season). Miss Ewing joins the short list of those who have left an indelible impression.

The production, directed by Peter Hall and designed by John Bury, derives from Glyndebourne's. For the Met version, Mr. Bury has cunningly made the huge stage seem quite crowded and cluttered: the piece was composed for the Opéra-Comique, and this is in effect an intimate "Carmen." It is done with the spoken dialogue (much more of which than usual is included), and it has the "tightness" that the composer aimed at. The visual conception is somewhat too persistently sombre for my taste; Bizet said that his "Carmen" would be "a *gay* thing," by which he no doubt meant that the tragedy would be set amid scenes of sun-drenched brilliance. In this staging, the Act I sky is black, and the Act IV sky part blue and part black; the dragoons—the



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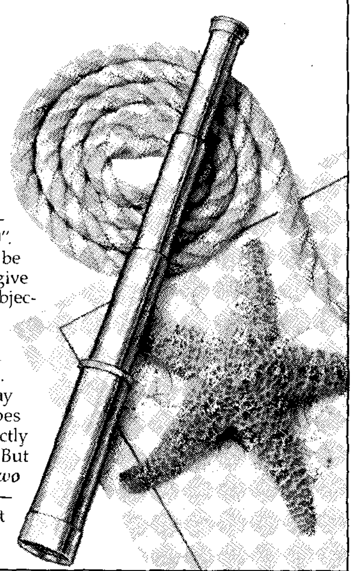

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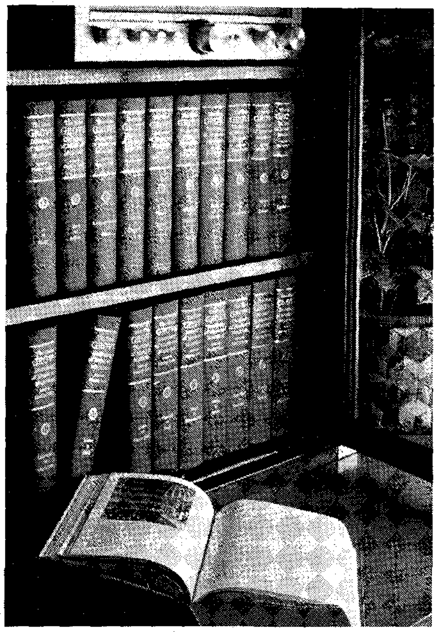

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canaris—wear subfusc, not yellow, uniforms. Mr. Bury's buildings sometimes rest unconvincingly on large stages, and his first act is as architecturally uneasy, in matters of proportion and perspective, as was his "Macbeth" décor. (What happens on those two windowless stories of the cigarette factory?) Act III has become a snow scene. In a production whose idiom is essentially realistic, it looks odd when Carmen deals cards onto the snow and when people sit about casually on what fluttering paper flakes have established as snow-covered ground or rocks. That's not real-life behavior. Sir Peter, however, has a gift for making "operatic" behavior seem real and natural, and most of the time it is splendidly displayed here. The transitions from speech to song are as deftly handled as those from recitative to aria in his Mozart productions. His only stagy mannerism—it was obtrusive, too, in the Bayreuth "Ring"—is to put characters down on their knees for important numbers. (Micaëla knelt in the snow to sing her aria.) The chorus looked as if it needed more rehearsal to complete its transformation from stock choristers into living people. But, in general, this "Carmen" has the freshness that distinguishes all Sir Peter's work. There is no forced search for something new and different but, rather, keen, intelligent, fresh-eyed observation of what is there.

In the first two performances, Luis Lima was the Don José. I saw the third performance, at which Placido Domingo took over. He has long been a notable José. Although he looked and sounded somewhat mature to be the ideal match for Miss Ewing's mercurial Carmen, and although he has long since renounced the use of melting soft tones, he gave an impressive performance, and he was impassioned in the finale. Catherine Malfitano's raven-haired Micaëla was lively and was purely sung, if a little fiercely at the climax of the aria. Michael Devlin's Escamillo was hardly dashing. The smaller parts were well played, fluently spoken, and—apart from an edgy Frasquita and Mercédès—decently sung. James Levine, conducting, was in top form. Whereas "Aida" had found him in his blow-the-brasses, bang-the-drums vein, this "Carmen" combined delicacy with brightness, and force with fineness. His accompanying was sensitive to the heroine's lightest breath and slightest inflection. The three entr'actes were

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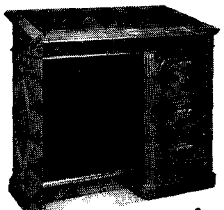

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exquisitely played; they became visions of an ideal, unsullied world of grace and beauty, and, as such, increased the tensions and contrasts of this most "objective" of all musical tragedies. Bizet advised his pupil Edmond Galabert to make Mozart's operas his constant inspiration. Good advice, too, for Bizet's interpreters.

SMETANA's "Libuše"—less an opera than a series of national, patriotic tableaux—is a noble and stirring score. Eve Queler, her Opera Orchestra of New York, and the New York Choral Society gave a generous, stirring account of it in Carnegie Hall last month. "Libuše" opened the Prague National Theatre, in 1881, and reopened it in 1983, after a six-year restoration and stage rebuilding. The two principals of that production (which has been recorded on Supraphon) also sang in the Carnegie performance: Gabriela Beňačková, as the Princess Libuše, and Václav Zítek, as Přemysl, the farmer she chooses to share her throne. Miss Beňačková brings power, passion, and majesty to the role. The sound is lustrous. She is not strident and squally, as Marie Podvalová and Naděžda Kniplová, her predecessors, were. (She comes to the Met next season, as Micaëla. Heroic casting!) Mr. Zítek has a well-formed baritone but was slightly bland in Přemysl's moving farewell to his fields, his plow, his farmhands. Miss Queler tends to encourage flat-out singing. Her Krasava and Radmila, Linda Roark-Strummer and Barbara Schramm, both screamed disagreeably. Her Chrudoš and Šťáhlav, Paul Plishka and Allan Glassman, belted at full power most of the time but stopped short of forcing their tones into coarseness. The grandeur and beauty of the work proved irresistible.

—ANDREW PORTER

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MOST DISAPPOINTING CORRECTION OF THE WEEK

[*From the Cincinnati Enquirer*]

An error in the Sunday Business section incorrectly said Brooke Astor and Mrs. Walter Annenberg are socialists. The word should have read socialites.

•

American Demographics reports the following populations of pets in America as of 1984: 46 million dogs, 45.3 million cats and 27 million aged birds.—*Madison (Wis.) Wisconsin State Journal.*

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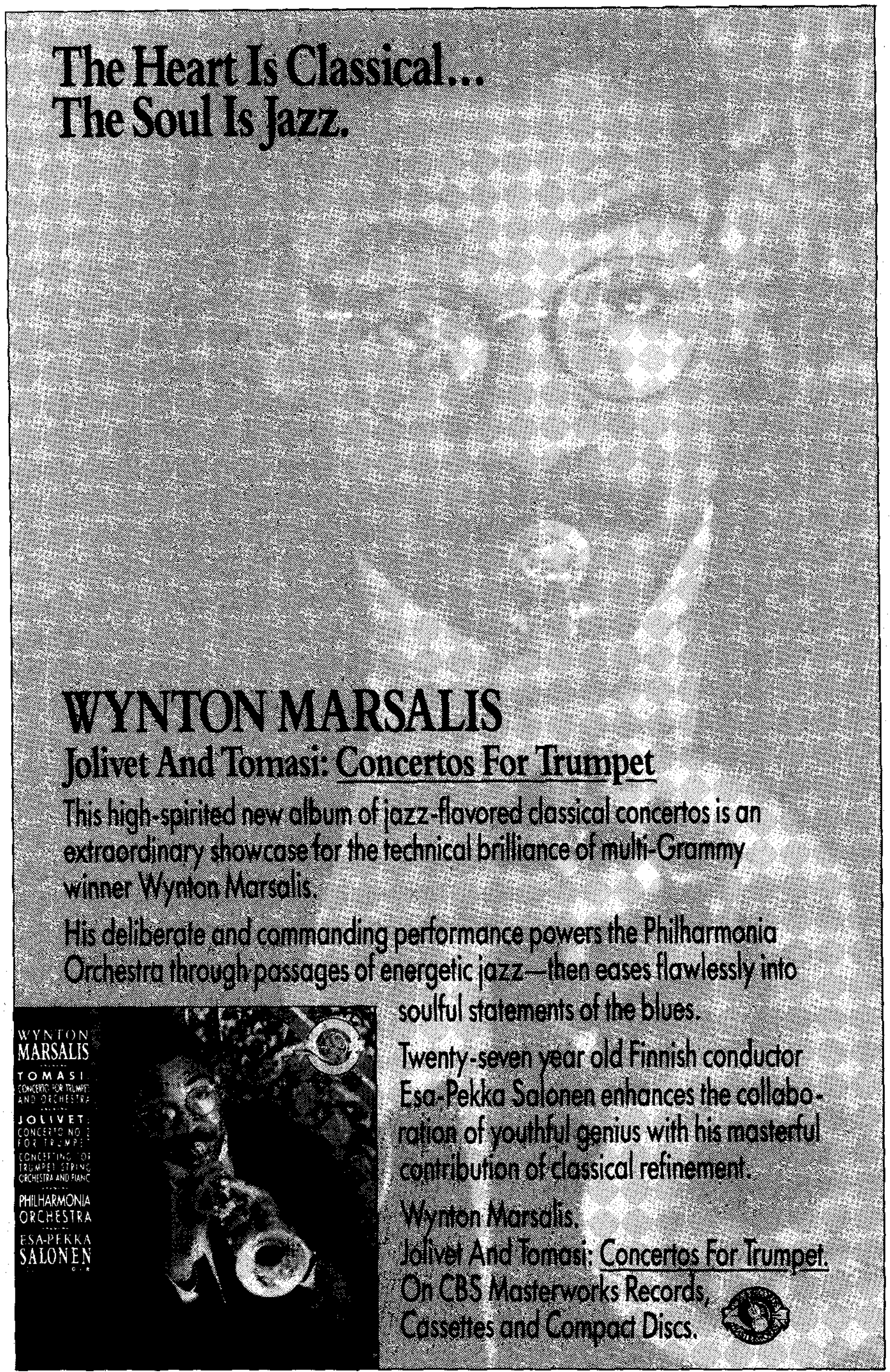
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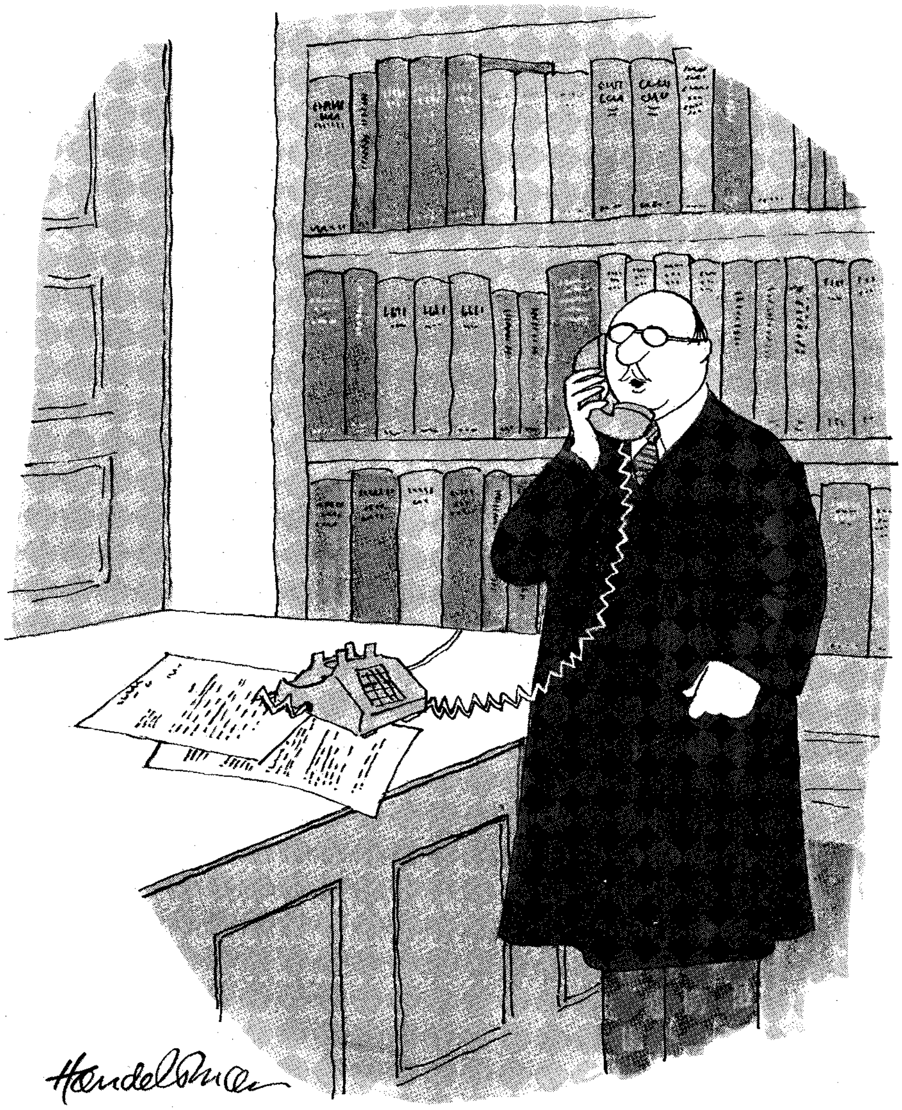
IF simple delight is what you're after, I can imagine no safer bet than "The Alchemedians," at the Lamb's, with Michael Moschen, supreme juggler and prestidigitator, and Bob Berky, supreme clown. Mr. Berky is also very nimble-fingered, and Mr. Moschen is also very funny. The show's essence is surprise—one small astonishment following the next. At the opening, before there are any signs of human life, silver bowls of assorted sizes come whirling onto the stage at assorted speeds. When the performers do appear, Mr. Moschen's bowls, tossed into the air, become beautiful; Mr. Berky's bowls become comical and sexy. (I see no reason to tell you how.) As the evening progresses, the following events occur: Mr. Moschen juggles crystal balls to exquisite effect and, eventually, silver rods that take on midair structures, so that he seems to become the spirit of Euclid himself; Mr. Berky, in traditional circus-clown getup—checked shirt, suspenders, false red-bulb nose—and with a kazoo at his lips, cons two volunteers, a man and a woman, from the audience and, with kazoo noises and insistent pantomime, instructs them in their duties, so that at the end of the turn we have a perfectly matched trio. Not one word is spoken all evening, but there is no lack of eloquence and, God knows, no lack of humor.

The setting and the constructions that serve as props, by John Kahn, are as startling and original as the men who handle them, and the lighting, by Jan Kroeze, is as subtle. Perfect music and costumes by David Van Tieghem and Mei-Ling Louie, respectively, and perfect direction by Ricardo Velez.



"Miss Antonacci, please have a regular coffee and a cheese Danish remanded to my chambers."

THE Public, which first introduced the Czech dramatist Václav Havel to American audiences eighteen years ago, with an indelible production of his "The Memorandum," last week presented a disastrous version of his "Largo Desolato," under the tyrannical direction of Richard Foreman. Mr. Havel, if you need reminding, has been unable to leave Czechoslovakia since the Russian invasion of 1968, his plays have been banned in his country since 1969, and he has twice been imprisoned there. The story of this play, obviously a very personal one, is about a professor of philosophy, active in human-rights movements, who has written a passage displeasing to the authorities and, in a panic, is waiting in his living room for what he is sure is inevitable arrest. He is visited there by, among others, a couple of friends, a couple of millworkers, the woman with whom he shares his apartment, his mistress, and a young woman student, all of whom offer encouragement and/or love; they are eventually followed by several representatives of the authorities, who offer menace but also a way for the professor to escape his troubles, if he chooses to take it.

In his attempt to re-create the nightmare world of the professor, Mr. Foreman afflicts every aspect of the performance with his stale trademarks—the crashing sounds, the flashing lights, the music peaking to crescendo, and, of course, the earsplitting doorbell, where a quiet one would have been much more frightening. In this story by a superb humorist and ironist, a story that tells itself, every irony, every chance for humor slip by. For Mr. Havel's irony and humor, that is, Mr. Foreman's hokum is in full flower. That fine actor Josef Sommer, ideally cast in the leading role, is turned into a puppet, his movements jerky and endlessly repeated and his facial expressions just grimaces. The other blameless actors, also reduced to puppets, include Joseph Wiseman, Sally Kirkland, Edward Zang, Diane Venora, Burke Pearson, and Larry Block. Blameless, too, is Marie Winn, who did the translation. The stunning setting was designed by Mr. Foreman and Nancy Winters; it was lighted by Heather Carson. —EDITH OLIVER

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THE SPORTING SCENE

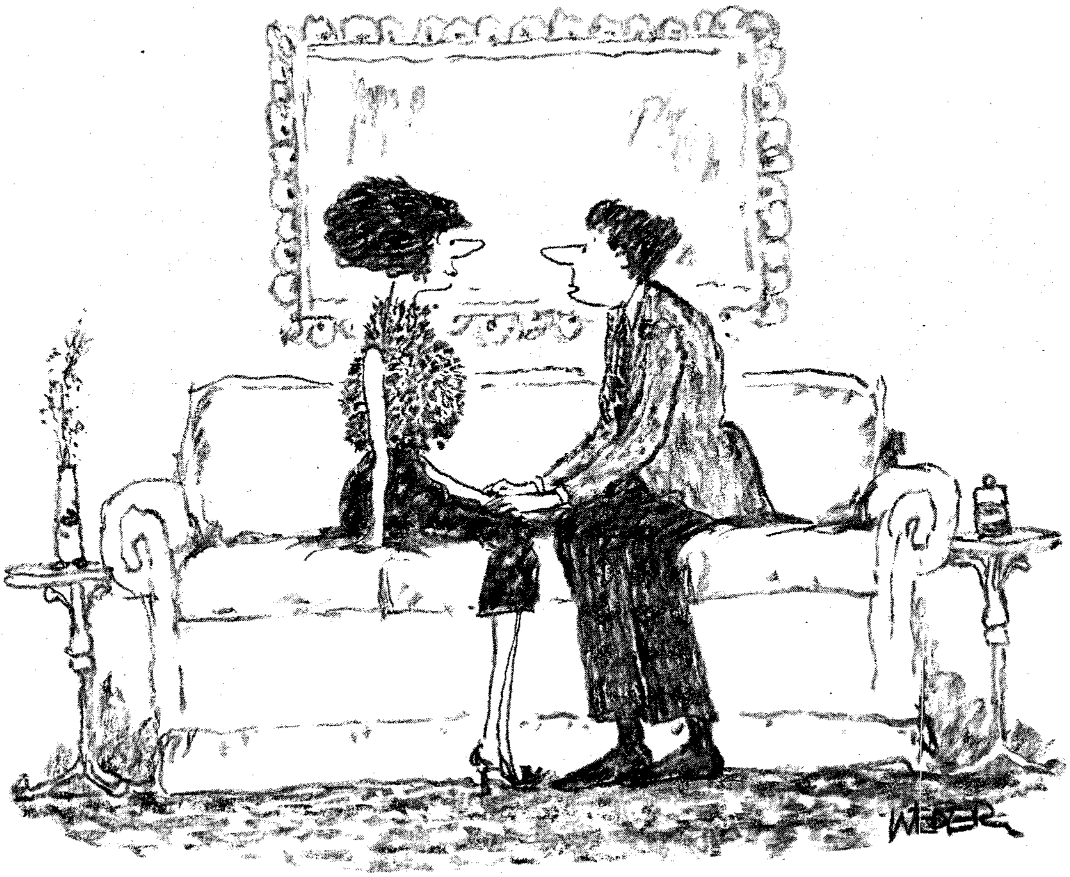
DREAMING

EVERY spring, I start going crazy for horses again, so this year I indulged myself by taking a trip to Santa Anita Park to have a look at Snow Chief, a California-bred colt who is being touted as an early favorite to win the Kentucky Derby. Santa Anita is in Arcadia, near Pasadena, and I arrived there on a rainy March afternoon that had turned the nearby San Gabriel mountains a deep shade of green. I hadn't been to Santa Anita for a few years, and I had forgotten how beautiful it is and how it resembles, in so many particulars, an Art Deco hotel from the nineteen-thirties. With its curved mirrors and etched glass, its Mexican tiles and semi-formal gardens, it projects an allure of faded Hollywood which is the essence of Southern California class. The chance of bumping into a retired movie star in the private turf club is extremely high, and I kept expecting to see Cary Grant and Fred Astaire huddled on a banquette comparing notes on promising fillies. The era of moguls, bellhops, and cigarette girls is still alive at Santa Anita.

Mel Stute is Snow Chief's trainer, and I met him at a bar near his box in the grandstand. He is a warm, friendly man with the creased and healthy face of a working cowboy. Around the clubhouse, he dresses in a tie and jacket, but you get the feeling that he would be more comfortable in jeans and rubber boots. There are trainers who appear never to have mucked out a stall, but Stute isn't one of them. His first job in racing was rubbing horses for his older brother, Warren, who also has a string stabled at Santa Anita, and he put in plenty of time in such places as Portland Meadows and Golden Gate Fields before settling into the big leagues. Mel Stute has always been known as a clever handler of claiming stock, but in his long career he has had only a few thoroughbreds of outstanding ability and only one—Bold 'N Rulling—that made it to Kentucky. Snow Chief has already won almost a million and a half dollars, more than any other three-year-old in the country, so Stute, who is approaching his sixtieth birthday, should probably be forgiven when he mentions the colt in the same breath as John Henry, the leading money-winner in racing history.

The second race of the afternoon was about to go off, and Stute and I watched it on television. He had two maiden geldings entered in it, Bride's Advice and Lord Prevue. The track was thick and muddy and had the gray-brown color of cafeteria pudding. When the gate snapped open, Stute began to move his arms back and forth in unison, bent at the elbow, as if he were skiing cross-country. I thought this must be one of his tricks for attracting good fortune. Every gambler has them. For instance, the playwright Sam Shepard, in his book "Motel Chronicles," says he keeps shifting his pari-mutuel tickets around until he finds a lucky pocket. The right front pocket is usually Shepard's hot spot for the Daily Double, but he prefers the left front for straight-win tickets and exactas. I have a friend who always wears red socks to the track, the way Alexander Calder, in old age, wore a red flannel shirt everywhere. My own trick is to never hold on to a losing ticket, for fear it will contaminate my aura and create ugly vibrations that will prevent me from ever cashing a bet.

At any rate, Stute appeared to be skiing for victory. It didn't help Bride's Advice, who took a misstep and threw his rider, Rafael Meza, but Lord Prevue was obviously operating under a benign influence, and finished first at a generous price of more than twenty-five to one. After Stute made sure that Meza was all right, he accepted a congratulatory drink. His popularity around the clubhouse has never been higher. Being open and available, a punter among punters, he has many fans, and one of them—a heavyset fellow in baggy trousers—came forward with a K mart bag under his arm. In it he had a sketch of Secretariat that was mounted on cardboard,



"I'd like you to be the co-star in the melodrama that is my life."

and he gave it to Stute and stood there waiting to be appreciated.

"Why, thank you!" Stute said, handing it over to a bartender for safekeeping. "I don't know what my wife's going to say about it. She thinks we already have too many pictures of horses."

"A friend of mine did that," the man said. "He's an artist. He used, what do you call it?"

"Charcoal?"

"No, not charcoal. Pencils. Anyway, Mel, if you ever want a drawing of Snow Chief he'll be glad to do it for you."

Stute had been reunited with his prize colt earlier in the week, when Snow Chief returned from Gulfstream Park after winning the five-hundred-thousand-dollar Florida Derby. It was his most impressive performance to date. Breaking from the twelve hole at the outside of the field, he'd had to use up some of his speed to get to the front, but he had more than enough left over and turned the race into a convincing demonstration of his ability to cover a mile and an eighth. Snow Chief is not supposed to do such things. His breeding is unspectacular, he has raced at a cheap track in Mexico, and he bucked his shins as a two-year-old. He should be a useful claiming type, not a potential champion, but he continues to learn and grow. One of the raps against Cal-breds is that they don't travel well, but Snow Chief had no trouble in Florida and remained unfazed by bright lights and popping flashbulbs.

Dreams are poison around a racetrack, so Stute was slow to accept the fact that Snow Chief might be special. The race that convinced him was the Del Mar Futurity last summer. Snow Chief came up to Del Mar from Agua Caliente, in Tijuana, where he'd been resting his bucked shins under the care of Wilfrido Martinez, a Mexican trainer. Stute did not have time to condition the colt for a long race. He just blew him out around the first turn at Del Mar and hoped for the best. Snow Chief lost the Futurity by two lengths, but he lost it to Tasso, who went on to become the two-year-old champion in 1985. Arewehavingfunyet, a speedy filly from Wayne Lukas's stable, also finished ahead of him. In the fall, at Santa Anita, Snow Chief ran in the Norfolk Handicap and beat Louisiana Slew, a son of Seattle Slew who'd cost almost three million dollars as a yearling. A bit later, he won the B. J. Ridder Handi-

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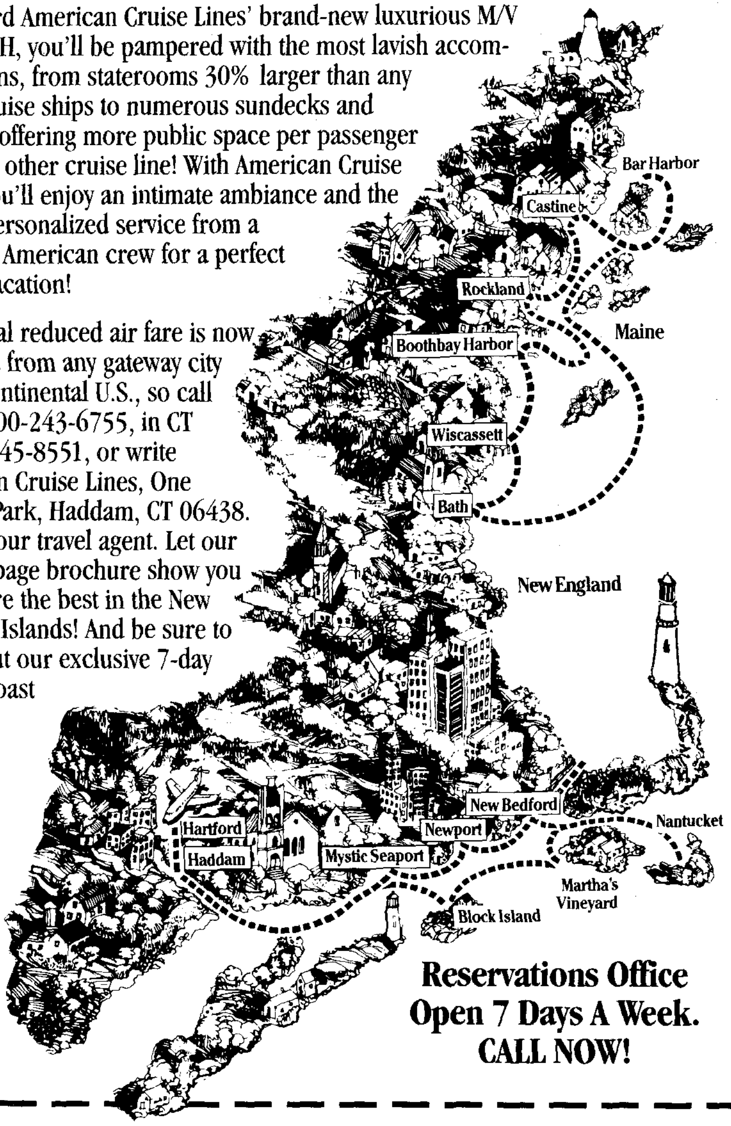

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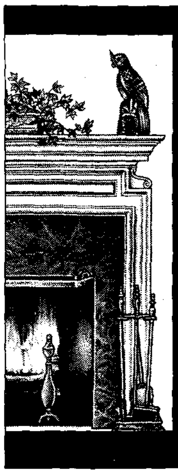

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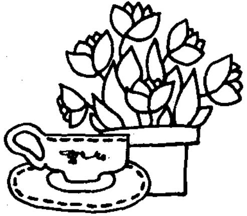

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cap, defeating such well-bred opponents as Variety Road and Darby Fair. During the race, Alex Solis, Snow Chief's regular jockey, noticed that the colt was holding something back, and suggested blinkers. Snow Chief has worn them in his last four races and has won all four handily, to bring his record to eight victories in twelve starts.

The most common complaint you hear about Snow Chief is that he has been racing too often. Valuable two-year-olds are ordinarily turned out for a rest during the winter, but Stute has kept the colt in training, running him on an average of once a month. There are those who believe that such hard work ruins young horses, and that Snow Chief has already reached his peak. Stute doesn't believe it, though, and he plans to stick to his schedule right up to the Kentucky Derby. Snow Chief will go next in the Santa Anita Derby, on April 6th, meeting Variety Road again. That same weekend, Tasso will run in the Gotham Stakes, at Aqueduct, while Badger Land, another candidate for the Triple Crown—Snow Chief has beaten him twice—runs in the Flamingo Stakes, at Hialeah. The fact that the leading contenders are all campaigning in different states lends intrigue to the situation, and has caused some observers to wonder about who might be avoiding whom.

THE man who bred Snow Chief, Carl Grinstead, stopped by the bar, and we chatted while Stute went off to saddle a horse. Grinstead, a retired electronics engineer, used to have a factory near Santa Anita, and he would duck over in the afternoon to do a little betting. He bought his first horse, Eventuate, with a couple of friends. Eventuate turned a small profit, and Grinstead was hooked. Of all the people around Snow Chief, he is the least surprised by the colt's talent. He had expected speed to show, because Snow Chief's dam, Miss Snowflake, had it in abundance. In Grinstead's opinion, the major test for Snow Chief will be whether or not he can hold his speed over the classic distances. He would like to see that happen if only to prove to the racing establishment that Cal-breds, even cheaper ones, should be granted some respect. Only three Cal-breds have won the Kentucky Derby. The last was Decidedly, in 1962.

Grinstead has a partner in Snow

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Chief, Ben Rochelle, who was once a vaudeville dancer. Rochelle happened to be at the track, too, and he joined us for a while. He made his big money in real estate after he quit show biz, but he would rather talk about Betty Grable. He played the Strand and the Paramount and worked in pictures with Marion Davies. He thought I might want a photo of him and his dancing partner, so he said to Grinstead, "Carl, you've got some photos of me, haven't you?"

"I haven't got any photos of you," Grinstead said.

Unperturbed, Rochelle lit a cigarette. "I saw where Snow Chief is three to one in Las Vegas to take the Derby."

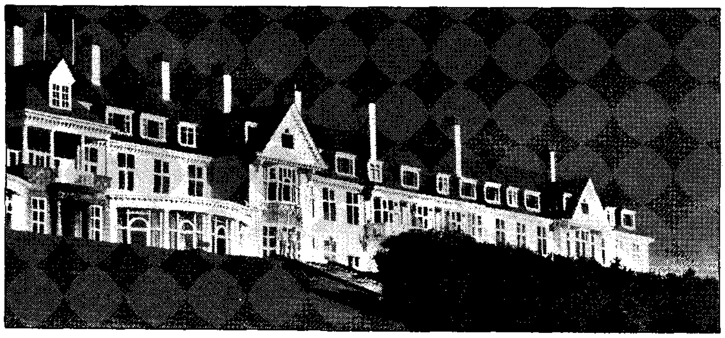
"You'd be crazy to take those odds, Ben," said Grinstead. "You'll get a better price than that at Churchill Downs."

Grinstead and Rochelle are both in their seventies and refer to themselves as the Sunshine Boys, after the Neil Simon play about former vaudevillians. They are nothing like the Sunshine Boys, really, except insofar as they enjoy the limelight. When they agreed to become partners—Grinstead sold Rochelle half of his entire operation—neither of them suspected that they were closing a deal that included a million-dollar colt. In that sense, they resemble a couple who wanted to have an affair and wound up committing marriage. Grinstead hates cities, has a scientific mind, and wears a Zuni string tie with an inlaid cardinal on the clasp. Rochelle lives in Beverly Hills, favors pastel sweaters and expensive sports coats, and has a pair of tinted glasses of the sort you find on the noses of French movie directors. The main thing is that both Grinstead and Rochelle are exceptionally happy to be associated with a famous horse.

"Did I tell you I'm going to be on Channel Six, in Mexico, Ben?" Grinstead asked. "I'll be talking about Snow Chief on 'Tijuana: Window to the South.' "

"Is that so?" said Rochelle.

Stute had told me that some people from Garden State Park, in New Jersey, had approached him about running Snow Chief in the Garden State Stakes, on April 19th, which would qualify the colt for a million-dollar bonus. But it would also force him to interrupt his successful training schedule and run a race only two weeks before the Kentucky Derby,



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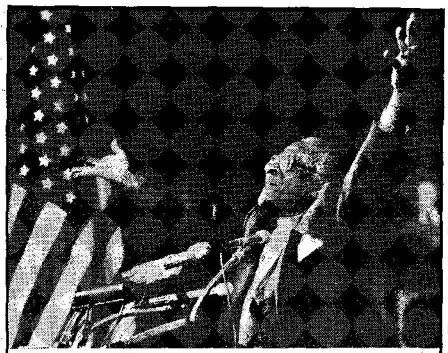

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and I was curious about Grinstead's reaction.

"I've already got a little money set aside, you know?" he said, implying that he was above such temptations. "If you win the Derby, you go down in history. The Triple Crown races are like the Indianapolis 500 or the World Series."

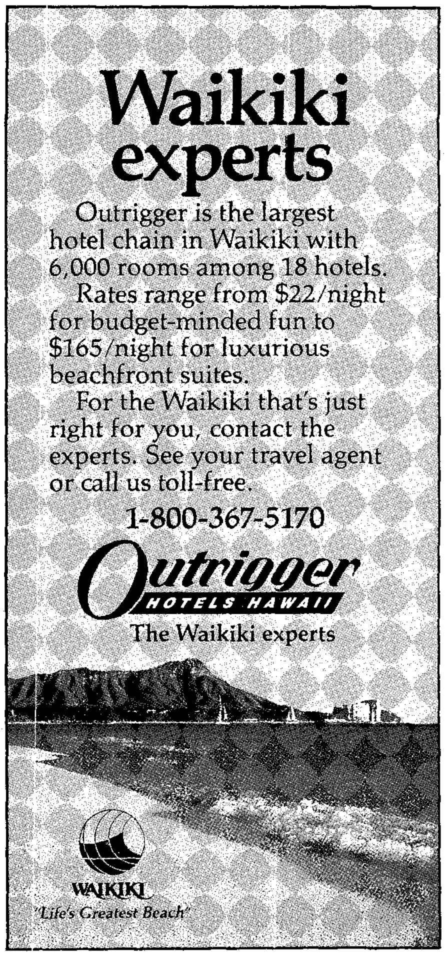
"People try to buy Snow Chief," Rochelle said.

"They try," said his partner. "And I tell them he's not for sale."

I ARRANGED to visit Mel Stute's barn the next morning, and got up at five-thirty. Light was just coming into the sky. The rain had stopped during the night, and now the weather was cold and clear. From the window of my motel room, I could see the San Gabriels. There was snow on the crests. The air outside was fresh, and it smelled of perfumey flowers in the motel garden. By the time I reached Santa Anita, the sun had risen, and the backstretch was alive with activity. I walked down a muddy lane between barns, dodging riders who were taking their mounts to the training track for a gallop. The barns were old and painted a dull gray-green. I saw a sleek-feathered rooster with a brilliant-red comb parading in front of several hens on a patch of grass. There were goats hiding in the shadow of shed rows. Grooms were whistling as they pitchforked straw from stalls, glad to be out in the open doing work that brought joy to the muscles. I caught a whiff of coffee percolating and then a whiff of tobacco. I began to feel alive myself. In fact, I *was* alive and wandering around a racetrack, and at that moment, with oxygen and sunlight flooding every cell of my body, I would not have wanted to be anywhere else on earth.

Stute has Barn 97, right next to Lazaro Barrera's barn, in territory reserved for gentlemen of power. He and Barrera had tied for the title of leading trainer during the Santa Anita meeting in 1985, producing twenty-seven winners apiece. Stute started about fifty more horses than Barrera, and none of them won a stakes race. Consequently, Barrera's earnings surpassed his by more than a half-million dollars. All that has changed with Snow Chief.

I found Stute in his office. It was a dark, dusty room with a desk, a space heater, and an armchair for guests. I think somebody had attacked the arm-



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chair with a baseball bat. Trainers prefer such quarters, because they hate to admit that they're involved in big business. Stute's style may be down-home, but he has grown accustomed to dealing with accountants and lawyers. In horse-racing circles these days, you need some basic management skills; intuition and an affection for animals aren't enough. Stute has thirty-two stalls in his barn, the maximum allowed at Santa Anita, and he keeps horses elsewhere as well, bringing them over by van a day or two before they're scheduled to run. He has to spend a lot of time on paperwork, making certain that his owners are billed for feed, veterinary charges, and other training costs.

"Well, good morning!" Stute said. "Have you seen the big horse yet?" He calls Snow Chief "the big horse" for obvious reasons. He also calls Snow Chief "the little horse," because he's slightly smaller than average. Both phrases are terms of endearment.

Stute led me down a shed row to a stall that looked no different from any other stall. Snow Chief had his head stuck out over the half door, and he was taking in the action around him. He is an alert and lively colt, playful, with a tendency to nip at his handlers a bit too hard. Almost pure black, he has a white star on his forehead. His conformation is not striking, but he has strong hindquarters and uses them to dig in when he's on a track. He never quits. Mud doesn't bother him at all. He won the El Camino Real Stakes in the mud, at Bay Meadows, in San Mateo, California. Another thing that sets him apart is his intelligence; he is eager to learn and masters his lessons quickly. Sometimes he can be lazy, gliding by on the grease of his talent. He gives an impression of wanting to be in a fray, moving along, displaying himself. Bolts of energy come off him. If horses can be said to have senses of humor, I think Snow Chief may have one.

Stute left me with the colt and his groom, Miguel Hernandez, who's known as Mena. Like everybody around Snow Chief, Mena is riding high. He got into the stall and used a currycomb on Snow Chief's hide. He could have been polishing a new automobile. He ran a brush through the colt's mane and tail and made them look silky. A transistor radio hanging from a wire was broadcasting the news in Spanish. Mena has a broad Indian face and dark eyes. His English is only fair, so we conversed in smiles and

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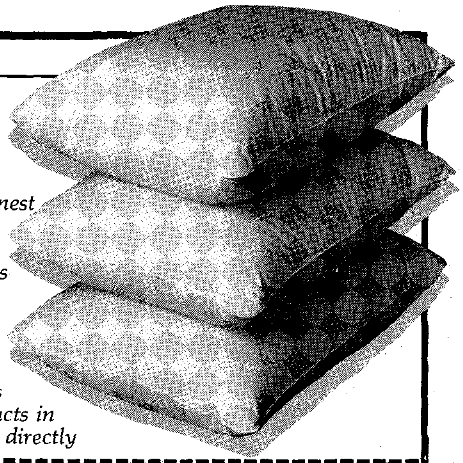

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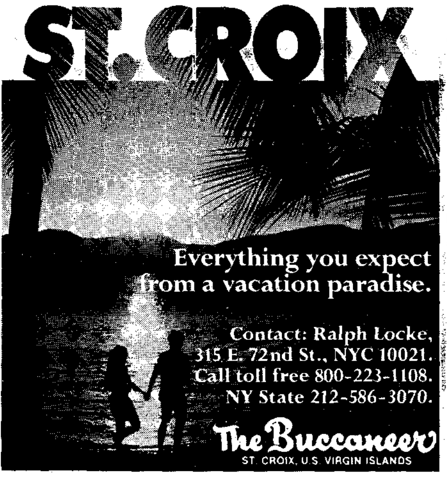

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one-syllable words. Yes, Mena agreed, this Snow Chief, he is a very nice kind of horse.

When the combing was done, Mena brought out Snow Chief and took him to an open area where there was a hose. The colt had worked the day before, and he had wraps on his front legs that needed to be washed off. Running without his blinkers, under no particular pressure from his jockey, he had gone five furlongs in 1:00⅗ over a muddy surface. Stute was especially pleased with his last quarter, which he covered in twenty-four seconds—a fine time, given the conditions.

Another groom held Snow Chief while Mena sprayed his legs and peeled off the tape. "We walk him now," Mena said. From a shed he grabbed a horse blanket in Kelly green, threw it over Snow Chief's back, and cinched it under his belly. On the blanket, in white letters, it said, "El Camino Real Stakes Winner, 1986." Mena was really smiling now. "Champion," he said. The other groom put his hands to his lips, made loose fists, and pretended to be playing a trumpet. He played the trumpet call you hear before every race, and Snow Chief's ears perked up. The groom took the reins from Mena and started walking the colt around the shed row, following a circular path. At first, Snow Chief dogged it. He seemed to be having trouble finding a rhythm, but by the third go-round he had himself in gear. The groom was singing softly to him. Who knows what the song was about? Nights in Mexico, a deserted beach, a beautiful woman with a gardenia in her hair. Maybe Snow Chief was listening, or maybe he heard something else—the warbling of finches and the cooing of doves. He went around and around, tossing his head from side to side. What a dizzy colt! He was suspended in his own motion, endlessly delighted, fully himself.

Stute had finished his paperwork, and he asked me if I wanted to go stand by the rail and watch the horses gallop. It was almost eight o'clock, and the morning had become warm and mild. Insects were hatching everywhere. As we strolled along, Stute greeted friends and acquaintances, and accepted some good-natured ribbing. The gist of it was that he had finally got lucky. For years, he had been a regular guy, but now he was on the brink of something bigger, and everybody was waiting to see if he would

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break ranks with the democratic fraternity of the backstretch and turn into a titan of the turf, like D. Wayne Lukas, who had thoroughbreds competing in several states and ran his operation with all the cool authority of a C.E.O.

"If I was interested in money, I'd have picked another line of work," Stute told me. "There's easier ways to be a millionaire."

I wondered if he actually thought Snow Chief could win the Derby.

"Oh, he's got a real good chance! But you just never know for sure."

There were trainers, jockeys, grooms, and jockeys' agents hanging around the rail in front of the grandstand. The main track was a mess, so the horses were on the training track, which was quite far away. You couldn't watch them properly unless you had a pair of binoculars. Stute did some business with an agent, making arrangements for a mount, and then we bought coffee and doughnuts from the ladies at Clockers' Corner. We sat at a table outside with Warren Stute, whom Mel refers to affectionately as "a tough old bird." Warren is sixty-four, lean and wiry, and he still rides his own horses when they go for a gallop. A slash of dried mud was clinging to his cheek. In company with Mel, he shows all the hard edges of an older brother, proud and jealous by turns.

"I remember back in 1950," Warren said. "I had a horse called Great Circle, who was third in the Santa Anita Derby. That was a big race even back then. Anyway, his owner wanted to send him to Kentucky in an express railroad car. Mel was working for me, and he got all excited. We were going to the Derby! Well, I took him aside and told him to take it easy. 'Hell, Mel,' I said. 'After this, we'll be going to the Derby every year. We've got it made!' "

"So Great Circle ran?" I asked.

Warren laughed. "No, he didn't run. And when I did go to the Derby later I went with a fifty-to-one shot. Field Master. He ran like he was fifty to one! We tried to get a cab to the hotel after the race, and there must have been six hundred people lined up."

"I'll be staying at the Galt House," Mel said. He doesn't travel much, although he did once take a vacation in New Zealand. While he was there, he bought a horse.

He saw Alex Solis sitting at another table, with his agent, Vince De Greg-

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ory, who used to handle Angel Cordero and Laffit Pincay. He wanted to introduce me to Solis, so we went over. Solis had his riding helmet on, and he was eating a bacon-and-egg sandwich on toast. Evidently, he had no problems with his weight.

"Tell him about Snow Chief," Stute said.

"He's very intelligent," Solis said. He was shy but tough. The egg was sliding on him a little, threatening to escape from the sandwich.

"Alex bought a house in Arcadia," said De Gregory. "Where is it, Alex? Near Eddie Delahoussaye?"

"Around the corner from Eddie. Gary Stevens lives near me, too." He wiped his mouth and said to me, "Gary, he's a good friend of mine."

I had a vision of a neighborhood of jockeys, with miniature ceramic statues of rednecks on their lawns.

"How's your wife, Alex?" Stute asked.

"She's doing fine," he said. Solis had an infant son, and he was hoping that his wife, who was pregnant again, would have a baby girl.

As we talked, he lost some of his shyness and told me about himself. A graduate of the Panama Jockey School, he won his first race in Panama City, in 1981, when he was seventeen, and moved to Florida a year later, where his uncle Jacinto Vasquez, a well-known rider, helped him get started. Solis soon developed into a hot property. In 1983, he won the Flamingo and Hutcheson Stakes on Current Hope, and he added four more victories in major stakes the following year. He moved to California in July, 1985, arriving at the very top of his profession, and he was thrilled to be in the presence of such greats as Pincay and Bill Shoemaker. He was now sixth in the jockey standings at Santa Anita (Stute was tied once again for leading trainer, this time with Lukas), but the most formidable gift he had received so far was Snow Chief. In the Del Mar Futurity, the colt had been green, but since Stute added the blinkers he had done everything that was asked of him. He could run on the lead or come from off the pace. Snow Chief, said Solis, might go all the way.

"When you say that he's a smart horse, how do you know it?" I asked.

"If we're in a race, I see a hole and ask him to go through it. But he doesn't go right away. He waits. And the hole, it gets bigger. Then he goes."

"A dumb horse wouldn't do that?"

"No."

The sun was higher in the sky now, and the light was more diffuse. I closed my eyes for a minute and felt warmth seep into my bones. Winter was passing.

When I opened my eyes, I said to Solis, "So you like this Snow Chief?"

"I don't like him," he said. "I love him."

—Bill Barich

• •

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The choking ivy we lopped and sawed and tore
and one day—yes, in a blast of anger—burned
from the old pear still clings.

As we axed and ripped the tentacles,
it slacked its biceps, unclenched its fist.
I climbed and hacked while you
dragged great clumps of ivy to your bonfire.

But high in the thirty-foot summits
clogging this season's hard, sour pears
the last clutch of parched, rootless stuff
worn like a wig still weighs on the tree.

By October, winds should have scattered the dead leaves
and you'll watch me climb again to snap
the final twists of brittle tendril.

At full stretch I shall prise them loose,
then feed them down through the bare branches.
And you, my boy, will look up to me with impatience,
like a climber at the bottom waiting for ropes.

—Tony Curtis

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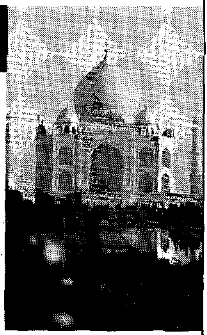

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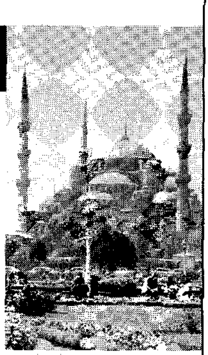

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Mars

ALL that holds "Pretty in Pink" together is Molly Ringwald's charismatic normality. When the picture was shot, she hadn't yet turned eighteen, but she looks completely free of self-consciousness or affectation. The poise with which she plunks herself in front of the camera is uncanny. And this redhead goddess of the ordinary carries the movie, though she has nothing particularly arresting to do or to say. John Hughes, who wrote the script, uses the same basic plot that served him in "Sixteen Candles": once again, Ringwald is caught between the boy of her dreams (this time, Andrew McCarthy in a BMW) and the smart-mouth nerd who follows her around (this time, Jon Cryer on a bike). But Hughes hasn't bothered to provide the new Ringwald heroine—her name is Andie—with the teen-agers' slang that gave "Sixteen Candles" its wigginess and its snap. He and the first-time director, Howard Deutch, whose work he supervised, have fallen back on something much easier and more traditional.

Andie is an A student who wins a college scholarship, and she's blessed with quiet good taste, but she's a poor girl who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on, yes, the wrong side of the tracks. And her dream boy is a richie who, like his friends, lives in a stately mansion, with neatly clipped grounds. In the movies of the twenties and thirties, it was common for heroines (and heroes) to be ashamed of their poverty and to feel a vast social gap between them and the secure rich. But in the years after the Second World War, as people moved up in the society, the movie fantasy of marrying rich lost its romantic appeal. Has this fantasy been returning in eighties movies such as "Flashdance," "An Officer and a Gentleman," "Valley Girl," and "Pretty in Pink" because the ostentatiously wealthy have become more brazen and lower-middle-income people feel more trapped? Whatever the reason, class consciousness has been making a comeback, but not in any kind of realistic or political context; what we're getting is strictly the fantasy theme of love bridging the gap.

The spoiled-rotten richies who go to high school with Andie are snobby hunks and painted sluts; they're mean to our heroine because she's poor. Even her shy rich prince, who invites her to the senior prom, is so spineless that he's intimidated by the threat that he'll be ostracized for dating her—that he won't have a friend left—and he reneges on the invitation. This movie's class consciousness is pushed to cartoon extremes of blandness. In its sociological details, "Pretty in Pink" might have been made by little guys from Mars. Andie works in a record shop after school; her wonderful, understanding dad (Harry Dean Stanton) is generally unemployed and alcoholic—he fell apart three years earlier when his wife walked out on both husband and daughter. Things are rough for these two. But when Andie is at home, in her colorfully cluttered room, and her dad comes in to talk to her there's a large floral arrangement in the background to brighten up the visuals of poverty. (It must have cost in the hundred-and-fifty-dollar range.)

Sporting a porcupine hairdo and then the world's tallest beehive (it just about doubles her height), Annie Potts plays Andie's co-worker at the record shop. This character comes out of nowhere, but Annie Potts brings it her own outré specificity; she makes piquant, ticky little routines out of everything she does—she may be the finest unsung comedienne in the business. Her winsomeness is given a hard edge here, while Ringwald is made up and photographed to be all fair, soft tones. (That makes sense, but it's confusing when we're told that Annie Potts' character is an older woman, twice Andie's age; this actress hasn't had a full youthful fling yet.) Jon Cryer's Duckie, the lonely, misfit clown who adores Andie and perceives her specialness, wears a hat on the back of his head (so as not to disturb his ducktail upsweep), and he has a rockabilly-Jerry Lewis look. He's given junior Pagliacci material—he lip-syncs Otis Redding's "Try a Little Tenderness," which doesn't do anything except make us uncomfortable. Cryer does have one good scene: he tries to talk his way past the guard to get inside a rock club that Andie is in. (He's still talking when she comes out.)

The movie is slight and vapid, with the consistency of watery jello. Andie has a blobby brown dog with no personality—it goes with the rest of the picture. "Pretty in Pink" is nothing, but it moves along, with rock songs giving a little zip to the nothingness. When in doubt, Deutch (whose background is in music videos) goes for close-

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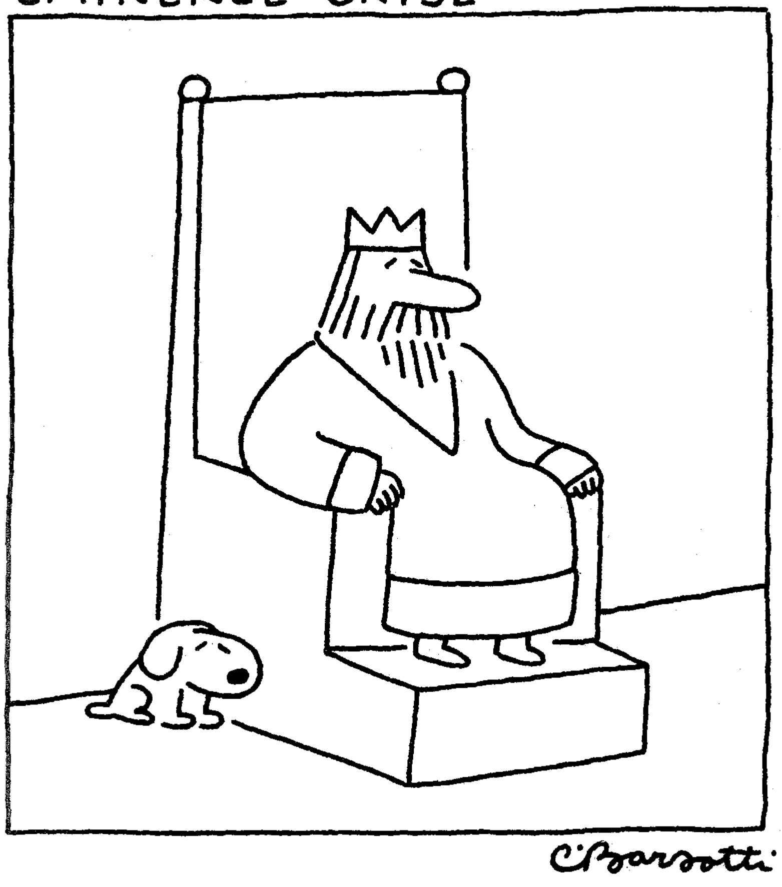

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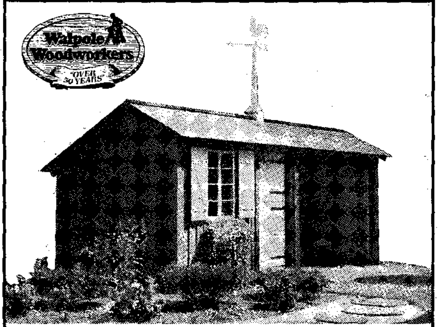

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ups—mostly of Ringwald. The title is from a 1981 disk by the Psychedelic Furs (whose music is heard, along with that of New Order and Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark), but it has a special application. Andie cuts up two pink dresses she has been given and redesigns them into a stunning gown for the prom. It's the kind of dress that billows like a sail in a light wind, and it isn't flattering to her, but it's great for a Cinderella entrance. The film is among the top box-office attractions in the country, and I've heard of one little girl, age eight, who went straight home from the theatre and started cutting up her clothes; I would bet that she has sisters in other cities across the land. That's the strongest reaction anybody is likely to have to "Pretty in Pink." It's the essence of dreamy safeness—a romantic movie for kids that their parents can approve of. Parents can dream their anxieties away when they see Molly Ringwald enshrined here as a star: the teen-age ideal. The rich kids may get drunk and hot and loose, but Andie is the opposite of trashy. She's proudly conventional.

There's a trick to John Hughes' pictures—probably an unconscious, instinctive choice—that helps to explain what makes "Sixteen Candles," "The Breakfast Club," and "Pretty in Pink" so appealing and satisfying to young audiences: he never goes beyond a kid's point of view; even the supposedly adult characters are seen only in kids' terms. This was obvious in the presentation of the high-school dean in "The Breakfast Club," and in the quick glimpses of the parents and in how the kids talked about them. And Andie's drunken father here is always clean, sweet Daddy. In Hughes' films, parents are either villains or, when they're good, inept and forgetful. (Andie has to take charge of her daddy—the way Shirley Temple used to—and talk him out of his self-pity.) There is never any suggestion of a world of possibilities and passions beyond the experiences of kids. And I mean *kids:* "Pretty in Pink" isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager.

Art-Consciousness is an affliction that hits moviemakers in the legs as well as the head: when they have a bad case of it, their feet don't touch the ground. Sometimes their films' whirling-in-the-air lightness can be intoxicating, as it is in Jacques Demy's

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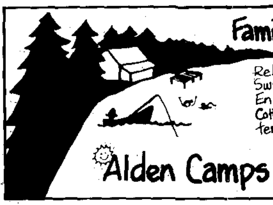

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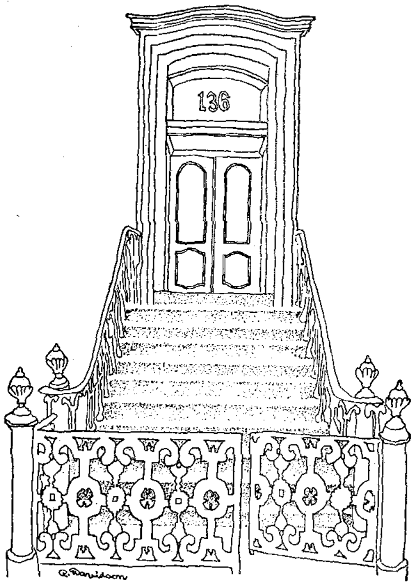
"Lola" and "Bay of the Angels," and Beineix's "Diva," or fluky and diverting, as in Alan Rudolph's "Choose Me." More often, art-conscious projects crash, like Altman's "Three Women," or never take off, like Coppola's "Rumble Fish" and Beineix's "The Moon in the Gutter." Rudolph's new "Trouble in Mind" is of this latter, dismal group. It's a pile of poetic mush set in some doom-laden, vaguely universal city of the past and/or the future. (It was shot mostly in Seattle.) The hero, Hawk, played by Kris Kristofferson, wears a black hat and walks with a limp that suggests a metaphysical wound. He was a cop until he killed a man; released from prison, he returns to his old hangout—a diner called Wanda's Café, named for its proprietor (she's played by Geneviève Bujold), who used to be his lover. Wanda's is a gathering place for thieves and hijackers; it's where they plan their heists. Those who saw "Choose Me" (which Rudolph also wrote and directed) and were charmed by its flowing giddiness are likely to have a sinking sensation as they become aware that the situations are much the same in "Trouble in Mind" except they're not fun this time. The mixed-up lovers have been replaced by mixed-up gangsters, and what was comic and lyrical is now fatalistic.

Hawk is meant to be a gallant man of action whose protective impulses toward the weak force him to use his fists and his gun; he's supposed to be the Bogart hero living in an evil, semi-fascist era. What we're looking at, though, is Kris Kristofferson, a happy-go-lucky guy who's all glands. With his silver-striped beard and his



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black duds, he looks appropriately romantic, yet he doesn't seem very daring or bright. There's an essential mildness about him, and he can't give his scenes any excitement or momentum—he simply isn't a trained actor. Rudolph used him to fine comic effect in "Songwriter"—he was properly mellow as a cool country singer who liked the easy sex "on the road." But that picture wasn't Rudolph's baby: Bud Shrake, who revels in the rowdy "outlaw" country-music scene, wrote the script, and Rudolph regards himself as having been on hire when he directed it. He's a good professional director with an unusually sophisticated visual sense, but "Trouble in Mind," which he regards as a "film" (rather than a "movie," like "Songwriter"), brings out his aspirations and very little of his skill. He's got the film-noir bug; you can tell that it's eating away his judgment when you hear Joe Morton, as a crook called Solo, reciting verses in a booth at Wanda's. This bitter, ironic black bard recalls "The Petrified Forest;" Morton combines the roles of Leslie Howard's poet and Bogart's gangster, and he comes to an end so sadistically, penny-dreadful gaudy that you wonder if Rudolph did it on a dare. (What other excuse could he have?)

Moviemakers who work on their own material are likely to be wizards at self-delusion. (Take a look at Ingmar Bergman's "The Serpent's Egg," if he hasn't buried it.) Rudolph probably aimed to create a glamorous, funky trance-world; I certainly don't think he set out to make his actors look ridiculous, but that's what he does. Keith Carradine, who in "Choose Me" seemed to have graduated forever from callow roles, plays the callowest role of his career. As Coop, an ignorant, greedy young hood, he appears in a series of ever more gross and gooey pompadours—punk-fop styles, with matching cosmetic jobs and earrings. His hair and makeup turn his appearances into a freak show; you want to look away from him. And the ravishing Lori Singer (she's like a teen-age Jessica Lange), who plays Coop's dewy-eyed country-girl lover and the mother of his infant son, is meant to be simple and uneducated but is made to be openmouthed, dropped-jaw dumb. The actor known as Divine, who made his reputation as a female impersonator, plays a semi-male role here—he's an epicene mobster named Hilly Blue who's made up to look like a plump plucked chicken. Lavishly

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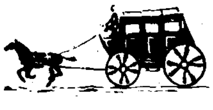
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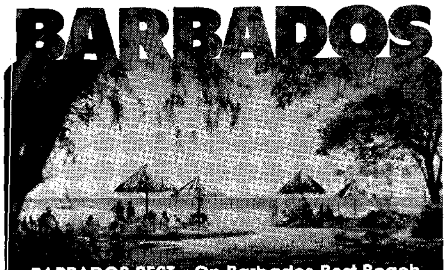

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rich, he lives in a neo-modern palace that's full of paintings and glass and Lucite objects. (It's actually the Seattle Art Museum.)

Rudolph's extravagances don't come together; each embarrassment just sits up there on the screen all by itself. And he has so many bad ideas squirrelling around that even the promising ones don't quite come off (though John Considine has a moment or two as a crook with a respectable façade, except for his addiction to role playing: the petite creature whom he addresses as his innocent child bride is actually his brassy longtime mistress). In "Choose Me," Rudolph seemed to be developing a control of rhythm and mood—a musical and choreographic way of storytelling. It made you pass over the flossy hipster-philosopher babble that he gave his actors to speak. But his control fails him here. The scenes often have a shimmer that makes you feel hopeful, but they become stagnant, and the people talk with an intellectual lisp. When he gets to his climactic shoot-out at Hilly Blue's party for *le tout* underworld, it's a horribly bungled piece of staging. It might be crude to suggest that Rudolph should come down to earth and look for a good script; there's always the chance that if he soars higher he'll reach something. But on the basis of "Trouble in Mind" I wouldn't bet on it. —PAULINE KAEL

•

(9) OVER EASY (CC)
Arthritis is discussed. (Repeat)
[Viewers may phone in questions to a panel of lawyers.]—*Northern California edition of TV Guide.*

If they have nothing better to do.

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the Burlington* (*Vt.*) *Free Press*]

BARRE—Michael Arnowitt was just a little kid when he started banging on the piano. Now, at 24, he is a piano and will sit down to the keyboard tonight at 8 at the Barre Opera House.

•

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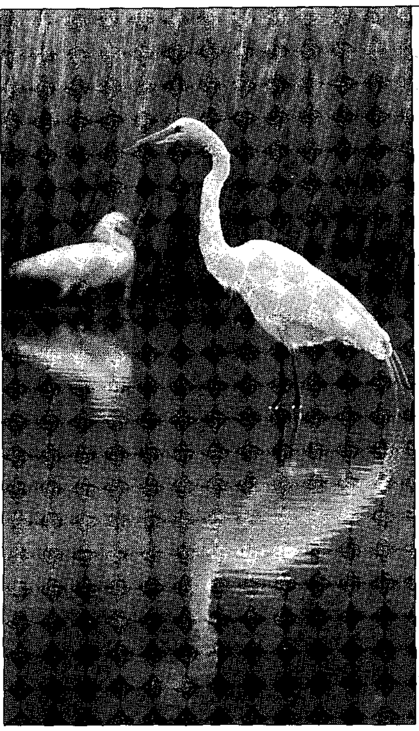
Foreword by Morris Philipson

In this collection of essays, Barzun gives his ideas of what good writing is and how it can be acheived.—*Catalogue of the University of Chicago Press.*

Next edition: good spelling.



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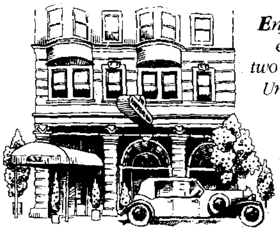

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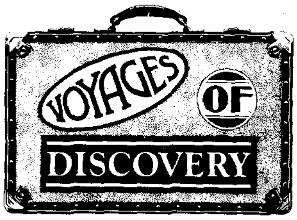

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Portrait of the Artist as a Man

THE discovery of the self was a long, turbulent voyage. So far as we can make out, the men and women of classical antiquity, even when they were, like the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, highly introspective, did not think of themselves as individualized, complex personae open to psychological scrutiny and to autobiography. Our distinctive sense of singular personality, of the drama of the ego, emerges in the Renaissance. It is a central element in the celebration of secular humanity, in the festival of self-confidence, that marks Renaissance art, letters, and scientific speculation and the sharply etched, personalized scenario of Renaissance politics. Montaigne's self-observant descent of the spiral staircase of his own consciousness is a direct precedent of the creation in Rousseau of modern psychological and, indeed, psychosomatic self-portrayal. It was as if the circumnavigation of the globe, the mastering of the Indies and of the Western seas had liberated the imagination and analytic thought for that much greater and more perilous voyage: into the terra incognita of the psyche.

In this story, Benvenuto Cellini's "Life" has played an exciting but uncertain role. The note of Renaissance bravura in the opening paragraph is determinant: men who have performed anything exceptional ought, in Cellini's view, to "describe their life with their own hand." A *vita* would extend to the realm of language the insightful authority, the demands of honorable self-revelation implicit in the self-portraits that the masters of paint or of numismatics were leaving to posterity. Begun in the summer of 1557, the "Life" was to pass through adventures and obscurities almost as picaresque as those of its author and subject. Work on the text, often via dictation, continued irregularly till November of 1562. After Cellini's death, in February, 1571, various copies of the manuscript, complete or partial, were made and then scattered. The manuscript itself did not surface until 1805. An English translation appeared in 1771, and it was this version that Goethe used for his own celebrated translation of 1796. Cellini's memoirs were now on the European map, and numerous, improved editions followed.

All these are, in a special sense, superseded by John Pope-Hennessy's long-awaited and magisterial "Cellini" (Abbeville; $85). Scholarly, critically acute, beautifully styled, Pope-Hennessy's study is, deliberately, based on and in precise counterpoint to the "Life." It is an advocate's scrupulous rereading of Cellini's autobiography, buttressed by modern techniques of iconography and by incomparable photographs by David Finn.

The point is that there is urgent need of such advocacy. "Cellini's 'Life' is untranslatable," Pope-Hennessy writes. "It takes on, in any language other than Italian, a veneer of artificiality. The voluble rhetoric that Cellini had at his command, and the abrupt changes of gear from a self-conscious literary style based on cultivated models to grammarless colloquialism, alienated academic scholars." They did worse. The chameleon energies of Cellini's prose, the histrionic zest both of his vaunts and of his penitential confessions, induced deepening skepticism. Even readers and editors sympathetic to Cellini's artistic genius inclined to regard the author of the "Life" as a boastful megalomaniac who had in essence produced a book of self-advertising fiction. Pope-Hennessy's finding is the exact opposite. It is his premise that "almost every direct statement in the 'Life' (direct as distinct from reported statement) is correct." He adds, "Total recall is a mysterious gift, but the more closely one looks into the issue of credibility, the

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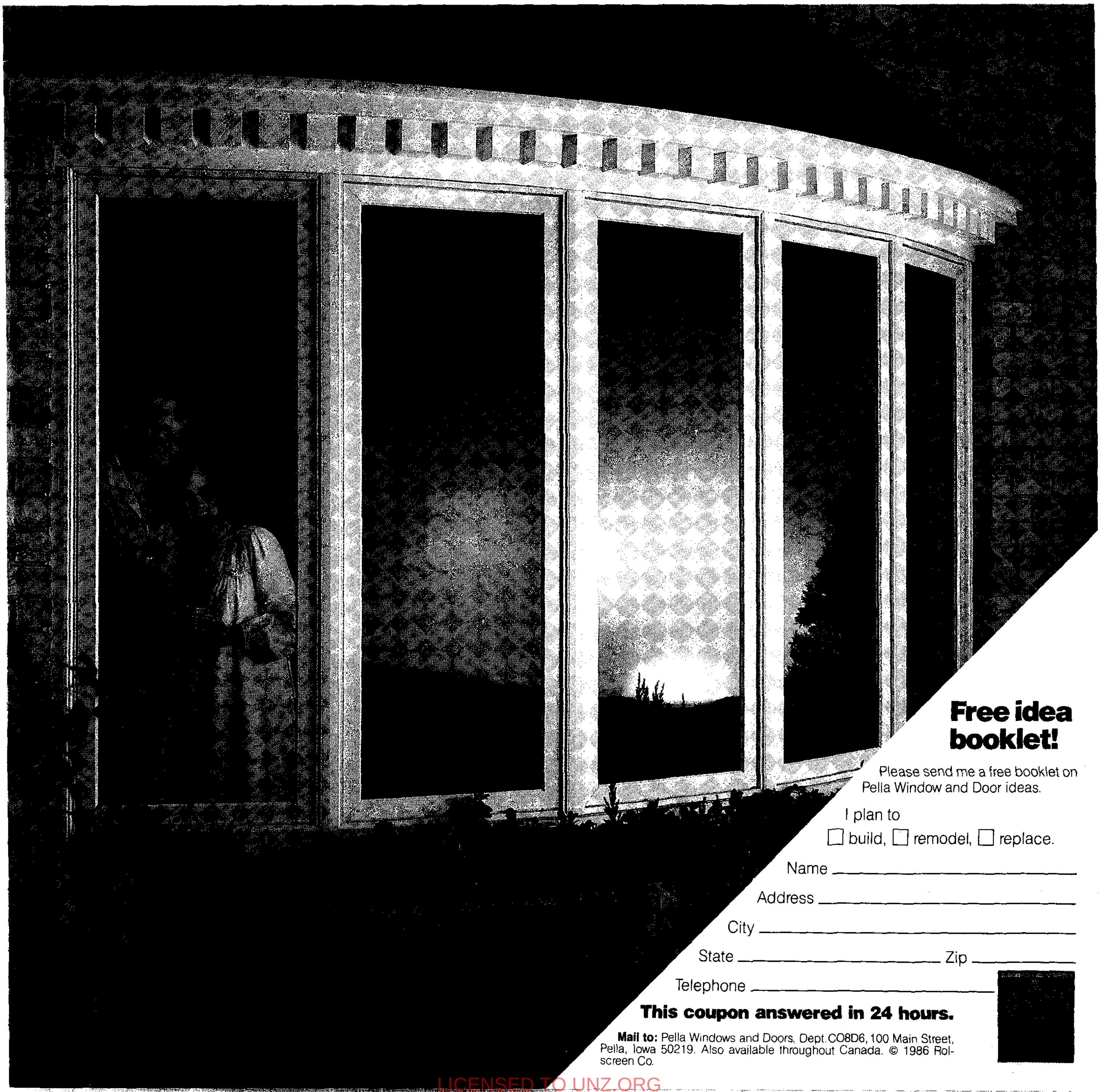

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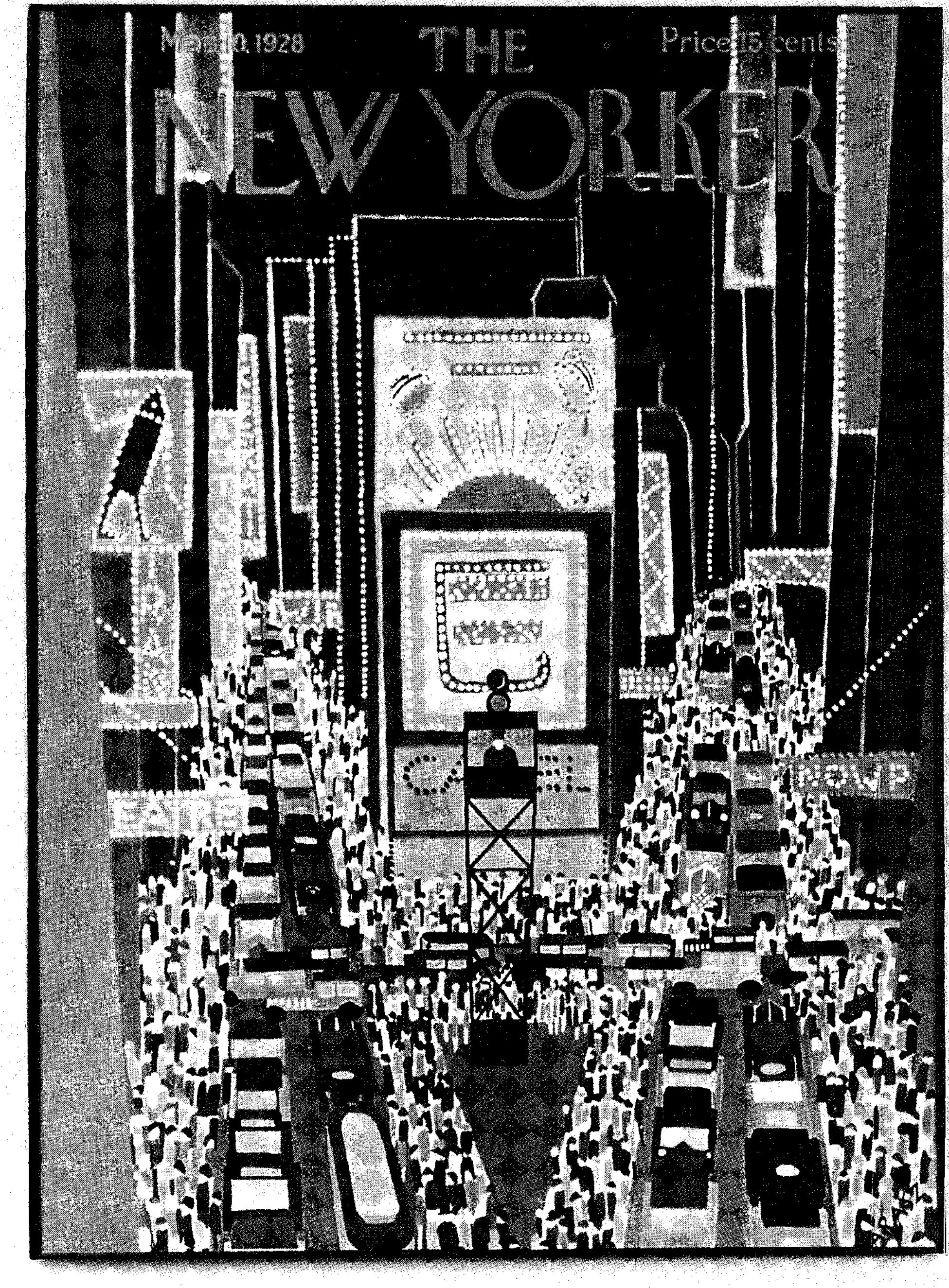

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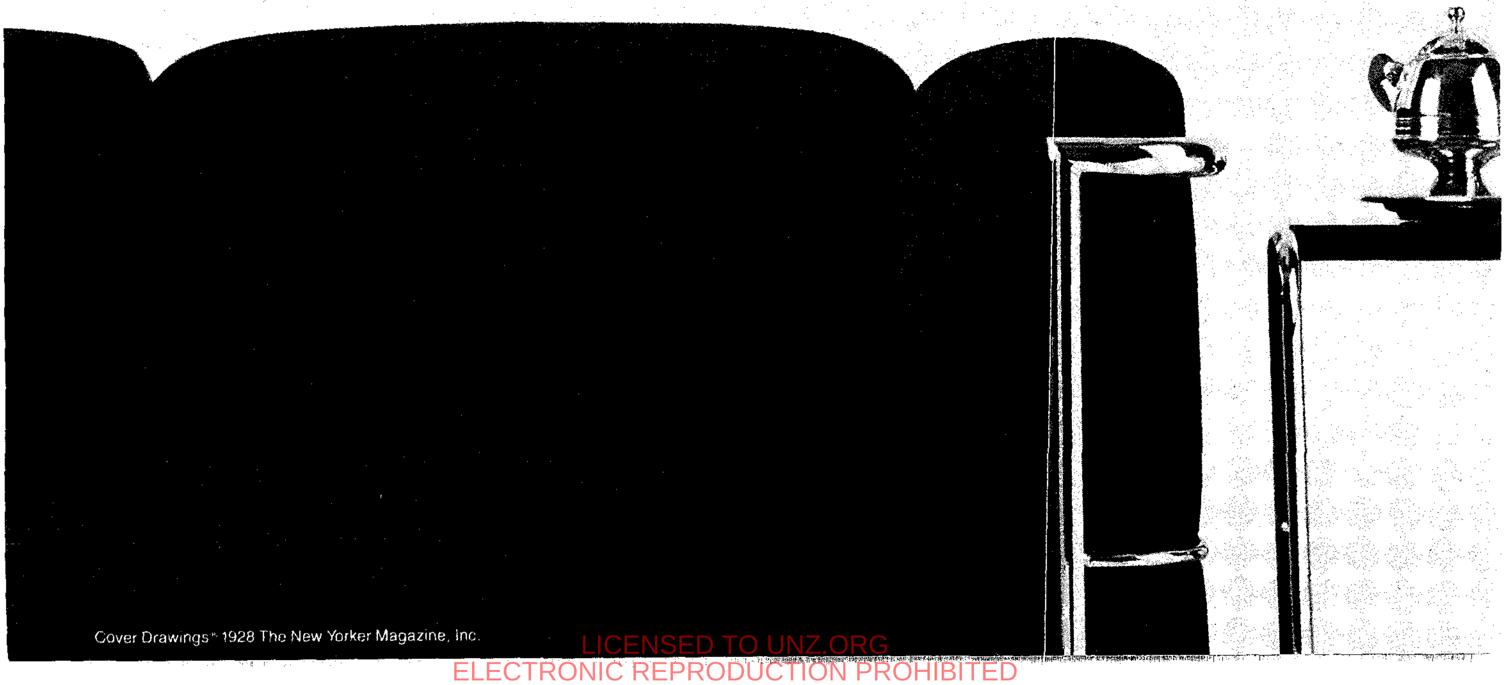

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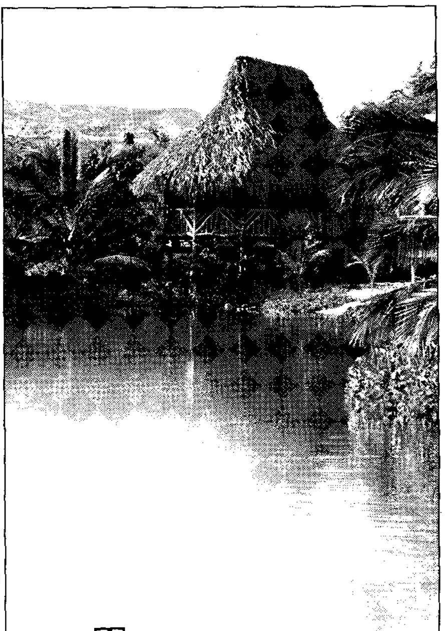
more evident does it become that Cellini had a tape recorder built into his personality. His accounts are true to tone as well as fact." But Pope-Hennessy's "Cellini" is more than a radical act of scholarly vindication and confirmation. Through its own fidelity to Cellini's autobiography, it brings within our imaginative reach one of the earliest and most fascinating of modern men.

Not that Pope-Hennessy slights the problems of perspective which remain. Personal violence, sometimes homicidal, scarred Cellini's relations with his detractors, professional rivals, or political foes. We need to bear in mind that the society of Italian city-states, of papal and princely fiefs, in which Cellini produced his goldsmith's and sculptor's marvels "was untouched by the Protestant equation between behavior and belief," Pope-Hennessy notes:

> Its sexual ethics were different; the homicide rate was very high (Cellini's bag was small—three deaths in seventy years); and murder was an accepted instrument of policy. Of nowhere was this more true than of Medicean Florence, where captured members of the opposition (among them Baccio Valori, whose portrait Cellini had made twelve months earlier) were decapitated, and members of the opposition who escaped (like Bernardo Corbinelli) were hunted down abroad by relays of paid assassins dispatched by an official of the ducal court. Street fighting was general, and in Florence the guards of the Capitano di Piazza were constantly liable to be attacked by well-born youths anxious to assert the rule of lawlessness. Cellini's world had indeed more in common with our own than with the placid nineteenth century, and as one reads his narrative, with its background of war and the threat of war, ferocious tyranny and inefficient opposition, conflicting professional and political allegiances, its crop of adventitious, short-lived children, and its menace of gout, dysentery, and plague, one is impressed (as Cellini was himself impressed) by the precariousness of the individual's hold on life.

The relaxed, at points almost Edwardian urbanity of Pope-Hennessy's prose (note that use of "adventitious") would have delighted Cellini. No sensibility was more native to the tumult and ironies of the age. But none, also, more stylish.

Several of the brawls, litigations, and abrupt flights in which Cellini was involved arose from charges of sodomy. The topic is both central and elusive. "Cinquecento life seems generally to have conformed to a bisexual norm," Pope-Hennessy says. Bisexuality and the perception of supreme beauty in the body of the male adolescent are inseparable from the unfet-



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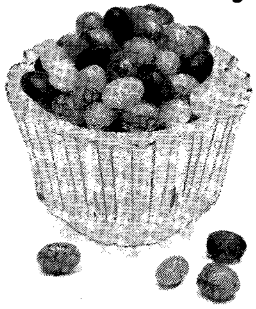

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tered exploratory genius of the European Renaissance. Even where biographical evidence is lacking altogether or opaque, the capacities of Shakespeare, of Marlowe, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Michelangelo for experiencing decisive nodes of reality, of imagining, in both masculine and feminine guise are unmistakable. This capacity—we find it again in Goethe's "Roman Elegies" and in the world-construct of Proust—may be instrumental in supreme creativity. The case of Cellini seems to have been of a more robust directness. As the "Life" documents, he had sexual relations with female models, with male members of his atelier, and with other young Florentines in his immediate circle. None of these liaisons inhibited Cellini from matrimony or the begetting of half a dozen offspring, both legitimate and illegitimate. What is compelling is the special inwardness of formal vision and technical execution which irradiates Cellini's modelling, carving, or casting of the male nude, be it Perseus or Christ.

Cellini's narrative of the actual casting of the statue "Perseus," in December, 1549, has passed into legend. Romantic poets and painters, Romantic composers such as Berlioz (who centered his opera "Benvenuto Cellini" on this dramatic episode) came to see in the perilous, frenzied emergence of this bronze figure the very symbol of the artist's mortal struggle with resistant matter, with the philistine avarice or indifference of society, and, above all, with the divisive mysteries of creation in his own spirit. The open, almost defiantly anti-gravitational pose of the young warrior, the fantastic wealth of detail—in Perseus' helmet, in the head of the slain Medusa (detail made palpable as never before by Finn's photographs)—and the quite exceptional size of the standing figure posed severe technical problems. Cellini suffered some kind of nervous and physical collapse under the strain. (He had been designing and working intermittently on "Perseus" since Duke Cosimo I of Florence commissioned it, in 1545.) He was resting when one of his workmen came to tell him that disaster loomed: the metal was caking. The Master rushed to his workshop. It was a wet and condignly stormy day. Cellini fed the fire with oakwood, and slowly the metal, itself demonically and rebelliously animate, began to liquefy. The very heat of the fire, however, destroyed the base alloy, and even with the feverish addition of sixty

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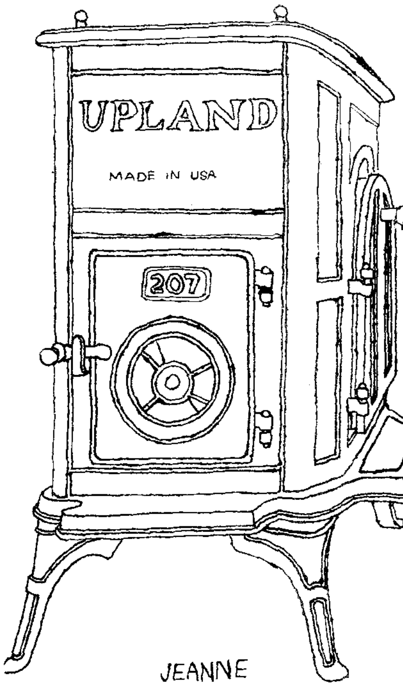
pounds of tin the flow was halting and knotted. Here myth takes over, displaying Cellini as he hurls his most treasured possessions, notably his own gold ring and earlier statuettes, into the sluggish metal. The facts are more prosaic but no less thrilling: "I sent for all my pewter plates, basins, and dishes, to the number of about two hundred pieces, and had part of them thrown, one by one, into the channels and part of them into the furnace. In this way the bronze liquefied splendidly." The cleansing and chasing of "Perseus" took a further three to four years. It was not until April 27, 1554, that the statue was revealed to the enthusiastic people of Florence in all its finish. Set in the Loggia dei Lanzi, on its fantastically wrought base, Cellini's "Perseus" remains for us both a sheer miracle of the bronze-caster's art and an icon of troubling, sexually charged elegance and cruelty. Half open in death, the lips of the Medusa's head eerily match the detached sensuality of Perseus' mouth. In the back of the hero's helmet, the wingbeat of Eros, of sexual visitation, enfolds an enigmatic, satyric mask. It is as if Perseus in the orgasmic moment of victory carried on his back the mockery of old age.

Though "Perseus" is undoubtedly Cellini's most famous work, Pope-Hennessy regards the marble crucifix that now hangs in the Monastery of San Lorenzo el Real in the great Escorial, near Madrid, as the sculptor's masterpiece. The design of the figure dates back to a redemptive vision that Cellini experienced during his incar-



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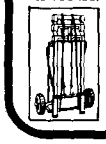

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ceration in the papal fortress of Castel Sant'Angelo, in Rome, in 1539. We know that a wax figure of the crucified Christ was among Cellini's projected or incomplete works in 1555. But it was not before 1557 that he began the actual carving. Again, his circumstances were sombre. Charges of sodomy and of violence in 1556 and 1557 had brought his career to a disastrous pass. Under house arrest, his restless spirit shadowed by anxiety and remorse, Cellini carved with undeviating concentration. Pope-Hennessy writes:

> Of all the sculptures produced in Florence and Rome in the middle of the sixteenth century, Cellini's Crucifix is technically the most truly Michelangelesque. In its continuity of modeling . . . it is a work of incomparable accomplishment. The delicate definition of the cheeks and cheek bones; the handling of the eye sockets and eyelids; the treatment of the heavy, matted hair; the rendering of the points of juncture at the shoulders, knees, and ankles—these features would alone establish it as the supreme marble sculpture of its time.

More, perhaps, than any other figure of the martyred Saviour, Cellini's crucifix seems to combine supreme technical virtuosity with a troubled and troubling humanism. Though the beard is ample, this is a young Christ, one whose tortured yet awesomely handsome body tells of a very recent adolescence and awakening. The hands and feet have an unsettling innocence, a newness to the earth, that may, indeed, hint at supernatural immaculateness, but their effect (again brought out, as never previously, by Finn's lighting and closeups) is one of almost unendurable, defenseless humanity. Looking at this figure of light in the cold gloom of the Escorial, one begins to apprehend Pascal's meaning when he bade mankind stay awake because Christ is in agony till the end of time. Cellini's words are much nearer the arrogant energy of the Medicean Renaissance, but they, too, have their piety:

> I have made it at my own expense and to my own satisfaction, solely to prove that through the force of my own art I could surpass all those sculptors greater than myself who had never undertaken such a task [the carving of a life-size crucifix from a single marble block]. Had they attempted it, they might have succeeded, as I, inspired by the Majesty of God, with superhuman labor and at great cost, did in three years, through God's grace, succeed.

That the wondrous suppleness and play of arrested motion in Christ's torso and legs should recall Cellini's early, most pagan inventions—the dazzling "Saltcellar of Francis I" and the reclining "Nymph of Fontainebleau"—tells not of inward duplicity or opportunism but of the organic, tensed experience of beauty which lies at the very heart of the Renaissance. Except in Rembrandt and in Goya, we will not know again—though the illustrations and commentaries in this masterly book do bring it almost into natural reach—that intimation of the lustrous rejoicing of and in the human flesh.

At the very same time, the quality of the photographs in this volume—the angles chosen, the degree of detail made accessible to the eye—raises fascinating problems. Presented on this loving scale, a bijou, such as that saltcellar, takes on the massive presence of full-scale sculpture. Reciprocally, the Perseus' sword handle and the carvings at the base of the figure seem to modulate into exquisite miniature. These matchless illustrations dwell on features that in a certain sense may not have been meant to be scrutinized in and for themselves, in much the same way that current compact disks tend to separate from the aural texture notes, instrumental motifs, and pitches never meant to be so sharply available. Walter Benjamin was probably the first thinker on art and culture to ponder the ambiguous blessings of photographic reproduction and photographic montage. It would be more than instructive to know what he would make of this regal book.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GIRL WHO WOULD BE RUSSIAN, AND OTHER STORIES, by Willis Johnson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15.95). Seven stories—ghost stories, in a way—set in Plankton, Maine, where a handful of nostalgic and fractious Russians have converted a stable, a shed, and a saloon into three churches: "one for the upper-class Russians, one for the Ukrainians, and one for the rest of them." The first story, "The Great Valentinova," is set at Plankton's relatively spacious Methodist Church, where an aging ballerina, who may or may not remember having seen Pavlova dance, hears someone laugh during her "Dying Swan" when the record-player's needle skips. Other stories involve the dreams and the memories of members of the various congregations, among them the ambitious

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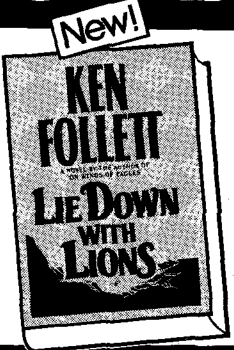
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owner of the Hotel Nicholas the Second, whose description of a cozy village tucked between woods and a river lured his compatriots to Plankton, and a worker in the hotel's kitchen whose worn-out wife comes to see that "a kind of cataract," like the plastic pane tacked over her kitchen window, "had descended over not just his eyes but his heart." Then, there is the girl who would be Natasha—"Be so good, pliss," she says to her mother at the dinner table, "as to passing salt"—but is still Debbie: thirty-one, a hundred and ten pounds overweight, and (it is one thing on which all Plankton's Russians agree) just another crazy American.

TWO DAYS IN ARAGON, by M. J. Farrell, with an introduction by Polly Devlin (Penguin; $6.95 paper). An extraordinary tragic novel, first published in 1941, about the Troubles in Ireland in the nineteen-twenties. Aragon, an exquisite Georgian house on the banks of a river, is home to the Anglo-Irish Foxes, now dwindled to a dreamy widow and her two débutante daughters. They have long since ceded control of the pantries and cupboards to a formidable housekeeper, Nan O'Neill, who has good reason to out-Fox the Foxes when it comes to improving Aragon and protecting the Fox bloodlines. A small dog triggers, in a way, the two-day plot, which is a marvel of verbal engineering. But M. J. Farrell (the pseudonym of Molly Keane) reminds the reader, near the end, that nobody—Nan O'Neill least of all—saw signs that Aragon was ripe and ready to fall: that "the white brooms in the garden, even such slight mountainy things, had grown to a false fat stature, sleek as white, overfed cats in their ordered groupings." In her introduction, Polly Devlin discusses the religious passions that the Foxes' Aragon shared with its Spanish namesake, and she points out parallels between the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy and the British Raj, and between the Troubles and China's Cultural Revolution.

THE STORIES OF HEINRICH BÖLL, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (Knopf; $25). Like a freight train on a track made up of switchbacks, this huge assortment of short stories and novellas keeps covering much the same ground as it zigzags across the last

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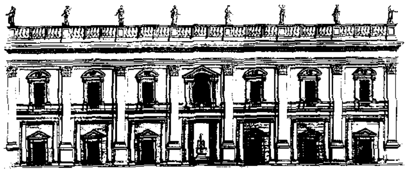

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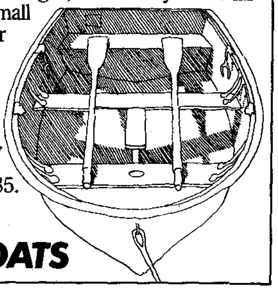

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four decades. Trains, in fact, are a frequent sight: troop trains, freight trains, and passenger trains conveying soldiers and civilians into an increasingly complacent Germany. Complacency, fortunately, brings out the best—the contrariness—in Böll: in "Unexpected Guests," for instance, which is about a couple whose house turns into a flophouse cum zoo; and in "He Came as a Beer-Truck Driver," which is about a Greek bully, of sorts, whose search for a certain Europa begins in a first-class train compartment and ends on the edge of a forest, where he finds he was wrong to think she would be a blonde.

THE SPORTSWRITER, by Richard Ford (Vintage; $6.95 paper). An ambitious and trying melodrama about middle age, set in New Jersey and spanning an Easter weekend on which the eponymous narrator's oldest child would have turned thirteen had he not died at the age of nine. The narrator, an ex-novelist and ex-husband, has come to believe that the best of children, athletes, and suburbanites (his flea-brained girlfriend's oafish father, for example) are alert "literalists," as opposed to fretful "factualists." He thinks literalists share a "subtext"-less contentment that is a sort of salvation, and he sets out to make the team, as it were, by trying to look as though he would not know a subtext if it hit him on the chin. The plot is a predictable business of regrets and regeneration which pivots on a suicide note written around noon on Easter Sunday. The hero's habit of calling New York "Gotham," blacks "Negroes," and women over thirty "girls" may be part of his quest for simplemindedness, but then his penchant for the poetical seems all the sillier—"the shabby impingement of facts," say, and "the suave and caressing literalness of the New Jersey coastal shelf."

GENERAL

ENTRANCES: AN AMERICAN DIRECTOR'S JOURNEY, by Alan Schneider (Viking; $25). This volume of autobiography takes the author only to 1967. He died two years ago, at the age of sixty-six. The book is a valuable supplement to the history of the American theatre—especially the noncommercial theatre, in which Schneider felt most at home. He had his successes on Broadway, of course—notably

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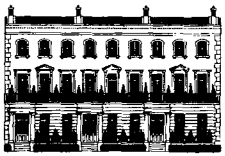

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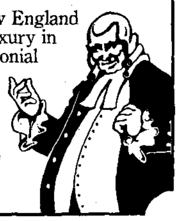

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ALEXANDER POPE: A LIFE, by Maynard Mack (Norton; $22.50). "But space forbids." Thus does Maynard Mack wind down his discussion of "The New Dunciad," of 1742, the last of Pope's *poèmes à clef*. Space forbids because redundancies ("pervasive throughout," "collective umbrella," "intricately complex") and other verbosities, not all confined within parentheses, brackets, dashes, or footnotes, have swelled the previous seven hundred and ninety pages. "Lame men limp not hop," Pope wrote beside a pertinent passage in Thomas Tickell's translation of the "Iliad"—"seemingly with the curt contempt," Professor Mack explains, "of one who has reason to know better." The reader who remembers Professor Mack's "The Garden and the City" (1969), a study of Pope's later works, has reason to be disappointed.

FAMILY AND NATION, by Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). Our society, Senator Moynihan writes, would seem to stand as the first in history in which the young are more likely to be poor than the old: one preschool child in four now lives in poverty. This book, which is based on the Godkin Lectures at Harvard last year, considers not only the calamitous effects that poverty has had on the family as a basic social structure but also the lack of any kind of national policy to halt or reverse the family's disintegration. The Senator discusses unemployment, teen-age pregnancy, crime, inadequate education, drugs, juvenile delinquency, and the phenomenal rise in the number of welfare families headed by women (a rise that, contrary to common belief,

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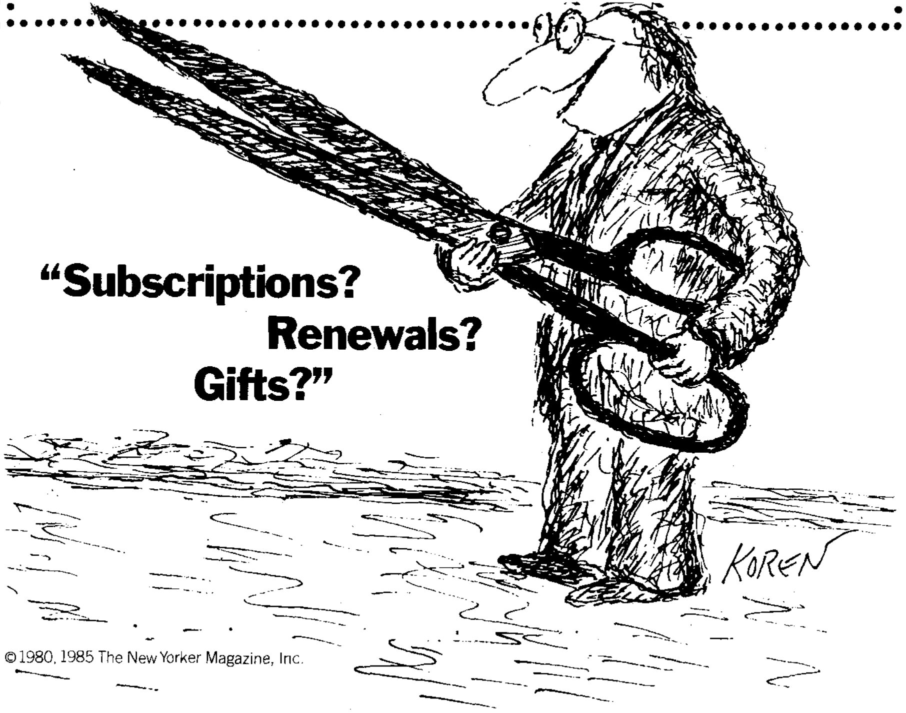
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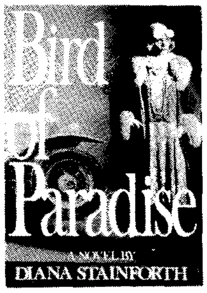

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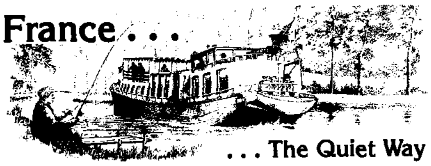

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cannot be accounted for by the availability of welfare benefits). He reviews his own work over the last twenty years in trying to achieve social legislation to stabilize the family, and evaluates the work of other social scientists—in particular, the doctrine, currently fashionable in right-wing circles, that "poverty programs are the source of poverty problems." Senator Moynihan holds out little hope for any easy solution to the plight of the American family. "Nothing," he says, "warrants optimism." He believes, however, that one step in the right direction would be to raise the matter "to the level of public discourse." And that is what this book might well do.

FOOTSTEPS: ADVENTURES OF A ROMANTIC BIOGRAPHER, by Richard Holmes (Viking; $18.95). Robert Louis Stevenson, Mary Wollstonecraft, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Gérard de Nerval were all wandering and/or radical Romantics, and it was in their spirit that Mr. Holmes followed their footsteps through Paris and points south, confident that what they wrote along the way would guide him to their hearts. His journeys, spanning the years 1964 to 1976, have a cumulative coherence as he recalls how he grew fluent in the "subjunctive language" of the expatriate dreamers, living and dead, among whom he felt at home. Mary Wollstonecraft's description of the grim view from a hilltop apartment in Revolutionary Paris and Shelley's tone poem "Evening: Ponte al Mare, Pisa" helped convince Mr. Holmes that "the view *from* the window, rather than the view of the window in the façade" is what the biographer should look for. He also learned to step back, figuratively, after Nerval's crazy cosmological theories inspired him to stargaze from a Paris rooftop, and he stepped back literally—through a skylight. "My imperturbable friend and landlord sorted me out from the wreckage. All I remember him saying was, '*Tiens, tu descends assez vite de tes contemplations*.' "

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MOST FASCINATING HEADLINE
OF THE WEEK

[*From the Wilkes-Barre* (*Pa.*) *Times Leader*]

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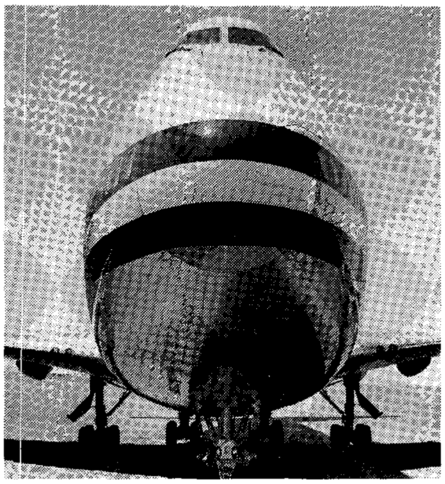

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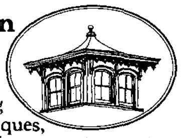

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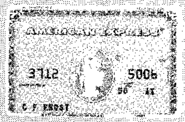

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